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THE LANSDOWNE POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON

REPRINTED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS

With Memoir, Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, &c



PORTRAIT AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN
NEW YORK SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND ARMSTRONG.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR OF MILTON

THE great epic Poet of England was born at a period of change and political agitation, which gave a variety of incident to his life not often found in those of students and writers

John Milton was born December 9th, 1608 between six and seven in the morning, at the ‘Spread Eagle’ in Bread Street, London—not a tavern, as our non antiquarian readers might suppose, but his father’s own house, distinguished by the sign of his armorial bearings, as were the houses of even the nobility at that period, when dwellings were not numbered¹

Milton was the son of John Milton, a gentleman by descent, whose ancestors had formerly possessed Milton near Thame, in Oxfordshire, but this property they had forfeited during the Wars of the Roses, and the family had ceased to be Milton ‘of that ilk’ for more than a hundred years

Milton’s grandfather (also a John Milton) keeper of the forest of Shotover was a bigoted Papist. He sent his son John to Christ Church Oxford for education, but the youth there imbibed the principles of the Reformation, and was consequently disinherited by his father

Compelled to work for his living John Milton adopted the profession of a Scrivener, which he practised at the ‘Spread Eagle,’ in Bread Street. He was a man of great ability a classical scholar, and a good musician, and highly respected in his profession. He married Sarah Caston, the daughter of a Welsh gentleman. On December 9th 1608, she became as we have said, the mother of a son who was destined to immortalize the name of his parents

We will here let Milton speak of his own childhood — “My

¹ Numbers to houses were very rare till 1756. It is said that the first house numbered in London was No 1 Strand which still, we believe stands next to Nor thumberland House - *Athenaeum*

father, he says in his 'Second Defence,' "destined me from my infancy to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the age of twelve I hardly ever retired from my books before midnight. This proved the first source of injury to my eyes whose natural weakness was attended with frequent pains in the head but as all these disadvantages could not repress my ardour for learning, my father took care to have me instructed by various preceptors both at home and at school."¹

The precocious genius of the boy might well have incited his father to give him every advantage, Aubrey who lived near the time of Milton tells us that he wrote poetry at ten years old and a beautiful portrait by Jansen, of the child at that age exists to attest the paternal pride in him.

The tutor whom Mr Milton engaged for his wondrous son was the Rev Thomas Young of Essex for whom his pupil formed a sincere attachment. In 1623 when the lad was fifteen, Young quitted his native land on account of religious persecution leaving a lively and tender remembrance of him in the mind of his pupil. Milton was then sent to St Paul's School where he worked hard under Alexander Gill for a twelvemonth. At this time he translated the 114th and 136th Psalms. The following year 1624 he was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College Cambridge. During his residence there he composed most of his Latin poems of which Dr Johnson says I once heard Mr Hampton the translator of Polybius, say that Milton was the first Englishman who after the revival of letters wrote Latin verses with classical elegance.

While at Cambridge he wrote his Elegy 'Ad Thomam Junium praeceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgenses agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem' (See page 535)

Young returned to England thus fulfilling the young poet's earnestly expressed wishes in 1628 and was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College Cambridge, in 1644. Afterwards he became Vicar of Stow Market for thirty years.

At Cambridge Milton formed a friendship for Edward King, whose death he laments in 'Lycidas.' Another early and dearly loved friend of his youth was Charles Diodati, the son of an Italian physician who had settled in England, and practised his profession there with great success. Charles Diodati's uncle,

¹ From the *Literary Miscellany* Edition 1812

Giovanni (John) Diodati, was the translator of the Bible into Italian, the family had adopted the principles of the Reformed faith, and Giovanni was a professor of theology at Geneva.

Milton was remarkable in his youth for his great personal beauty which obtained him the name of the 'Lady' of his college. He was not tall but graceful in person and like Tasso—

He of the sword and pen'—he was a skilful swordsman and fond of the exercise. His long and light brown hair was parted on his brow and fell to his shoulders, his eyes were dark grey, his complexion fair and delicate. In after-times, when time and sorrow were creeping on him he still looked ten years younger than he was, and his eyes did not betray by their appearance the sad secret of their blindness. His harmonical and ingenuous soul says Aubrey, 'dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body.'

He passed seven years at Cambridge with the exception of a brief term of absence, when for some slight fault he is said to have been rusticated, and took his degree of B A in 1628, and M A in 1632. He had designed when he first went to Cambridge to enter holy orders but could not bring himself to sign the Articles of the Church or submit to its discipline. He determined therefore to return to his home and lead the life of a student.

His father had by this time made a competence retired from business, and taken a house at Hoxton, in Buckinghamshire. Thither Milton repaired from Cambridge, his indulgent parent being ever ready to yield to his wishes.

During his residence at the University he had written all the earlier poems, amongst them the magnificent 'Hymn to the Nativity,' but it had not yet won him fame or even general notice.

In the lovely seclusion of his country home he read, it is said all the Greek and Latin authors and also wrote some of his most charming poems. He was like his father an accomplished musician, and counted amongst his friends the great lutanist of the time, Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family of the Earl of Bridgewater. In the year 1634, Lord Bridgewater was President of Wales, and held his court at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. On a journey thither to join their father, his two sons, Lord Brackley, and Mr Egerton and his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, were benighted in Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, and the young lady for a short time was lost. At Lawes's request Milton com memorated the incident in the exquisite 'Mask of Comus,' which

was "presented" before the Earl at Ludlow, his children and Lawes being the chief actors (See heading to "Comus," at page 40.) We cannot refrain from adding, that the "Lady" afterwards married the Earl of Carbury, and at his seat, "Golden Grove," in Carmarthenshire, sheltered and protected Milton's great contemporary Jeremy Taylor during the usurpation of Cromwell. The eloquent divine preached her funeral sermon, in which her character is admirably drawn. Her sister Lady Mary, was married to the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

The "Comus" had been preceded by the "Arcades" which the youthful poet wrote for the family of his fair neighbour the Dowager Countess of Derby, who lived near Uxbridge and at whose house he frequently visited. Here probably also he had made the acquaintance of the Bridgewater family for Lord Bridgewater had married a daughter of Lady Derby's.

This lady was a very accomplished woman, and of kin to Spenser, the poet.

During his five years' residence in his father's house, Milton occasionally visited London to buy books, enjoy the society of his friends and to visit the theatres in which he greatly delighted at this period of his life—that brilliant and gifted youth which we so reluctantly quit for his harder and sterner manhood.

In 1637 his friend Edward King was lost in the Irish Sea, and Milton honoured his memory by writing "Lycidas," as a monody on his death.

It is not possible to fix the date of the composition of the "Allegro" or the 'Penseroso' but there is every reason to believe that those enchanting pictures of rural life of mirth and melancholy, were written at Hoxton.

He was beginning to grow weary of the country and had thoughts of taking chambers in one of the Inns of Court when his mother died, and his father shortly afterwards was persuaded to let him travel on the Continent. Before his departure he received from the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton the wise instruction to keep "i pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto," *i.e.*, "close thoughts and a frank countenance."

In 1638 he quitted England and went first to Paris. Here Lord Scudamore, the English Ambassador gave him an introduction to Grotius, the learned ambassador of the singular and (also) learned Christina, Queen of Sweden. From Paris, after a short stay,

Milton proceeded to Italy then the classic land of Europe, to which his thoughts and affections had continually travelled. There Tasso had quite recently charmed the world with his 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' Ariosto was still a modern poet and the renown of Dante and Petrarch now two centuries old was at its height. In the recent reigns of Elizabeth and James, the intercourse between Italy and England had been frequent. "To have swum in a gondola" was as Shakespeare tells us the boast of travelled youths. The fame of the arts and science of 'le belle contade' was world spread. No marvel that Milton eagerly mastered the language and hurried to its shores.

The Italians were deeply interested in all literature and far better able to appreciate the gifted Englishman than the generality of his uncultivated countrymen, — amongst whom, as Johnson says, with respect to the sale of 'Paradise Lost' 'to read was not then a general amusement neither traders nor often gentlemen thought themselves disgraced by ignorance the women had not then aspired to literature and of that middle race of students, who read for pleasure or accomplishment, the number was comparatively small.'

To pass from the England of 1638 to the Italy of that period, must have been like going from darkness to light.

Milton went from Nice to Genoa thence to Leghorn and Pisa, and proceeded to Florence where he remained two months. Sir Henry Wotton (whose heart had been won by the "Comus") had given the poet introductory letters to the chief literary men of the city, and Milton met with a most enthusiastic reception.

He formed friendships with the celebrated Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, and Antonio Malatesta and during his residence there he visited the recently liberated prisoner of the Inquisition—Galileo. It is thought probable that Grotius had urged Milton to see the great astronomer, for in the very month in which the young English poet was presented to him, he wrote thus to Vossius of Galileo—"This old man, to whom the universe is so largely indebted worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind gives us little reasons to hope that his life can be long. Common prudence therefore, suggests to us to make the most of the time while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor.'

Milton next paid a short visit to Sienna, then proceeded to Rome, where he remained two months. Holstenius, a savant of Euro-

pean renown (who had known Milton when he (Holstenius) was at Oxford) was then Librarian to the Vatican. He introduced the young Englishman to Cardinal Barberini afterwards Pope Urban VIII, who invited him to a concert received him at the doors, and presented him, in the most flattering terms to the brilliant assembly. Amongst them Milton's eyes lighted on a woman beautiful with the rare and intellectual loveliness of a Grecian muse—she was Leonora Bironi—the first singer in the world. Her mother as beautiful and nearly as fine a singer as herself sat near her with her lute. The rapture of the poet may be imagined when he heard the fair wonder sing to her mother's accompaniment. He celebrated her genius in three fine Latin epigrams (See page 549). Whether she was the Donna of his Italian sonnets we cannot tell, her name recalled the Leonora of Tasso, her talent was just that which he best loved.

From Rome Milton travelled to Naples in company with a hermit who must have been able to appreciate the poet as on their arrival at Naples he introduced him to Manso Marquis of Villa the friend patron and biographer of Tasso. Manso was delighted with his new acquaintance and addressed to him a distich with the same play on words with which Gregory inaugurated his plan for the conversion of Britain.

Ut mens formæ decor facies mos si pictas sic
Non Anglus verum herile Angelus ipsæ foras

Thus translated by Cowper —

The Neapolitan John Baptist Manso Marquis of Villa to the Englishman
JOHN MILTON

What features form men manners with a mind
Oh how intelligent! and how refined!
Were but thy pity from fault as free
Thou wouldest no *angle* but an angel be

Milton in return, addressed to the Marquis a Latin poem (see page 570), which must have greatly impressed the learned Italians.

Milton now purposed visiting Sicily and Greece, but letters from home told him how England was shaken to its centre by the differences between the King Charles I and his Parliament, and the young man thought that duty and patriotism alike forbade his absence from his native land in her hour of sore trial. So he bent

his steps homeward not, however, hurrying his journey. Again he visited Rome, though warned of plots formed by the Jesuits against him on account of the openness with which he had discussed religious topics, and although at Naples, Manso had told him that his religion alone precluded him from great distinction he felt sure that his nationality protected him from personal danger, and remained again two months in Rome. From thence he went to Florence, to Lucca and to Venice. From the latter city he sent his father a collection of music and books, and proceeded to Geneva, then the seat of Puritanism, and the spot from whence republican doctrines were promulgated over Europe. Here he found a friend in Charles Diodati's uncle, John (or Giovanni) and in Frederick Spanheim, who was also a learned Professor of Divinity. From Geneva he returned to France and thence home, having been absent from England a year and three months.

The news of the death of his dear friend Charles Diodati, met him on his return—he commemorated the loss in the “Epitaphium Damonis” (See page 573.)

The youth of Milton closes with this grief. He was now a man of thirty one years of age and it behoved him to take up the work of life in earnest. He had drawn largely on the means of his generous father, and he was not the only child—he had a brother Christopher, a lawyer, his sister Anne was well married before he went to Cambridge (See his Elegy on the death of her infant, at page 1.) She had recently been widowed and married a second time. Milton at once decided on his own course. He resolved to take pupils and the first he received were his sister's sons by her first husband—John and Edward Philips. He took a lodging at the house of a tailor named Russell in St Bride's Churchyard, and began the prosaic task of teaching—but the locality was unendurable to him and he removed into a pleasant house standing in a garden, at the end of a passage leading out of Aldersgate Street. Here he received more private pupils to board and teach.

And now we come to the reverse of the brilliant picture of his youth. For twenty years the poet sang no more. All that long period was occupied in school duties, political controversy, and household troubles. In considering this period of Milton's life, when he used his great abilities (obscured in prose) against his Sovereign and the National Church we must pause for a moment to consider the age in which he had been born and brought up.

When his infant eyes unclosed in Bread Street, James I had been five years King of Britain. The glorious reign of Elizabeth, with its host of great Statesmen Warriors Poets and Discoverers, was succeeded by that of a contemptible and pedantic Sovereign, whose favouritism led to crimes of the darkest dye. Our readers will find in the vivid pages of Mr Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower" (vols 2nd and 3rd), a picture of corruption disgraceful to any country. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury must have been the talk of Milton's nursery. He must have heard continually the extravagances and wickedness of the favourite Villiers, the theme of animadversion the death of Sir Walter Raleigh must have been to him a boyish horror also, all England lamented that murder and the persecution of his tutor and the bigotry of his grandfather which had robbed him of a fair heritage must have all conspired to sway him towards the side of the Puritans.

True his "gentle" instincts his fine taste and early associations, and the better character of Charles I for a time held the balance, but now he had to choose his side no one at that time could remain neutral and he threw in his lot with the Parliament.

In 1641, he published a "Treatise of Reformation" in two books, against the established Church being anxious to help the Puritans, who were, he said "inferior to the prelates in learning."

Hall the Bishop of Norwich (with whose quaint *Meditations* our readers are probably acquainted) had published a "Humble Remonstrance in defence of Episcopacy" to which five ministers the initial letters of whose names made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*,¹ replied "Of this answer a confutation was attempted," says Johnson by the learned Usher. To this confutation Milton (seeing that the Archbishop had the best of the argument) replied

His next work was *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy*

"In this book," says Johnson 'he discovers not with ostentatious exultation but with calm confidence his high opinion of his own powers and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country" "This" says he (Milton) "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,

¹ They were Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's tutor?), Matthew Newcomen and William Spurstow.

and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly arts and affairs till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation ”

“ From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational,” says Johnson ‘ might be expected the ‘ *Paradise Lost* ’ ”¹

Milton’s controversial writings did not interrupt his school duties He did everything diligently and with earnestness His youth had been pure and moral, his manhood was almost ascetic, he lived sparingly, drank water and set his pupils an example of hard study Now and then he took a day’s recreation with some gay friends of Gray’s Inn, and displayed his beautiful and well-dressed person on the fashionable promenades of Gray’s Inn Gardens and Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

After Reading was taken by the King’s forces, Milton’s beloved father came to live with him, and in 1643 at Whitsuntide, he brought home a fair young bride, whom he had wooed and won from the adverse party of the *Cavaliers*

Mary Powel was the daughter of a country gentleman in a justice of the peace for Oxfordshire, and had been used, as Philips, her husband’s nephew, tells us, ‘ to a great house, much company,’ and the fun and joviality of the ranting Royalists She was beautiful, but seems to have been a spoilt child and not to have possessed the intellect her husband needed in a companion,—this is inferred from his own words when he speaks of a “ *mute and spiritless mate* ”

It is only just also, to give a glance at Mary Powel’s side of the question She found herself suddenly transplanted from a lively and liberal home to a house where profound stillness reigned, save when it was broken by the crying of punished school boys No visitors came to the house, if they came, they were of the solemn Puritans whom she had been brought up to laugh at as rogues and hypocrites Her gay Cavalier songs were exchanged for solemn hymns, her feasting for hard fare, her husband, occupied by his pupils and his controversy, could have given her but a small portion of his time, there was no sympathy round her,—in her passionate loyalty, her country tastes and habits Her parents asked if she

¹ Johnson’s *Lives of the Poets* Vol 1 p 26

might spend part of the summer with them, and her husband assenting, she left him. He pursued his studies, occasionally visiting the accomplished Lady Margaret Leigh, but at Michaelmas he wrote to Mary to summon her home. He received no answer, he wrote again and again with the same result. At last, knowing how uncertain was the arrival of letters in the now distracted country he despatched a messenger for Mistress Milton. The man was sent back with contempt. Milton, excessively angry, resolved to divorce his disobedient wife, and published, as a preliminary justification of his conduct, a treatise on *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* which was followed by "The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce, and his Tetrachordon".

The clergy, then holding their famous assembly at Westminster were greatly scandalized by these productions and had the writer brought before the House of Lords. But that House had matter of more import to engage it than the dreams (as they doubtless thought) of a visionary Puritan and the case was dismissed. But Milton never forgave his former friends, the Presbyterians, for their share in this prosecution. He proceeded to put his theory in practice by wooing Miss Davis the daughter of Dr Davis, who however had scruples on the legality and morality of such a marriage. Whilst she still hesitated, a circumstance decided the doubt for her. As Milton was one day at the house of a relative of the name of Blackborough in St Martin's Lane, his wife rushed from an adjoining room and threw herself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness. He resisted her entreaties for a time, but yielded at length, and received her to his heart and home once more. Their reunion proved happier than might have been expected. Baby hands came to draw them together, and Mary Milton lived to give birth to a third daughter and then died. But long before that period the generous poet had given shelter in his house to all her family when the Republican party had risen to power. Subsequently he arranged their affairs for them.

The new Council of State in which were Bradshaw and Sir Harry Vane, chose Milton as their Latin Secretary, and employed him to write against the celebrated book called *Icon Basilike* then supposed to have been written by the unhappy Charles I and which was turning the hearts of the people back to him. Milton wrote against it the "Iconoclastes". But we must not omit to mention the much more interesting fact, that in 1645 his

Latin and English poems were published. It is with regret we add that, after the execution of the King, Milton wrote a treatise to justify it to the Presbyterians, and to "compose the minds of the people." He was right however, in declaring that the Presbyterians had in fact, brought about the King's death themselves. He was now suffering from *quaerere scirena*, which threatened him with loss of sight, but on being called on by the Parliament in 1651 to answer the celebrated *Salmasius's "Defensio Regis,"* written at the request of Charles II (then an exile at The Hague), he undertook the task and pursued it steadily knowing all the time that its cost would be his sight. But he believed it to be his duty and from that he never flinched. He was rewarded for it with a present of a thousand pounds.

Cromwell now assumed the Protectorate but Milton, who appears to have had at that time a sincere admiration for Oliver, and who must have seen that Government in such a state of anarchy could not be carried on without him, retained the Latin Secretaryship.

It would be a weary task to chronicle all the controversial writings of Milton during the ensuing years we will rather return to his domestic history. Three years after the death of Mary Powel he married again. His second wife appears to have won his whole affections. Her name was Katherine Woodcock, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. But their happiness continued only a year she died in giving birth to a child and Milton deplored her loss in a pathetic sonnet, something resembling the famous one of Petrarch to his dead Laura.

Milton now set himself to three great works preparing a Latin Dictionary writing a History of England and commencing his Epic. If an author of our own day had not shown us how possible research and study is even to the blind, we might marvel at such undertakings being attempted by a sightless man, but we think of Prescott, and marvel no longer.

The Dictionary—probably the most difficult undertaking for him—was never finished, the History goes only to the Norman Conquest, the Epic is the immortal "Paradise Lost." He had already prepared the same subject for a drama or mystery, which was to begin with Satan's address to the Sun, but his increasing Puritanism, and the remembrance of his having reproached the dead King in the "Iconoclastes," for making a companion of the works of

Shakespeare, probably caused him to turn the singular drama into an epic poem

The death of Oliver Cromwell led to the Restoration, and Milton, who had retired from the service of the Parliament on a pension for life, was in considerable danger from his writings against the Royal cause. While all England held festival on the return of her exiled Sovereign, the great poet was obliged to seek safety in concealment, and it is said that his enemies were deceived by a report of his death and a mock funeral. Whether there is truth in this story cannot now be ascertained but the Act of Oblivion, passed August 1st enabled him again to appear openly. A prosecution was commenced against him for his defence of the execution of the King but it fell to the ground. Charles was not vindictive, and we perhaps owe to his easiness of temper the greatest poem in our language.

Milton retired to Jewin Street near Aldersgate Street and though now poor and blind gained a third wife who survived him—Elizabeth Minshul the daughter of a Cheshire gentleman. They lived happily it is believed but Philips who remembered Mary Powel, says that the stepmother ‘oppressed her (Mary's) children in Milton's lifetime, and cheated them at his death’.

In 1661, Milton published a school book ‘Accidence commenced Grammar’ to make grammar easy to children. About this time Elwood, the Quaker was recommended to him as a reader, and he attended the poet every afternoon except on Sundays. Milton, who hated to hear Latin read with the English accent taught him to pronounce it in Italian, and his ear was so quick that if the young Quaker did not understand a passage (Elwood relates this fact) Milton would find it out by the want of expression or emphasis and would make him pause, that he might explain it to him.

Milton now removed to a house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields and set seriously to work at the ‘Paradise Lost’ the subject of which he says he had been ‘long choosing and begun late’.

But though Milton had passed out of the field of politics and Statecraft his genius still brought him visitors of distinction, both from the Continent and of his own countrymen.

Richardson describes him as sitting before his door in warm sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air, dressed in a grey coat of

coarse cloth, and there, as well as in his own rooms, he received his guests. It is supposed that "Samson Agonistes" was written about this time.

In 1665 the Plague broke out in London, and Flwood, who was living in the family of an opulent Quaker at Chalfont, in Bucks, advised his friend to quit the city. Milton desired him to find his family a refuge in his neighbourhood, and it was at the temporary home thus selected that he finished the "Paradise Lost." He gave the manuscript to Flwood to read. The young Quaker appreciated it but added pleasantly, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?" This hint, Milton afterwards told his friend, gave birth to the idea of "Paradise Regained."

On his return to London, Milton sold the copyright of his great poem to a bookseller called Simuel Simmons, for £5 in hand, £5 more when 1,300 copies were sold and the same sum on the publication of the second and third editions. The number of each edition was limited to 1,500 copies. Of this agreement Milton lived to receive £15, his widow sold her claims for future editions for £8.

But though Milton gained but little pecuniary benefit from his masterpiece, it won him 'golden opinions' from the best writers of the age,—Dryden, Mervil, and Denham. Yet the poem was never thoroughly brought before the public till after the Revolution, when Addison by his elegant criticism in the *Spectator*, discovered to the nation the treasure so long hidden from them which they were then far better able to value than in the troubled days when it first issued from the press.

In 1671, Milton published "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained." He preferred the latter poem to the "Paradise Lost," it is said.

We have a record of how the blind poet spent his day. He rose at four in summer and five in winter and began each day by hearing a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, the man who read, then left him to meditation and returning at seven, read or wrote for him till twelve. He then allowed himself an hour for exercise, generally walking but sometimes he had recourse to a swing. After his early and temperate dinner, he was wont to play for a time on the organ or violoncello he had a fine voice, and sang well.

It is said that his domestic relations were not happy. Philips gives some clue to the home disturbances by his mention of the

stepmother's oppression of his two daughters, who were employed to read to him in languages they did not comprehend. When, however, the poet discovered how great this infliction was on his children, he released them from their detested task, and sent them to learn embroidery in gold and silver, so that they should be able to support themselves by a trade if required to do so. The youngest, Deborah, spoke with great affection of him after his death.

In July, 1674 he felt so ill that he sent for his brother Christopher, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, to explain his last wishes to him.

"Brother" said he "the portion due to me from Mr Powel my first wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her. But I have received no part of it, and my will and meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. And all the residue of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth my loving wife." Such was the brief testament of the great poet. He sold his books before his death and left £1,500 to his widow. The daughters received from their stepmother £100 each.

On the 15th November 1674 on Sunday night quietly and silently John Milton passed away from earth. He was buried in the Church of St Giles Cripplegate, attended by a numerous concourse of friends.

Of his family, Anne, the eldest daughter who was deformed married a master builder and died in childbirth. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1727. She had seven children but all died childless except Caleb and Elizabeth. The latter married Thomas Foster a weaver in Spitalfields and had seven children, who all died. Caleb went to India and had two sons, it is said that the last descendant of Milton died a parish clerk at Calcutta but we know of no authority for the assertion beyond an East Indian rumour. Milton's brother took the opposite side in the politics of the time and when the Republican Party was in the ascendant, his brother's influence enabled him to live quietly. He supported himself so honourably by chamber practice that soon after the accession of James II he was knighted and made a judge, but retired shortly

afterwards into private life on account of bad health. He was thus saved from the difficulties which beset the path of conscientious judges when Jeffreys was head of the law. Both the nephews of Milton became authors, one his biographer.

The judgment of two centuries and of all Europe has decided as to the merits of Milton. A word from us on the subject of his poems is therefore superfluous. But of his prose, few general readers know much. His controversial writings were chiefly in Latin, and of those in English many would be objectionable and tedious in the present day; nevertheless he wrote English prose with as masterly a pen as he wrote poetry, and when the subject was worthy of his genius his style was as charming as it is in the "Allegro" or in "Comus," and as noble as in the "Paradise Lost." We believe we shall be satisfying a want in giving our readers a specimen of it, and we select a portion of his fine pamphlet on the Liberty of the Press —

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, in prison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are, nay they do preserve, as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand unless wariness be used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss, and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom, and if it extended to the whole impression, a

kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life

“ Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome, and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction, but herein the difference is of bad books that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute to forewarn and to illustrate. Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose what contumice to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wai faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world we bring impurity much rather, that which purifies us is trial and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue not a pure, her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is

in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

"I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally church revenues that then all learning would be for ever dashed and disengaged. But as for that opinion I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a solid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore ye be loth to disheirten utterly and discontent not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind then know that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school if we have only escaped the fœula to come under the fœcuse of an imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him, he searches, meditates is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, after all which is done, he takes

himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him, if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser perhaps much his younger perhaps far his inferior in judgment perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing and if he be not repulsed or slighted must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his tensor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning And how can a man teach with authority which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent whenas all he teaches all he delivers is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide bound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the worship of an overseeing fist

‘ And lest some should persuade ye Lords and Commons that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes, when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought, that this was it which had dimpled the glory of Italian wits that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty Yet it was beyond my hope that those

worthies were then breathing in her air who should never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish

“Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors, a nation not slow and dull but of a quick, ingenious and piercng spirit acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to

“Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of he ievenly i adiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means

‘Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength Let her and falsehood grapple, who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us would thinl of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us there be who envy and oppose if it comes not first in at their casements What a collusion is this when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence ‘to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by stitute’ When a man hath been libouring the hardest labou in the deep mines of knowledge hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ringed scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambus iments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldieriship is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her

victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power, give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.'

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

Milton received from Dryden an eulogium, so well known that we forbear to repeat it. Other poets have reechoed the strain and now at the close of two hundred and sixty four years he occupies his niche of fame beside Shakespeare and the great poets of antiquity his faults, his mistakes, and his controversial writings buried in a merciful oblivion, while the good he did

lives after him

rejoicing for all times the nation which holds as one of its titles to honour the name of JOHN MILTON

Early Poems.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,¹ DYING OF A
COUGH

1625

O FAIRFST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timcklessly,
Summer's chief honour if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry,
For he being amorous on thit lovely dye

Thit did thy chael envermeil thought to kiss,
But kill d, alis, and then bew ul d his fitul bliss

II

For since grim Aquilo his chniateer
By boisterous rape th Athenian damsel² got,
He thought it touch d his deiry full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe awav the infimous blot
Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held

¹ The Poet's infant neece daughter of
his sister, Mrs. Philips

² Boreis or the North Wind
³ Orithyia—Ovid Met. 1.6

III

So mounting up in icy pearl'd car,
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
 There ended was his quest, there ceased his care
 Down he descended from his snow soft chariot,
 But ill unware with his cold hand embrace
 Urhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding place

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate,
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth,¹ born on Eurotas strand,
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land,
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb,
 Could Heaven for pity thee so stately loom ?
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did baffle
 Above mortality that show'd thou wert divine

VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,) Tell me, bright Spirit where or thou hoverest,
 Whether 'bove that high first moving sphere,
 Or in th' Flysin fields (if such there were)
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight

¹ A prince of Sparta said to have been accidentally slain by Apollo. The trials of his honour were held annually by the Greek city of Lycornis.

VII

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roe
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,
 Which cueful Jove in nature's true behoof
 Took up and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Goddes fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII

Or went thou that just Mind, who on a beaute
 Forsook the hated earth? O tell me sooth
 And come again to visit us once more?
 Or went thou that sweet miling youth?
 Or that crown'd nation sage white robed knight?
 Or my other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy thicke to do the world amiss?

IX

Or went thou of the golden winged host
 Who having clad thyself in human need
 To earth from thy presied seat didst port
 And at a short bode thy bale with speed,
 As if to show what creature here on earth had
 Thenceby to set the heart of men on fire
 To earn the solid world and unto heaven repne

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heaven loved innocence,
 To slake his with whom sin hath made our fee,
 To turn swift rushing black Peccation hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst be to perform that office where thou art

xi

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
 Her false imagined loss cease to lament
 And wisely leain to curb thy sorrows wild,
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render Him with patience what He lent,
 This if thou do, He will in offspring give
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live

ANNO AEQATIS 19

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE

1627

PART LATIV, PART ENGLISH

The Latin speeches ended the English thus began —

HAI, native Language, that by sinews weil
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounced slide through my infant lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he hid mutely sit two years before
 Here I salute thec, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thec,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst,
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treasure,

Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight¹
 Which takes ou late fantasies with delight,
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desue
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,
 And weary of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,
 That so they may without suspect or feare
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound
 Such where the deep transported mind may seal
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly spouse
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air neat under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green eyed Neptune wives,
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his wives,
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was,
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus² once told,
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
 Are held with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,

¹ Milton alludes to the affected phraseology of the period called *Euphuism* which originated in Lily's *Euphuism and his England*, a book intended to refine the English language. Scott has given

us a lively picture of this affected jargon in his Sir Liercie Shafton in the *Monastery* see p 449

² A Greek bard. See *Odyssey* Book VIII

Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room

*Then Ens*¹ is represented as father of the *Predicaments*² his ten sons whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canon which Ens thus speaking explains —

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son, for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth,
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head
 She heaid them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could picture,
 And in times long and dark prospective gliss
 Foretew what future days should bring to pass,
 Your son said she (noi can you it prevent),
 Shall subject be to many an Accident³
 Of all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellency he shall out go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them,
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing
 To find a foil shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap,
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring w^r shall never cease to roar,

¹ Ens a term in metaphysics signifying entity being existence. In this mask it is personified as are also Substance Quantity Quality and Relation.

This affection, says Warton, will appear more excusable in Milton if we recollect that everything in the Masks of this age appeared in a bodily shape

² A *Predicament* is a category in

logic that is a series of all the predicates or attributes contained under a genus. The logic of Aristotle comprises ten categories Substance Quantity Quality Relation Action Passion, Time Place Situation and Habit. These were personified in the Mask.

³ A pun on the logical *accidens* — *Warton*

Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Goidian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then Relation was called
 by his name

RIVERS, arise, whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Don,
 Or Trent, who like some earth born giant spreads
 His thirty arms¹ along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Moie that rounneth undeneath²
 Or Severn swift, guilty of marden's death,³
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lce,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow d Dee,
 Or Humber load that keeps the Scythian's name,⁴
 Or Medway smooth, or 1oyal tower'd Thime

The rest was prose

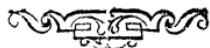
¹ It is said that there were thirty sorts of fish in this river and thirty religious houses on its banks

² At Mickleham near Dorking the River Mole in hot summars sinks through its sands and finds a subteria

nc in channel In winter and when
 heavy rains fall it keeps its usual bed

³ Sibrina See *Co. Nut* verse 827

⁴ Humber w is a Scythian king said to have been drowned in this river by Locring three hundred years before the Romans landed in Britain



Odes.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

1629

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages¹ once did sing,

That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He went at heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity
He laid aside, and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

III

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star led wizards¹ haste with odours sweet
 O run prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet,
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
 Nature in awe to Him
 Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour

II

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saucy veil of maiden white to thow,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities

¹ The Magi. The word wizard meant simply wise men, and is used in Sir John Cheke's translation of St Matthew's Gospel

III

But He her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek *eyd* Peace,
 She, crown'd with olives green came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

IV

Noi war, or battle's sound
 W is heard the world around
 The idle spear and shild were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood
 The trumpet spake not to the rimed throng
 And lings sat still with twful eye,
 As if they surely knew then sovereign Lord was by

V

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The winds with wonder whist¹
 Smoothly the wicters kist,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave

VI

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix d in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn d them thence,
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

¹ Silent, or hushed

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need,
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or 'e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chitting in a rustic row,
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan¹
Was kindly come to live with them below,
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

IX

When such music sweet
Then hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strummed,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all then souls in blissful rapture took
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

X

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cythna's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling,
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union

¹ God of shepherds

XI

At last surrounds then sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,
 The helmed Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Hawping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new born Hen

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well balanced wold on hinges hung,
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves then oozy channel keep

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so,
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

XIV

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

XV

Yea Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow, and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steern g
 And heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

XVI

But wisest Fate says No,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both Himself and us to glorify,
 Yet first to those y chain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful trumpet of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a hoirid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake
 The aged earth i ghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins, for from this happy day
 The old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horor of his folded tail

XIX

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping¹ heard and loud lament,
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent,
With flower inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tingled thickets mourn

XXI

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lurs,² and Lemures³ moan with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint,
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat

XXII

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,⁴

¹ Alluding to the voice said to have been heard by mariners at sea crying
The great I am is dead The sto ³ is told by Plutarch

² Household gods

³ Ghosts

⁴ Dagon.

And moonèd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,¹
 Now sits not girt with tapeis holy shine,
 The Lybic Hammon shinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz² mourn

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,³
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue,
 In vain with cymbals ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace bluc
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anub s haste

XXIV

Nor is Osiris⁴ seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shioud,
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
 The sable stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp d ark

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn,
 Nor all the Gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine
 Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew

¹ She was called *Regina cœli* and
 Mater Deum —NEWTON

² Adonis. He was killed by a wild
 boar on Mount Lebanon and was wor-

shipped once a year by the Syrian
 women

³ The god of the Ammonites

⁴ The Egyptian ox god

XXVI

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow skirted Fayes
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should heire have ending,
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow
 He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease,
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness,
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
 This day, but O ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart

THE PASSION

1629

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did sing,
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing,
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wint'ry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out living night

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III

He Sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head,
 That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,
 His starry front low roof'd beneath the skies
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise !
 Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then hies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

IV

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound,
 His god like acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found,
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump¹ doth sound,
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things

V

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 O'er the pole thy thickest mantle thow,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heaven and Earth are colou'd with my woe,
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white

VI

See, see the chariot and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,²
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit

¹ Hieronymus Vida's *Christiad* a fine Latin poem Vida dwelt at Cremona.

² Ezek 1 15

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and sprung
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
 Had hit a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it,
 and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished

ON TIME¹

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden stopping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross,
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss,

¹ In Milton's MS written with his own hand,—"On Time. To be set on a clock case — WARTON

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When everything that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
 O Time

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLFST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Spheie born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix d pow r employ
 Dead things with inbreath d sense able to pierce,
 And to our high raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour d throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood

In first obedience, and their state of good
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF
 WINCHESTER¹

THIS rich maible doth inter
 The honour d wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter an Earl's hen,
 Besides what her virtues fair

¹ This lady was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester one of the noblest and most devoted of the adherents of Charles I. His house at Basing in Hants stood a two years' siege by the rebels and was finally levelled to the ground by them Lord Winchester

died in 1674 On his monument is an epitaph by Dryden It is remarkable says Warton that both husband and wife should have severally received the honour of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden."

Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas! too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and Fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet
 Quickly found a lover meet,
 The virgin choir for her request
 The god that sits at marriage feast,
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce well lighted flame,
 And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cyprus bud ¹
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes
 And calls Lucina to her throes,
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos² for Lucina came,
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb
 So have I seen some tender slip,
 Saved with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower
 New shot up from vernal shower,
 But the fair blossom hangs the head

¹ An emblem of Death

² One of the Fates

Side ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have,
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name,
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story
That fair Syrian shepherdess,¹
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant shee,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen

¹ Rachel, the wife of Jacob

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC
POET W SHAKESPEARE¹

1630

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones²?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a stai y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heu of fame,
What need st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live long monument
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bercaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy being forbid to go to London,
by reason of the Plague

HERE lies old Hobson,² Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down,

¹ This Epitaph was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare 1632, but without Milton's name. It is the first of his poems which was published

none, by always obliging the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served and every horse be used in its turn — See *Spectator*, No 509

² This carrier gave rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice" this or

For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd,
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERL lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere metal never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd,
 " Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out stretch'd,
 " If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers"
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness, that his cart went light

L'ALLEGRO

His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
 As he were press'd to death, he cried "more weight,"
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his incuse
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription

L'ALLEGRO¹

HRNCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerbeus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholie,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings,
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian deset³ ever dwell
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven y clep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy crowned Bacchus boie,
 Or whether (as some sage sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

¹ These two Poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—are supposed to have been written in Milton's youth, but were first published in 1648

The three headed dog which kept
 the gate of Hell
³ The Cimmerians were proverbial for
 dwelling in dark caves

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And flesh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair

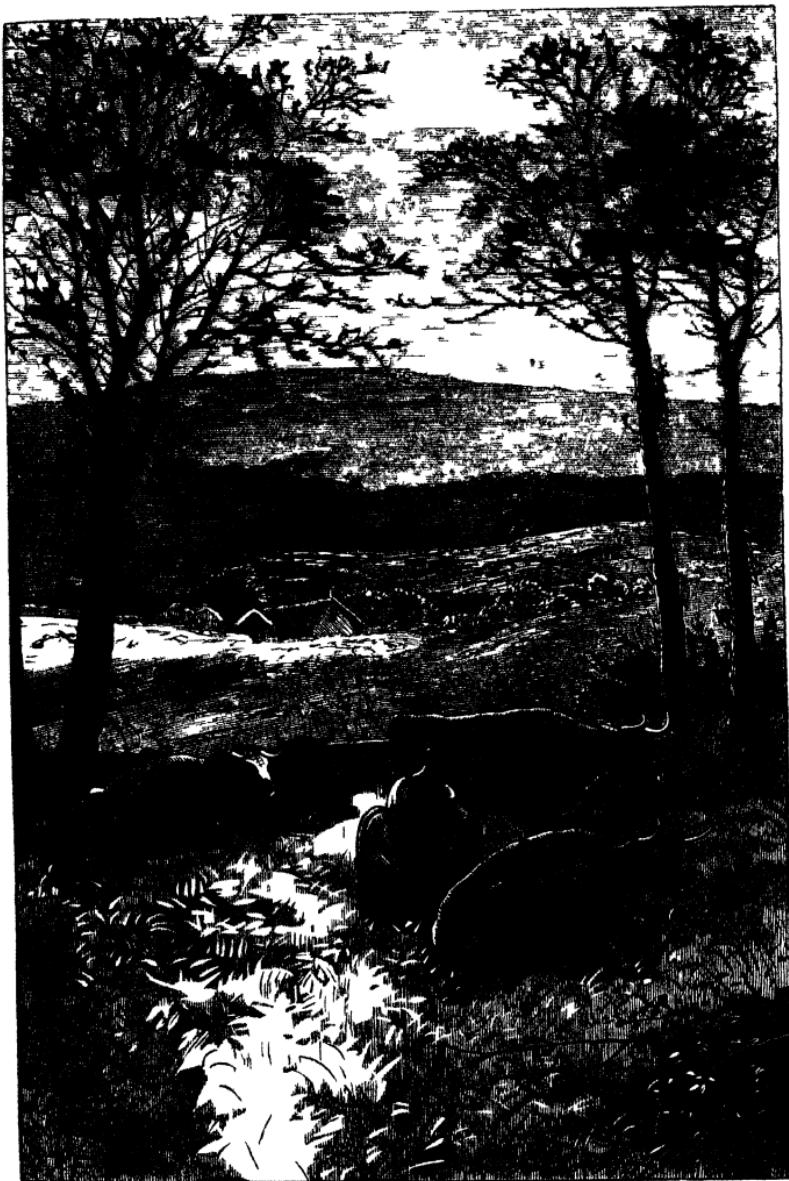
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free,
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge low clms, on hillocks green,

L'ALLEGRO

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and flower'd gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose baren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure¹ of neighb'ring eyes
 Hail by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Croydon and Thyssus met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other countey messes,
 Which the neit handed Phillis dresses,
 And then in haste the bower she leaves,
 With Thetis to bind the leaves,
 Or, if the earher season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secre delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound

¹ The Pole star—alluding to its magnetic attraction. The magnetic needle always points to it. Your eyes are lodestars, is said by Shakespeare

² A rebeck was a fiddle with three strings



While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe —p 28

To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live long daylight fail,
 Then to the spicy nut brown ale¹
 With stories told of many afeat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lanthoin led,
 Tells how the diudging Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
 His shadowy flail hath thicsh'd the corn,
 That ten day lab'lers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,²
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold
 With stote of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream

¹ The gossip's bowl, called Lamb's wool.

² Will o the Wisp

³ Puck, the Pixie, in Devonshire--the

Kobold of Germany--supposed to do household work at night for the maids who in return left him a bowl of cream

IL PENSERO SO

Then to the well trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood notes wild
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout¹
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony,
 That Orpheus self may heave his heart
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half reg'n'd Eurydice
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live

II. PENSERO SO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bled,
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
 Dwell in some idle bourn,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners² of Morpheus' train

¹ Turn² Followers. The term was used first in this sense by a band of courtiers, who were enrolled by Queen Elizabeth under that title. They were young nobles of the highest fashion of the period.

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue,
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's¹ sister might beseem,
 O! that starr'd Ethiop queen² that strove
 To set hei beauty's praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their pow's offend
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright har'd Vesta,³ long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore,
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bow'r's and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole⁴ of cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn
 Come, but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commerçing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes

¹ Memnon was King of Ethiopia an ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles.

² Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus King of Ethiopia. She boasted of being more beautiful than the Nereids who in anger persuaded Neptune to send a sea monster to devour the Ethiopians. Andromeda her daughter was exposed to it but was saved by Perseus. Cassiopeia had a constellation named after her. ³ e Cassiopeia's chair. Hence, Milton says "starr'd Ethiop queen."

³ The goddess of fire. The meaning of Milton's allegory says Warton is that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the bright haired goddess of eternal fire. Saturn the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds."

⁴ Stole a veil which covered the head and shoulders, worn by Roman matrons.

There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged blow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak,
Sweet bnd, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntiess, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'n's wide pathless way
And oft, as if her head she bore'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far off cufew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar,
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly ha'm
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out watch the Bear,¹
 With thrice great Heimes,² or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook
 And of those Demons³ that we found
 In fire or flood, or under ground
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element
 Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
 In saffron pull come sweeping by
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,⁴
 Or the tale of Troy divine
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage
 But O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might rescue Musæus⁵ from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Ophæus sing
 Such notes as wafted to the string
 Diew non tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grint what love did seek⁶
 Or call up him⁷ that left half told
 The story of Cambusean bold,

¹ Uræ Major. This constellation never sets.

² Trismegistus are the three grand. He was an Egyptian priest and astronomer who instructed his countrymen in the sciences. The works translated and published as his we find to be apocryphal.

³ Plato believed that the elements were peopled with spirits.

⁴ The story of Thebes of Oedipus and

his sons and the horrid tradition of Pelops were the subjects of the great Greek tragedies.

⁵ Musæus and Ophæus are mentioned together in Ilios's Iliad as two of the genuine Greek poets.—I. WARREN.

⁶ Pluto claimed by the music of Ophæus restored to him his dead wife Furydice.

⁷ Ophæus. The Sæus's Tail is alluded to.

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own d the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride
 And if aught else great bards beside¹
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the eare
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale care,
 Till civil suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frounced² as she was wont
 With the Attic boy³ to hunt,
 But kechef'd in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow d haunt
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profane eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish⁴ eye,
 While the bee with horned thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep,

¹ Alluding to Spenser's ' Fairie Queen

² Frounced meant an excessive or affected dressing of the hair. It is from the French *froucer* to curl. —T WARTON
 ' Tricked means 'dressed out'

³ Cephalus Aurora the goddess of the morning fell in love with him —OVID *Met* VII 701

⁴ Gaudy

And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyclids lwd
 And as I wile, sweet mus'c breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,¹
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voiced chon below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes
 And my at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hu'ny gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and lightly spell
 Of every star that heav'n doth show,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choose to live

Warton conjectures that the right reading is *cloisters pale* &c, enclosure

ARCADES

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Denby at Harefield by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit moving toward the seat of state with this song —

Song I

Look, nymphs, and shepherds lool,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descrie,
Too divine to be mistook

This, this is she
To whom our views and wishes bend
Here our solemn search hath end
Fame, that her high worth to ruse,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise

Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the centre of her light
Might she the wise Lutona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dues not give her odds,
Who had thought this clime naa hold
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward the Genius of the Wood appears and turning toward them speaks

Give Stay, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

¹ Alice Spenser daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe. Milton lived in the neighbourhood of Harefield which was now Uxbridge. His father lived at Horton near Colnebrook and held

his house under the Iul of Bridge water. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. Spenser was related to her family.

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Aethuse,¹
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver bushin'd Nymphs, as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity,
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow searching F'ame has left untold
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in orken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and cult the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove,
 And all my plants I save fromightly ill
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill
 And from the bo'ights blush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwairting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with cunker'd venom bites
 When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, huse I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With paissant words, and murmur made to bless,
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,

¹ A river of Arcadia, which sinks into the earth passes under the sea without mixing its waters with the salt waves, and rises near Syracuse, in Sicily

where it joins the Arethusa and flows conjointly with that stream to the sea. See Shelley's exquisite poem, Arethusa

COMUS, A MASK

1634

Presented at Ludlow Castle before John, Earl of Bridgewater then
President of Wales

Comus was suggested to the Poet by the fact that the two sons and the daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater on their return from a visit to some relations in Herefordshire were brought in Haywood Forest and the Lady Alice was for a short time lost. The Mask was written for the Michaelmas festivities of 1634 and acted by Lord Bridgewater's children. The music composed for it was by Henry Lawes who performed in it the part of the Spirit or Ithyphantes. He was the son of Thomas Lawes a Vicar Choral of Salisbury Cathedral and was at first a choirboy himself. He became finally one of the Court musicians to Charles I. Masks and music fled before the stern gloom of the Commonwealth and Lawes was compelled to gain his living by teaching the lute. His greatest friends during this period of difficulty and poverty were the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton. He lived to the Restoration and composed the Coronation Anthem for Charles II. Comus was first published by Iwes without Milton's name in 1637 with a dedication to Lord Brackley. Masks were the fashion of the age and Milton was probably called on by Lord Bridgewater to produce one because he had already written the Arcadia for Lady Bridgewater's mother, Lady Derby at Hatfield in Middlesex.

THE PERSONS

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis	First Brother
Comus with his crew	Second Brother
The Lady	Sylvanus the Nymph

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE—

The Lord Brackley	Mr Thomas Egerton, his brother
	The Lady Alice Egerton

The First Scene discovers a Wild Wood

The attendant Spirit¹ descend or enters

BIORL the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth and with low thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd² in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a fitful and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sumptuous seats

¹ The Spirit is called Demon in the Cradock MS.—WARTON

² Crowded, from *pesto*, a crowd

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity,
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin worn mould.

But to my task Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 Imperial rule of all the sea girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gols,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield then little tridents but this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quaites to his blue hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with tempest'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms¹
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new intrusted sceptre, but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this dear wood,
 The nodding hoioi of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger,
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard,
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern beld, in hall or bower
 Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,

¹ The Welsh

On Circe's island fell who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmèd cup
 Whoe'er tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus¹ named
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to ev'ry weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty
 Therefore, when my fiovul'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,

¹ Comus was the god of good cheer
 He had appeared in a dramatic per- sonage in one of Jonson's plays before the Court in 1619

Well know to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now

Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand his glass in the other with him a
 rout of mons ^{as} he idled like sundry sorts of wild beasts but otherwise like men
 and women their apparel glistning they come in making a riotous and uniuersall
 noise with torches in their hands

COMUS The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Prcing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance and Jollity
 Bind your locks with 10sy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity
 With their grave saws in slumber lie
 We that are of purest fire
 Imitate the stony quene,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drome,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice¹ move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves

¹ The morace or Moorsish dance long said in the reign of Edward III, on his
 a great favourite with our ancestors It return from Spain
 was introduced by John of Gaunt it is

By dimpled brook, and fountain bim,
 The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies tūm,
 Their meri y wakes and pastimes keep,
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love
 Come let us ou nites begin
 'Tis only day light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shides will ne'er report
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal spoit,
 Dark veil d Cotyutto,¹ t' whom the secret flume
 Of midnight torches burns, mysterious dūm
 That ne'er art call d, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chām,
 Whrein thou rid st with Hecat and befriend
 Us thy vow d priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep
 And to the tell tale sun descriy
 Our conceal'd solemnity
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fūntastic round

THE MASURE

Break off, break off, I feel the different pīce
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground
 Run to your shrouds, within these brīkes and trees,
 Our number may affright Some virgin su e
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mothei Circe Thus I hui

¹ The goddess of wantonness, worshipp'd by the ancient Greeks at night

My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well placed words of glozing courtesy
 Buted with reasons not unpleasing,
 Wind me into the easy hearted man,
 And hug him into snares When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless village,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear
 But here she comes, I fuly¹ step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here

The Lady enters

LADY This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now, methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When for then teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers, yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide
 They left me then, when the gray hooded Even
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,

¹ Softly

Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd them lumps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows due,
 And any tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience —
 O welcome pure eyed Faith, white handed Hope,
 Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off

SONG

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy my shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus aye?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of pairly, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be to unsalted to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies

Enter Comus

COM Can my mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of dairiness till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Cince with the Sirens thre,
 Amidst the flowery knotted Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
 But such a sacred, and home felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood

LAD Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch

COM What chance, good Lady, hath beïst you thus?

LAD Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth

COM Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

LAD They left me weary on a grassy tuif

COM By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LAD To seek in the v'lley some cool friendly spring

COM And left your fur side all unguarded, Lady?

LAD They were but twain, and purposed quiet return

COM Perhaps forestalling night prevented them

LAD How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM Imports then loss, beside the present need?

LAD No less than if I should my Brother's lose

COM Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD As smooth as Hebe's their unazor'd lips

COM Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd¹ hedgeer 't his supper sat,

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their poit was more than human, as they stood

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i th' plighted clouds I was awe strick,

And as I pass'd, I woishipp'd, if those you seek,

¹ Wearied with toll

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
To help you find them

LAD Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COW Due west it rises from this shrubby point
LAD To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star light,
Would overtask the best land pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet

COW I know each lane and every alleys gree,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and incient neighbourhood,
And if you stray attendents be yet lodged
Or shou'd within these limits I shall know
Ere morrow wale or the low roosted lark
From her thatched pallet ouse, if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lidy, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest

LAD Shepherd, I like thy word,
And trust thy honest off'r d courtesy,
Which oft is soonest found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap stry halls
And courts of princes where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended in a place
Less wauanted than this or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it
Lye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength Shepherd, lead on

Enter the two Brothers

1 BR Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wont st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades,
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell d rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 O! Tyrian Cynosure¹

2 Br O! if our eyes
 Be barr d that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in then wattled cotes,
 O! sound of past'ral reed with oaten stop ,
 O! whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feather'd dunes,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chear,
 In this close dungeon of innum'rous boughs
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now
 Or 'ginst the rugged bulk of some broad elm
 Lays her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad feare
 What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
 O!, while we speak, within the dueful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 Br Peirce, Brother, be not over exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,
 For grant they be so, while they rest unlowne,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief
 And run to meet what he would most wond?
 O! if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self delusion!
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 O! so unprincipled in virtue's boul ,
 And the sweet perce that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight

¹ Our Greater or Lesser Bear star
 Calisto the daughter of Lycaon King
 of Arcadia was changed into the Greater
 Bear called also Helice and her son
 Arcas into the Lesser, called also Cyno-

suna (see p 28) by observing of which
 the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their
 course as the Grecian mariners did by
 the other —NEWTON

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impain'd
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid day sun,
 Himself is his own dungeon

2 BR 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house,
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or simple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not,
 I fear the dead events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister

1 BR I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy,
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than feare,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion
 My Sister is not so defenceless left,
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not

2 Br Whit hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?
 1 Br I mean that too but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven give it, may be term'd her own,
 'Tis chastyty, my Brother chastyty
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests and unhabited heaths,
 Infamous hills and sundy pernicious wilds
 Where through the sacred rives of chastyty,
 No swige fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
 By glots and crows shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd modesty
 Be it not done in pride or in presumption
 Some say no evil thing that will s by night,
 In fog, or fire by lile or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag or stubborn unlaide ghost,
 That breaks his magic charms at curfew time,
 No goblin or swart fury of the mine
 Hatn hurtful power o'er true virginity
 Do ye believe me yet or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the rums of chastyty?
 Hence had th' huntress Dian her dieid bow,
 Fan silver shafted queen for ever chaste
 Wherewith she tumed the blunted lones,
 And snotted mount unprid, but set it nougnt
 The trivolous bolt of Cupid, Gods and men
 Feard her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods
 What was that snaky headed Goiglon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to conceal'd stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to heaven is saintly chastity
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand livered angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And a clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul till,
 But most by lewd and livish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being
 Such are those thick and gloomy shades damp
 Oft seen in church vaults, and sepulchres,
 Lingering and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state

2 B How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns

1 B List, list, I hear
 Some far off halloo break the silent air

2 B Methought so too what should it be?

1 B For certain

Either some one like us night founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or 't worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows

2 B Heav'n keep my Sister Agam, again, and ne'er,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard

1 B I'll halloo,
If he be friendly, he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us

Enter the attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd
That halloo I should know, what are you? speak,
Come not too ne're, you fall on iron stakes else
SPIR What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again
2 B O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure
1 B Thysrs? Whose wifful stirrings have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal?
And sweeten'd every mushrose of the dale
How camest thou here, good swain? with any rum
Slipt from the fold or young lad lost his dum,
Or struggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dail sequester'd nook?

SIR O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
To this my mind and the care it brought
But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

1 BR To tell thee slyly² Shepherd without blame,
On our neglect, we lost her a' we came

SPIR Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true
1 BR What fears, good Thysrs? Prithee briefly show
SIR I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by the heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse
Of due chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind

Within the navel of this hidden wood
Imured in cypress shades a sorceror dwells,
Of Boreas and of Cince born, great Comus

¹ A compliment to Lutes

² Solyly, seriously -- N.E. TO

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face this I have learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade, whence, night by night,
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unwecting by the way
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had tir'd them supper on the savory herb
 Of knot grass dew besprinkled, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bough
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey suckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my wretched ministeries,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,
 The wonted rout was up amidst the woods
 And fill'd the air with bubacious dissonance,
 At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the diowsy fighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep,
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of such distill'd perfumes
 And stol'd upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death, but O ere long

Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister
 Amazed I stood, horrord with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that davn'd wizzard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The andless innocent Lady his wiz'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbourly villager
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight till I had found you here,
 But further know I not

2 BR O night and shades,
 How are ye joyn'd with Hell in triple knot
 Agunst the unarm'd wealnes of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me Brother?

1 BR Yes, and I keep it still,
 Let me not sily not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me against the thiefs
 Of malice or of sorcery or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, th' I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assaul'd, but neve' hurt
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yet even that which mischief meant me th' harm,
 Shall in the happy triall prove me th' glory
 But evil on itself shall buck recoil,
 And mix no moe with goodness when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itselv',
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self fed, and self consumed if this ful,
 The pillor'd firmament is rotteness
 And earth's base built on stubble But come, let's on
 Against the opposing will and aim of heaven

May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that dunm'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 Twixt Afric and Ind, I'll find him out
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Diving him by the curls to a foul death,
 Amend as his life

SIR Alas' good ventures youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emp'rye,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stand,
 For other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And cumbre all thy sinews

I BR Why pitthee Shepherd
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SIR Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spieds her verdant leaf to the morning ray
 He loved me well and oft would let me sing
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scup,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous facultie
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he call'd me out,
 The leaf was darkish, and had pridles on it,
 But in another country, is he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this so l
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted¹ shoon

¹ Clouts are thin and narrow plates of iron affixed with hobnails to the shoes of rustics — T. Warton

And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave,
 He call'd it haemony, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition
 I pursed it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd
 But now I find it true, for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells
 And yet came off if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,
 Where if he be with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground
 But seize his wand, though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink
 1 BR Thysus, lead on space, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel be my shield before us

The Scene changes to a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness ^{soft} music tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his table and the Lady set in an enchanted chair to whom he offers his glass which she puts by and goes about to rise

COM Nay, Lady, sit, if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chiv'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root bound, that fled Apollo

LAD Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy chains, although this corporal mind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good

COM Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and sets

Brisk as the April buds in primrose season
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd
 Not that Nepenthes,¹ which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst
 Why should you be so cruel to your self,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And hushly deal, like an ill borrower
 With that which you received on other terms,
 Scorning the unexcept condition
 By which all mortal frailty must submit,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but, fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon

LAD 'Twill not, filo traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 'That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies
 Was this the Cottage and the safe abode
 Thou toldst me of? Whi grim aspects we these,
 These ugly headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betri'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquoish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well governed and wise appetite

COM O foolishness of men¹ that lend then ears
 To those budge² doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch then precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spinn'g innumerable
 But all to please, and sate the curious to to³
 And set to work millions of spinn'g worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth h'ur'd silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loms
 She hutch'd² the all worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
 To store her children with if ill the world
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse
 Dunk the clear stream, and nothing war but freeze
 The All-giver would be unthank'd would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised
 And we should serve him as a giudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth
 And live like Nature's bastards not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air durl'd with plumes,
 The herds would over multitude their lords,
 The sea o'er fraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow mured to light and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shunless brows
 Last Lady be not coy, and be not so encl
 With th' same vintaged name Virginity
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded
 But must be current, and the good thereto
 Consists in mutual and partial en bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself,

¹ Budge is lamb's fur formerly an ornament of scholastic habits

² Hoarded

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's bairg, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship,
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They hid their name thence, coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool
 What need a vermeil tinctured lip for that,
 Love darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advised you are but young yet

LAD I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd 'm, but that this juggler
 Would think to chum my judgment as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules upon d reason's grub
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride
 Impostor do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good catcress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lowly pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams and blasphemers his feeder Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun clad power of Chastity,

Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast no^e eu, no^e soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot
 Enjoy your dear wit, and g^eiy rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fee,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced,
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt pnts
 'No such a flame of sacred vhemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy m^gic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head

COU She fibbles not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
 To some of Sutuins crew I must dissemble,
 And try her yct more strongly Come, no more,
 This is mere mortal babble, and direct
 Aganst the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the les
 And settling of a melancholy blood
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste —

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn w^est his glass out of his hand and break
 it agaunt the ground his rout male sign of resistance but are all drivn in
 The attendant Spirit comes in

SPIR What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast, without his rod rever'd,
 And backward mutters of dissolving power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here

In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Scevn strea ,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute
 She, guiltless damsels, flying the mid p ute
 Of her enagèd stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his e ous flowing course
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up then pealed wrist, and tool her in,
 Bowing her straight to aged Nereus' b ul,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And give her to his daughters to imb i the
 In nectu d livers strow d with asphodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sen e
 Driopp d in ambrosial oils till she revived,
 And underwent a quick immortul change,
 Made Goddess of the river still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the heids along the twilight meadows,
 Helping ull urchin blists, and ill luck signs
 That the shiewd meddling elf delights to mal e,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her circam
 Of pansies, pinks, and grudy diffodils
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard besetting need, this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring veiso

Song

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilles knitting
 The loose train of thy amber dropp'g hair,
 Listen for deu honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save
 Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth shil'ing Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys¹ grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus wrinkled look
 And the Carpathian wizard's hool,
 By scaly Triton's² winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glucus'³ spell,
 By Leucothea's⁴ lovly hands,
 And her son that rules the sti'nds,⁵
 By Thetis⁶ tinsel shipp'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet
 By dead Parthenope's⁷ deu tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb⁸
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring lock
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise rice, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral paven bed,
 And bidle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have
 Listen and save

¹ The wife of Oceanus² Iroteus who had a cave in Carpathus an island of the Mediterranean. He was a wizard a prophet and Neptune's shepherd and therefore held a crook³ Neptune's trumpeter⁴ Glucus an excellent diver was made a sea god. He was a prophet and is said to have taught Apollo to prophesy⁵ Leucothea is the white goddess⁶ She was Ino who flying from her mad husband Athamas cast her child into the sea. Neptune at the intercession of Venus changed both into serpents and gave her the new name of Leucothea⁷ Pegasus the infant in her arms when she sprung into the sea⁸ A sea goddess called by Homer fair-faced⁹ Parthenope and Ligea were two of the Sirens

Sibrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings
 By the rushy fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread,
 Gentle Swain, at thy request
 I am here

Si Goddess dear,
 We implore thy pow'ful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distrest,
 Through the force, and through the will
 Of unblest enchantèd viles

SAPR Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Diops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower

Sibrina descends and the Lady rises out of her seat

Sp Virgin, daughter of Locrine
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,¹

¹ Locrine was the son of Brutus the great grandson of Eneas

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills
 Summer drouth, or singed an
 Never scorch thy tresses fin,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud,
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tow'nd terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon

Come, lady while Heav'n lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorceror us entice
 With some other new device
 Not a waste, or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not in my furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence
 Where this night we met in state
 May a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance ie ort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer,
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

The scene changes presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle then come in country dances after them the attendant Spirit with the two Brothers and the Lady

SONG

Sp. Buck, Shyphids buck, enough your play,
 Till next sunshine holiday,

Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades,
 On the lawns, and on the leas

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble Lord, and Ludy bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Thrice fair branches of your own,
 Hewn hath timely tried their youth,
 Then futh, their patience and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assay,
 With a crown of deathless praise
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance

The du ces ended the ⁵ first epilogues

Sr. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky
 There I suck the liquid sun
 All amidst the gaudens fan
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree ¹
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring
 The Graces, and the rosy bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells

¹ The daughters of Hesperus the brother of Atlas had gaudens or orchards which produced apples of gold

Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purled scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Buds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft repose,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sidly sits th' Assyrian queen,¹
 But fin above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
 After her wand'ring labours long
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Mingle her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy, so Jove hath sworn
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon
 Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime
 O! if Virtue feeble were,
 Heaven itself would stoop to her

¹ Venus so called because she was worshipped by the Assyrians. See OVID Met. IX 60

LYCIDAS.

1637

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend¹ unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never seie,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dur
 Compels me to disturb your sosen due
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas and hath not left his peer
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He now
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme
 He must not flot it upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and weltev to the parching wind
 Without the need of some melodious tear
 Begin then Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the sturn,
 Hence with denial v un and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined win,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud
 For we were nursed upon the self same hill
 Fed the same flock by fountun, shade and sun
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening cycl d of the morn²

¹ Edward King the friend of Milton whose early death is bewailed in this poem was the son of Sir John King Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth James I and Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland to visit his family his sh p struck on a rock on the English coast and he perished in the sea. He was

distinguished for his piety and talents and was a fellow of Christ Church Cam bridge

² King was at Cambridge with Milton

³ See marginal reading of. Neither let it see the dawning of the day, Job iii 9

We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,¹
 Bitt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening bright,
 Tow'rd heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel
 Meanwhile the urnal ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long
 And old Damon² loved to hear our song

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return!
 There, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert coves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Falling their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As I lie here as the sun to the rose
 Or taunt worm to the weeping hinds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white thorn blows,
 Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Drunks, lie,³
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,⁴
 Nor yet where Devil spreads her wizard steam.⁵
 Ay me! I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Ophæus bore,⁶
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,

¹ The trumpet fly Its hum is loudest
 at noon

² I probably their tutor Dr Chappel

³ The Drunks sepulchres were at
 Kerig y Drundon in the mountains of
 Denbighshire

⁴ The Isle of Anglesey

⁵ The Dee said by Spenser to be the
 haunt of magicians These places were
 all near the Irish Sea where Lycidas
 embarked for Ireland

⁶ Calliope was the mother of Orpheus.

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,¹
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thrukless Muse?
 Were it not better done as others use,
 To sport with Amazillis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neurus' bower?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth use
 (That lust infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delight and live laborious days,
 But the full gaudon when we hope to find,
 And think to burn to it into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the blazoned shears
 And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,"
 I haben replied and touch'd my trembling cars,
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to th' world nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spires doth by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all judging Love,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in hev'n expect thy meed."
 O fountain Arethuse and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth sliding Mincius,² crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's barge,
 He usk'd the waves, and usk'd the felon winds,
 What hid mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That flows from off each beaked promontory
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,⁴

¹ The Bacchaeans

² In Sicily

³ Near Mantua

⁴ Folus (the Last Wind) was the son of Hippotades

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next Cymus,¹ reverend sile, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe²
 Ah! Who hath left (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and list did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake
 Two missy keys he bore of metals twain,³
 (The golden opes the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks and stein bespake,
 How well could I have spared for thee, young swum,⁴
 Enow of such is for their bellics' sake
 Creep, and intiude, and climb into the fold!
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble it the shieror's feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind mouths⁵ that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep hook, or hve lern'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's urt belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped,
 And when they list, then lean and flashy songs
 Grate on then scrannel⁵ pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours ipace, and nothing said,
 But that two hinded engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more

¹ The Cam

² The Hyaenth^s supposed to bear the letters Ai Ai put on it by Apollo in memory of his grief for Hyaenthus See note at p. 2

³ The pilot of the Galilean lake is St Peter

⁴ King intended to take orders in the Church of England

⁵ Thin lean, meagre —T WARTON

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flow ets of a thousand hues
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star spainly looks
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy streak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk rose, and the well attned woodbine,
 With cowslips win that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid amai inthus ill his beauty shd,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureate heire where Lycid lies
 For so to interpose a little ease
 Let our fial thoughts dally with false surmise
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far awy, where er thy bones are huld,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hcbides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whlming tide,
 Visit st the bottom of the monstrous world,
 Or whther thou to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep st by the fible of Bellerus old,¹
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount²
 Looks toward Namuncos³ and Bayon's hold
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth
 Weep no more, woful Shepheids weep no more,
 For Lycidas⁴ your sorrow is not dead,

Bellerus a Cornish giant from Belle
 rum
² Mount st Michael nev the Land s
 End Cornwall

¹ In an Atlas of 1623 and in a map of
 G licia neir Cape Finistere is marked
 a place called Namuncos. In this map
 also is marked the Castle of Bayona

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams and with new spangled o
Flames in the forhead of the morning sky,
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,
Thro the dear might of Him that walk'd the v
Where other groves and other streams alone,
With nectari pure his oozey locks he lave,
And here is the unexpressive nuptial son
In the blest king doms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the sunts above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing and singing in their glory move
And wipe the tears for ever from his eye
Now Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more
Henceforth thou art the genius of the sh
In thy lunge recompence and bilt b
To all that winder in that perilous flood

Thus sing the uncouth swain to the oaks and vills,
While the still morn went out with undal gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Domicay
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay,
At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue
To morrow to fresh woods, and pasture new

Paradise Lost.

THE VERSES OF PARADISE LOST

The meisme is English Heroic Verse without Rime as that of Homer in Greek and of Virgil in Latin being no necessary Adjunct a true Ornament of Poem or good Verse in longer Works specially but the Invention of a Hubris Age to st off withched matter and Time Master art and all since by the use of a most famous modern poet carried away by custom but much to their own vexation hindring invention to expre many thinges otherwise and is the most part worse then all they will have exprest them with me as therfore some both Italian and Spanish sets of prime note have yet all the both in longer and shorter Works as we use them since our English Prophesies is a thing of itself to all judicia usages as trivial and of no true musical delight which consist only in apt Number fit quantity of Syllables and the sense usually drawn out from one verse into another not in the jangling sound of ill endings a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Poetry This neglect then of Rime so little as to let them for a defect though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers that it rather is to be esteemed in example set the first in English of ancient liberty recovered to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rimeing

From Milton's own Edition, 1659.

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book begins first in brief of the whole subject Mans disobedience and the loss he reap'd of his estate wherein he was placed then touches the prime cause of his fall the serpent or rather Satan in the serpent who revolting from God and him to his side many legions of Angels was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep Which action passed over the Earth he hastes into the midst of things presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell described here not in the centre for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made certainly not yet assured but in a place of utter darkness first called Chaos Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning like thunderstruck and astonished after a certain space recovers from confusion calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him they confer of their miserable fall Satan awakens all his legions who lay till then in the same manner confounded they rise their numbers many of battle their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining To these Satan directs his speech comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven but tells them largely of a new world and new kind of creature to be created according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers To find out the truth of this prophecy and what to determine theron he refers to a full council What his associates their attempt Pandemonium the palace of Satan, was suddenly built out of the deep the infernal Purgatory there sit in council

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heav'nly Muse that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd,¹ who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
 Rose out of Chaos, or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more and Siloam brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' Aonian mount,³ while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st, thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove like sit sit brooding on the vast abyss,⁴
 And mad sit it pregnant what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support,
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men
 Say first for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first, what cause
 Moved our grand Parents in that happy state,
 Favour'd of heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgresse his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal serpent, he it was, whose guile,
 Sturr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride

¹ Moses

² A small brook that flowed near the Temple of Jerusalem

³ A mountain in Boeotia. In mytho-

logy the Muses were said to dwell on it

⁴ Gen. 1. 2

Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,¹
If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt Him the almighty Pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to aim
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded though immortal but his doom
Reserved him to more wrath for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him, round he throw'd his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate
At once, as far as angels ken he views
The dismal situation waste and wild
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace, flamed, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever burning sulphur unconsumed
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heav'n,

¹ Isaiah xiv 18-15 ² Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' intrate was the inscription placed by Dante over the gates of his Inferno

As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and wert'ring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beelzebub ¹ To whom th' arch enemy,
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan ² with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus begin

If thou beest he—But O how fallen ! how changed
 From him who in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright ! If he, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin into what pit thou seest
 From what height fallen so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder, and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms ? yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage
 ('in else misfit do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre that fix'd mind
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit
 Thit with the Mightiest rused me to contend
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plums of heav'n,
 And shook his throne What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost, th' unconquerible will,
 And tudy of revenge, immortal hate

¹ The god of flies worshipped by the Philistines (2 Kings 1. 2) the Jews considered Beelzebub the greatest of the devils See their accusation of our Lord St Matt xii 24-27 where it appears that with them Beelzebub and

Satan were synonymous names Milton makes them two different fallen angels

² Satan is a Hebrew word, signifying enemy The enemy both of God and man

And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome,
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me to bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfull, since by fate the strength of Gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event,
 In aims not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven

So spake th apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud but rick'd with deep despair
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold competitor

O Prince O chief of many throned Powers,
 That led th' imbuttell'd Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct and, in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd heaven's perpetual King
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
 Too well I see and true the due event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heaven and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery
 But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,
 Has left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 By night of war whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, of eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch fiend replied

Fall'n Cheub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will,
 Whom we resist If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil,
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I ful not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined sum
 But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heav'n the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heav'n received us falling, and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foc
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size
Titanian, or Earth born, that warr'd on Jove,¹
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream
Him hulky slumbering on the Norway foun
The pilot of some small night founder'd ship
Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scily mind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays²
So stretch'd out huge in length the Aich fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake nor ever thence
Had risen or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature, on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd

¹ The Titans were monstrous giants said to have made war against the gods. Briareus had a hundred hands. Typhon was the same as Typhoeus who was

imprisoned by Jupiter in a cave near Tarsus in Cilicia

² The whale is evidently here intended

In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft incumbent on the dusky air,
 Thit felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire,
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterrane in wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus¹ or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring Aetna whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke such resting found the sole
 Of unbless'd feet Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have escap'd the Stygian flood,
 As Gods and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the suffrancie of supernil power

Is this the region thus the soil, the clime,
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the sort
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right furthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals I' uewell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells hail horrors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time
 The mind is its own place, and in itselv
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n
 What matter where, if I be still the sunne,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thund're hith made greater? here at least
 We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built
 Hero for his envy, will not drive us hence

¹ Capo di Iaro, in Sicily

² 'There's nothing either good or bad but
 Thinking makes it so' —SHAKESPEARE

Here we may reign secure and in my choice
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in heaven or what more lost in hell?

So Sat in spite and him Beelzebub
 Thus answer'd Leader of those umbris bright,
 Which but th Omnipotent none could have sold'd,
 If once they hear that voice then liveliest pledge
 Of hope in tears and dangers heard so oft
 In worst extremes and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it raged in ill assaults
 Their suiest signal they will soon resume
 New courage and revive though now they lie
 Grov'ing and prostrate on yon lule of fire,
 As we meanwhile astounded and amazed
 No wonder fall'n such a pernicious highth¹

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
 Was moving tow'rd the shore, his ponderous shield,
 Ethical temper massy large and round,
 Behind him cast, the broad circumference
 Hanging on his shoulders like the moon whose orb
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist² views
 At ev'ning from the top of Fesole
 Or in Vald'irno to descry new lind's,
 Ravers or mountuns in her spotty globe
 His spear to equal which the tallest pine,
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wind,
 He walk'd with to support nupti' y steps
 Over the burning mark, not like tho' e steps
 On heaven's azure, and the torrid climc

¹ Height

² Galileo Milton became acquainted with the great astronomer when travell

ing in Italy. Optic glass is the name given then and some time after to the telescope

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 • Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, Angel forms, who lie entranced,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa,¹ where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch'd embower, or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd²
 Hath vex'd the Red sea coast, whose waves o'ertidew
 Busiris³ and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious intent they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lie these covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change
 He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded Princes Potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of heaven once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment is this can seize
 Eternal spirits, or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, is in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursues from heaven gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,

¹ In Tuscany

² Orion is the constellation representing an armed warrior. It was supposed to be attended with stormy

weather Assu'gns fluctu nimlos is

Orion VIR 21 I 9 - NEWTON

The Pharaoh of Exodus xiv

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel,
 Yet to then General's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's Son, in Egypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, waiping on the eastern wind,
 That over the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and daiken'd all the land of Nile
 So numberless were those hid angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
 Twixt upper, nether, and sun-bounding fues,
 Till, as a signal given, th' uplifted spear
 Of their great Sult in waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain
 A multitude like which the populous north
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to piss
 Rhene or the Danaw³ when her barbarous sons⁴
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spred
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
 Their great Commander, God like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princeely Dignities,

¹ Exodus x. 15

² The populous north is the north ern parts of the world we observe to be more fruitful of people than the hottest countries Sir William Temple calls it the northern hive. Iour'd never a very proper word to express the inundations of these northern na tions. From her frozen loins it is the Scriptur expiession of children and descendants coming out of the loins as Gen. xxxv. 11. Kings shall come out of thy loins & these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate — Newton

³ To pass Rhene or the Danaw He might have said consistently with his verse the Rhine or Danube but he chose the more uncommon names Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the

Cerman both which words are used too in Spenser — Newton

⁴ When her barbarous sons &c They were truly barbarous for besides exercising several cruelties they de stroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came Cum like a deluge Spenser describ ing the same people has the same simile

Iaeric Queen B. II. cant 1st 15 —
 And overflow'd all countries far away
 Like Noye's great flood with their
 importune sway

They were the Goths and Huns and Vandals who overran all the southern provinces of Europe and crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar landed in Africa and spred themselves as far as Libya Beneath Gibraltar means more southward — Newton

And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and razed
 By their rebellion from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of men
 Got them new names, till wandering over the earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By fancies and lie the greatest put
 Of mankind they corrupted to for the
 God their creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute adorned
 With gay religion full of pomp and gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idol through the heathen world.

Say, Musæ then names then known who first, who last,
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
 At then great judgment call is next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bright mind,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet root²
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey or with disease
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Then altars by his altar, Gods adored
 Among the nations round, and durst abide
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim, yet often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations,³ and with evil things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their durance durst infest his light
 First Moloch, horrid King¹ besmeared with blood
 Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud

¹ Psalm ix. 5, 6 Rev. iii.,
² Levit. xvi. 7 Psalm cxi. 37
³ Ezek. viii. 15, 16

⁴ The world Moloch in in King. II
 I styleth and on account of the awful
 human sacrifices offered to him

Then children's cries unheard, that past through fire¹
 To his grim idol Him the Ammonite
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watry plun,
 In Aigob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhoud the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God
 On that opprobrious hill,² and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom Tophet them
 And black Gehennim call'd,³ the type of hell⁴
 Next Chemos⁵ th' obscene dread of Moib's son ,
 From Aiol to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim in Hebron
 And Hesrona, Seon's realm beyond
 The flow'ry dale of Sibme clad with vines
 And Fleale to the Asphaltic pool
 Peor hi other name when he entic'd
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nil
 To do him wanton rites which cost them yon
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide last hund by hund,
 Till good Josiah⁶ drove them thence to hell
 With these came they who from the bounding pool
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that puts
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Bialim and Ashtairoth⁷ those male
 These feminine for spirits when they please
 Can either sex a sume or beth, so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,
 Nor tied or mangled with joint or limb
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,

¹ Moloch was represented by an idol of brass sitting on a throne crowned Before him was a furnace. His extended arms sloped down to it. Infants placed in his arms fell into the furnace and were consumed

² 1 Kings xi. 7

³ It was called *Tophet* from *toph* a drum, the noise of drums being em

ployed to drown the cries of the poor babies offered to the idol

⁴ So used by our Lord

⁵ 1 Kings xi. 7

⁶ 2 Kings xxii

⁷ Frequently named together in Scripture. They were the sun Baal the moon Astaroth and the stars in being the plural termination of the name Baal

Like cumbious flesh, but in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods, for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battle sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent hoins,
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Sion also not unsung where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountun, built
 By that uxorious king,¹ whose heart though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolitesses, fell
 To idols foul Thammuz² came next behind,
 Whose anrual wound in Lebanon allureth
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thanimu yearly wounded the love tle
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw,³ when by the vision led
 His eyes survey d the dark idolitries
 Of alienated Judah Next came one

¹ Solomon who built a temple to Astoreth the moon on the Mount of Olives

² Adonis See Maundrell's Travels p. 34 We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which I can relate concerning this river (the Adonis called by the Turks Ibrahim Bassa) viz that this stream at certain seasons of the year especially about the feast of Adonis is of a bloody colour which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding

from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis Something like this we saw actually came to pass for the water was stained to a surprising redness and as we observed in travelling had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue occasion doubtless by a sort of minium or red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain and not by any stain from Adonis blood

³ Ezek viii 12

Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Mum'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own temple, on the gunsel¹ edge,
 Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
 And downward fish yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
 And Accaron, and Gura's frontier bounds
 Him follow'd Rimmon,² whose delightful seat
 Was fair Dimascus, on the fertile banks
 Of Abbana and Phuphai, lucid streams
 He also against the house of God was bold
 A leper once he lost⁴ and gain'd a king,
 Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to dispraise,⁵ and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereto to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods
 Whom he had unquish'd After these appear'd
 A crew, who under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus⁶ and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Ægypt and her priests to seek
 Their wand'ring Gods disguised in brutish forms,⁷
 Rather than human Nor did Israel 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
 The calf in Oreb,⁸ and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bæthel and in Dan,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,⁹
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
 From Ægypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating gods
 Belial¹⁰ came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself to him no temple stood

¹ Threshold groundsel

² 1 Sam v 4

³ A Syrian god

⁴ Naaman See 2 Kings v 17

⁵ 2 Kings xvi 10 2 Chron xxviii 23

⁶ Orus was the son of Osiris (the sun)
 and Isis (the moon)

⁷ The sacred calf the ram &c

⁸ Exod xxxii

⁹ 1 Kings xii 28

¹⁰ The god of lewdness and luxury

With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds Thus they,
 Batching united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, and now
 Advanced in view they stand a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose he through the armed files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, then order due,
 Then visages and stature as of God.,
 Then number list he sums And now his heart
 Distends with pride and haughty in his strength
 Glories, for never since created man,
 Met such embodied force as num'd with these
 Could meet more than that small infinty ¹
 Wund on by erances, though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegria ² with th heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes ³ and Ilion ⁴ on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliu Gods, and wht resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,⁵
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel
 Joust'd in Asprimont or Montalbain
 Dimasco, or Malocco, or Trelisond
 Or whom Biscra sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontainbar Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd

¹ The Pygmies See Basilius Atho
 nee IX 43

² Phlegria a city of Macedonia where
 the Titans or giants dwelt who made
 war against the gods

³ Thebes a city of Boeotia famous for
 the war between the sons of Oedipus
 Creon and Polynices The subject of
 Statius's Thebaid

⁴ Troy the age of which is the
 subject of Homer's Iliad The gods
 took different sides in this war

⁵ Arthur Armoric knights were
 knights of Armorica or Brittany

⁶ Romantic names of places mentioned
 in Ariosto's poem Orlando Furioso,
 and in the old romances

Their dread commander he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness nor appear'd
 Less than Arch angel run d and th' excess
 Of glory obscured as when the sun new risen
 Loo l through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On hal' the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs ¹ darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch angel but his face
 Deep sounds of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The f lows of his crime, the followers rather,
 Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendour flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withdraw'd as when heaven's ~~tre~~
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath He now prepared
 To speak, whereat then doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing and half inclose him round
 With all his peers attention held them mute
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way

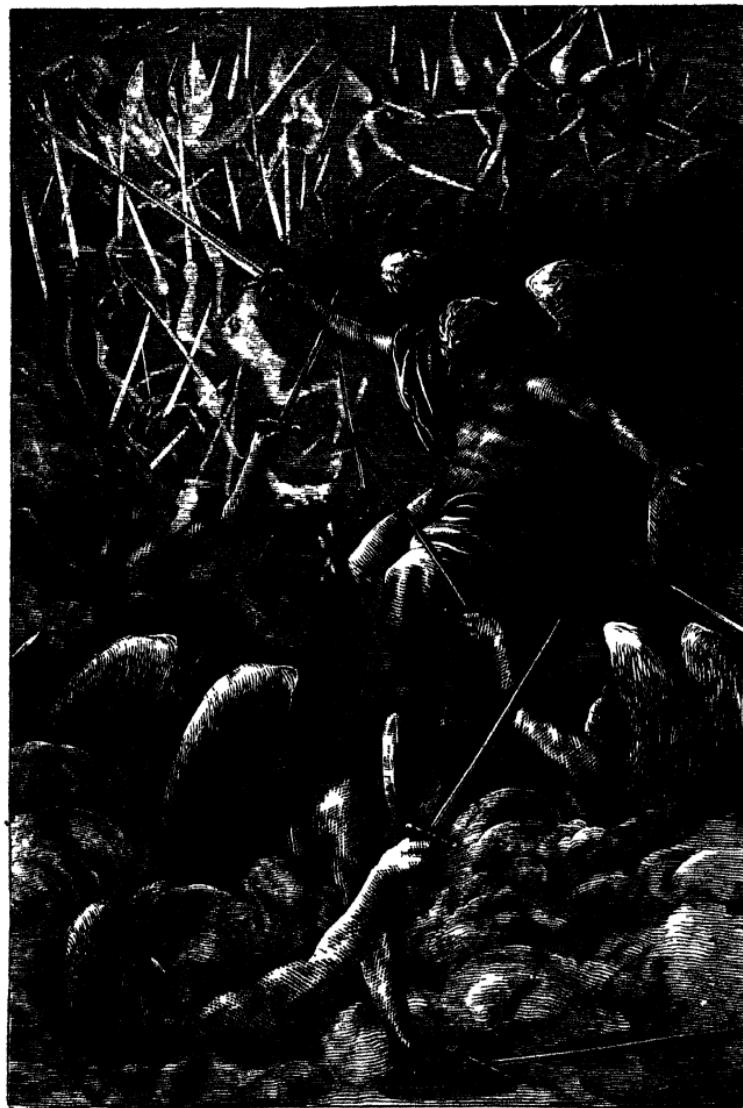
O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and th' strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

¹ Alluding to the superstition that an
 eclipse or comet foretold the disturbance
 of nations

² Deprived of by forfeiture
 Quales's Divine poem p 18

See

As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter but what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied heav'n,¹ shall fail to reascend
 Self raised, and repossess their native seat ?
 For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,
 If counsels different or dangers shunn'd
 By me have lost our hopes but he who reigns
 Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,
 Consent, or custom, and his legal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall
 Henceforth his might we know, and I now our own,
 So is not either to provoke or dread
 New war, provoked, our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not, that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe
 Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
 There went a fume in heav'n, that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption thither or elsewhere,
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature peace is despair'd,
 For who can think submission ? war then, war
 Open or understood, must be resolved



He spake and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell — p 95

He spake and to confirm his words outflew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim, the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined hell highly they raged
 Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke, the rest entue
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur Thither, wing'd with speed,
 A numerous brigade hasten'd, as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
 Forc'd un the royal camp, to trench a field,
 O'er cast a rampart Mammon¹ led them on,
 Mammon, the last erected spirit that fell
 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of heav'n's pavement, tidden gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digg'd out ribs of gold Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond ring tell
 Of Babel and the works of Memphian king ,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
 And strength and art are easily outdone
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform

¹ The word Mammon is Syriac for riches (Matt vi 24), personified also by Spenser .

Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound board breathes
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave, nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven,
 The roof was fretted gold Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo¹ such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories to inshrine
 Belus or Serapis their Gods or scrt
 Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury Th ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately hight, and straight the doo's
 Op'ning then brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces, or the smooth
 And level pavement from the arched roof,
 Pendant by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect his hand was known
 In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,

¹ Cairo in Egypt

Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land
 Men call'd him Mulciber,¹ and how he fell
 From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements, from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun
 Dropped from the Zenith like a falling star,
 On Lemnos th' Ægcan isle, thus they relate,
 Erring for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before, nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built in heav'n high towers, nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell

Meanwhile the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign power with awful ceremony
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At Pandæmonium, the high capitil
 Of Satan and his peers their summons call'd
 From every band and squad'ed regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest, they anon
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
 Attended all access was throng'd the gates
 And porches wide but chief the spacious hall,
 Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd and at the Soldan's chair
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat or career with lance,
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters, they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw built citadel,

¹ Vulcan See Homer, "Iliad" 1-590

New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd, till, the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmein race
Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Flies,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees while over head the moon
Sits arbitress,¹ and near to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music charm his ear,
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced then shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hill
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demi gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun Satan debates whether another battle he to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven some advise it others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred mentioned before by Satan to seach the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior t themselves about this time to be created then doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended the rest betake them several w^{ys} and to several employments as their inclinations lead them to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes in his journey t hell gates finds them shut and who sat there to guard them by whom at length they were opened and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven with wh^t difficulty he passes through directed by Chaos the Power of that place to the sight of this new world which he sought

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone 'he wealth of Oimus¹ and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Shows on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,²
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence, and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Van wai with heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd
 Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,³
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not heav'n for lost from this descent
 Celestial virtues rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate
 Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With wh^t besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,

¹ In the Persian Gulf

² It was the Eastern custom for the
 princes of the blood royal and the emirs
 to sprinkle gold dust and seed pearl on

the head of the monarch at his coro-
 nation See *Vie de Tamerlane* (trans-
 lated by M Petit de la Croix), B II c 1

³ Colos i 16

Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent The happier state
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior, but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderers? um
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no goal
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction, for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us, and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate, who can advise, may speak

He ceased, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king
 Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all, with that care lost
 Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake

My sentence is for open war of wiles
 More unexpert, I boast not them let them
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit long'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for them dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once

O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer, when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartar in sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torment. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful bale benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? th ascent is easy then
Th event is fear'd, should we again provoke
Our stronger some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction if there be in hell
Few to be worse destroy'd what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inevitably, and the torturing hou
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire
What fear we then? what doubt we to incen
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier fair,
Than miserable to have eternal being
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing, and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ¹
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge and bittle dangerous
 To less than Gods On th' other side up to e
 Behial, in act more graceful and humanc,
 A fairei person lost not heav'n, he seem'd
 For dignity composed and high exploit
 But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
 Dropped Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason to perplex and dash
 Matu'est counsels, for his thoughts were low,
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasiv accent thus begin

I should be much for open wu O Peers,
 As not behind in hite, if what was uiged,
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success,
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms
 In what he counsels and in wht excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some due revenge
 First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable, oft on the boiding deep
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
 With blackest insurrection to confound
 Heav'n s purest light, yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould

¹ Upheld by fate —NEWTON

Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the base1 fire,
 Victorious Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despan we must exasperate
 Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more sad cure, for who would lose,
 Though full of pain this intellectual being
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion ? and who knows,
 Let this be good whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,
 Is doubtful, that he never will is sure
 Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Behke through impotence or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless ? Whercfore curse we then ?
 Say they who counsel war,—We are decreed
 Reserved and destined to eternal woe,
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse ?—Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
 What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us ? this hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
 Chin d on the burning like ? that sure was worse
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires¹
 Aw ked should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames ? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us ? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespected, unpitied, unreplied,
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades, for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth
All these our motions vain sees and derides,
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
Shall we then live thus vile, th' race of heav'n,
Thus trippled thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse
By my advice, since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains this was at first resolved,
If we were wise against so great a foe
Contending and so doubtful what might fall
I laugh when those who at the spur are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror this is now
Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
Not mind us not offending satisfied
With what is punish'd whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames
Our purer essence then will overcome
Then noxious vapour, or enured not feel,
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light
 Besides what hope the never ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsell d ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace and after him thus Mammon spake
 Either to disenthrone the King of heav'n
 We war, if war be best or to regain
 Our own right lost Him to unthrone we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter for what place can be for us
 Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme
 We overpower'd suppose He should relent
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection, with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
 Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In heav'n, this our delight, how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
 Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 We can create, and in what place so e er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne,¹ from whence deep thunders roar
 Must ring their rage and heav'n resembles hell?
 As He our darkness, cannot we His light
 Imitate when we please? this desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to rase
 Magnificence, and what can heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper, which must needs removo
 The sensible of pain All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we aic and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war Ye have what I advise
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea faring men o er watch'd whose bark by chance
 Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael

¹ Psalm xviii: 11-18, xcvi: 2

Wrought still within them, and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heav'n
 Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care,
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin sage he stood,
 With Atlantean¹ shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies, his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon tide in while thus he spake

Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,
 Ethereal Virtues, or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
 Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue and build up here
 A growing empire. Doubtless, while we dream,
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doon'd
 This place our dungeon not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm to live exempt
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain
 In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under the inevitable curb reserv'd
 His captive multitude for he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule,
 Us here, & with his golden those in heav'n
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable, terms of peace yet none

¹ Atlas was fabled to have held the heavens on his shoulders

² Psalm ii. 9

Vouchsafed or sought, for what peace will be giv n
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted P and what peace can we 1eturn,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel
Nor will occasion want nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush from the deep What if we find
Some easier enterprize⁹ There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fime in heav'n
Err not,) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call d Men about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellency, but favour d more
Of Him who rules above, so was His will
Pronounced among the Gods and by an oath
That shook heav'n's whole circumference confirm'd
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance how endued, and what then power,
And where then weakness how attempted least,
By force or subtlety Though heav'n be shut,
And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may he exloed,
The utmost boidei of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it heie perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven
The puny habitants or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party that then God
May prove their foe and with 1epeating hand
Abolish his own worl's This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires — Thus Beclzebub
 Plead'd his devilish counsel, first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed, for whence,
 Put from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? but their spite still scives
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
 Sparkled in all then eycs, with full assent
 They vote wherat his speech he thus renewes
 Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearein our ancient seat, perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neigbouring aims
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re enter heav'n or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom, the soft delicious air
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive¹

¹ An old English idiom - See Shakespeare's *Henry VI* Part in Act v

The happy isle¹ what strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict² sentries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round³ here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage, for on whom we send
 The weight of all, and our last hope, reli's

This said, he sat, and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and each
 In others count nance read his own dismay
 Astonish'd, none among the choice and prime
 Of those heav'n warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept
 Along the dreadful voyage, till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monachal pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake

O Progeny of heav'n, empyreal Thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us though undismay'd long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light,
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Bar'd over us prohibit all egress
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Oi unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
 With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed

¹ The earth surrounded by air

² Void of being

And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Tenor of heav'n though fall'n! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable, if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all this enterprize
None shall putake with me Thus saying rose
The monarch and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd,
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding, and at once with him they rose
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own, for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower,
 If chance the radiant sun with fairewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating heids
 Attest their joy, tht hill and valley rings
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
 Fm concord holds men only disagree
 Of creatures rational though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wais,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy ¹
 As if, which might induce us to accord,
 Man had not hellish foes now besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait

The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers,
 Midst came then mighty priamount, and seem'd
 Alone the antagonist of heiv'n, nor less
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
 And God like imitated state him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
 With bright emblazonry and horient² arms
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal sound the great result
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,³
 By heralds' voice explain'd the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim

Thence moe at ease their minds, and somewhat rai'ed
 By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd Powers
 Disband, and wand'ring each his several way

¹ An allusion to the age of civil strife
 and controversies in which Milton's lot
 was cast

² Bristling
³ Gold or silver trumpets. Herald's
 alchemy would be ' or and argent

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return
 Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form
 As when to warn proud critics war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky,¹ and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close, with fents of arms
 From either end of heav'n 'the welkin burns
 Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind ' hell scarce holds the wild uproar
 As when Alcides³ from Æchæa crown'd
 With conquest felt th' envenom'd robe, and to'le
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Æta threw
 Into th' Euboic sea Otheis more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance
 Their song was pastoral, but the harmony,
 What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
 Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience In discourse more sweet,
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,

¹ These appearances in the clouds have been frequently recorded. On the Mont d'Or the night before the battle in which Philip von Arteveldt was killed an armed host was seen contending in the sky

² Alluding to the war of the Titans

³ Hercules, named Alcides after his grandfather, Alceus. On his return

from the conquest of Æchæa a city of Boeotia he received from his wife the envenomed robe of the Centaur. It clung to him and could only be removed with the flesh. In his agony the demi-god tore up pines by the roots and threw Lichas the messenger who had brought the robe from the top of Mount Æta into the Eubean Sea

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and raptury, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy
 Yet with pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate heart
 With stubborn piety as with triple steel
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways then flying much along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers that discharge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams,
 Abhorred Styx,¹ the flood of deadly hate
 Sad Achelion of sorrow, black and deep
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the riveful stream, fierce Phlegethon,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
 Hec with labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile, all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog

¹ The names and qualities of these rivers are all taken from the Greek mythology.

² Serbonis was a huge bog in Egypt sometimes so covered with sand as to

be indistinguishable from the land. It was 200 furlongs long and 1 000 round. Damietta was a city on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile.

Betwixt Damia ^{ta} and mount Casius old,
 Where armes whole have sunk the parching air
 Burns frore,¹ and cold perform th' effect of fire,
 Thither by harpy footed Furies haled
 At certain revolutions all the d ^{amn} d
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Then soft ^{to} the real warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix d, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire
 They fury o ^{er} this Lethe in sound
 Both to and fro their sorrow to augment
 And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
 The tempting stream, with one sin ill drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe
 All in one moment, and so near the brink
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The f ^{id}, and of itself the water flies
 All ta ^{ce} of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on
 In confused m ^{irr}ch forlorn th' adventurous bands,
 With shudd'ring hoiror pale, and eyes i ^{ghast},
 View'd first their lamentable lot and found
 No rest through many a dark and d ^{ic}try vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs dens, and shades of death,
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds,
 Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chnæras³ dire

¹ Frostily See Eccl xlii 20 21

² Medusa was a Gorgon of horrid beauty who had the power of turning those who gazed on her into stone

Forgetfulness could never be permitted to the lost spirits

³ Monsters of the heathen mythology

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight, sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengal or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore,¹ whence merchants bring
 Their spicy dugs they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates, three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire
 Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape,²
 The one seem'd woman to the waist and fur,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting about her middle round
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean³ mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peel yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen Fair less abhorred than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shire⁴
 Nor uglier follow the Night hag, when call'd

¹ Two of the Molucca islands

² Here begins the famous allegory of Milton which is a sort of pun phrase of St James i 15 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death

³ Like those of Cerberus the dog with three heads supposed to keep the gate of hell

⁴ Trinacria was the ancient name for Sicily Scylla and Charybdis were the whirlpools between it and Italy

In secret riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lupland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipse at their charms The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Of substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies terrible as hell
 And shoul a dreadful dart, whet seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides hell trembled as he strode
 The undivided fiend what this might be admiring,
 Admired not found God and his Son except,
 Created thing nught valued he nor shunned
 And with disdainful look thus first began

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape
 That dar'st though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured without leave I seek'd of thee
 Retire, or taste thy folly and learn by proof
 Hell born not to contend with spirits of heav'n
 To whom the goblin full of wrath replied
 Art thou that tutor angel art thou he
 Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Diew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
 Conjur'd against the Highest, for which bo' th thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
 Hell doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stoke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee and pangs unfelt before

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform on the other side
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Uncertified, and like a comet burn'd
That flies the length of Ophiucus¹ huge
In th' actic sky and from his horrid hū
Shakes pestilence and wū Each it the head
Levell'd his deadly um their fatal brends
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian,² then stand front to front
Hovering a space till winds the ign'� blow
To join their di'k encounter in mid air
So frown'd the mighty combatants that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood,
For never but once in ne³ was either like
To meet so great a foe and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had hung
Had not the snal y sorceress that sit
Fast by hell gate, and leapt the fatal bay
Ris'n and with hideous outcry rush'd between
O fether, wht intends thy hand, she cried,
Ag'inst thy only son? Wht fury, O son,
Possessest thee to bend that mortal dart
Ag'inst thy father's head? and know st for whom?
For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd His drudge to execute
Whate'er His wiath, which He calls justice bids,
His wiath, which one day will destroy ye both

¹ Serpentarius a northern constellati
tion Its length would be about forty
degrees Comets were supposed to
threaten pestilence and war

The Caspian is a remarkably tem
pestuous sea
² Jesus Christ is here intimated who
is to destroy death and him that has
the power of death (Heb. ii. 14)

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double form'd and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantom call'st my son
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee
To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In heav'n? when at th' assembly and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy 'ginst heav'n's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprized thee dim thine eyes and dizzy swum
In dulness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thine in hape and countenance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fur, a Goddess um'd,
Out of thy head I sprung,¹ amazement seized
All the host of heav'n, back they recoil'd afraid
At first and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me but familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burthen Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven, wherein remain'd,
(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout

¹ The allegory here follows the Greek fable of the birth of Minerva—*Wisdom*—said to have sprung from the head of

Jupiter as *Sin* is here figured to have sprung from the head of *Satan*

Through all the empyrean down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
 Into this deep and in the general fall
 I also, at which time this powerful key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
 Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt and iueful thioes
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
 Tore through my entails that with fear and pain
 Distorted all my nether shape thus giew
 Transform'd but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issued, blandishing his fatal durt
 Made to destroy ¹ I fled, and cried out Death,
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
 From all her caves, and back resounded Death
 I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,
 Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far
 Me overtook his mother ill dismay'd,
 And, in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingend ring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the womb
 That bled them they return, and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, then repast, then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round
 That rest or intermission none I find
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,

Whenever that shall be, so Fate pronounced
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist

She finished, and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
 Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of alliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
 Then sweet now sad to mention through due change
 Befall'n us, unforeseen unthought of, know
 I con no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits that, in our just pretences aim'd,
 Fell with us from on high from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose with lonely steps to tread
 Th unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the purp'us of heaven, and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
 Lest heav'n surcharged with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new bolts Be this, or aught
 Than this more secret, now designed, I hasten
 To know, and, this once known, shall soon return
 And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
 With odours, there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destined to that good hour no less rejoiced

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire
 The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of heav'n's all powerful King,
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates, against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might
 But what owe I to his commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hitherto thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office, here confined,
 Inhabitant of heav'n and heavenly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain
 With torments and with clamours compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author thou
 My being gav'st me, whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss 'mong
 The Gods who live it else, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling without end
 Thus saying from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe she took,
 And towards the gate rolling her bestirr'd train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
 Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have moved, then in the keyhole turns
 Th' intricate wands, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfistens on a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jutting sound
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power, the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension where length, breadth, and hight,
 And time and place are lost, where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature¹ hold
 Eternal inarchy amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion strud
 For hot cold moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mast'ry and to battle bring
 Their envious atoms, they round the fig
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light um'd or heavy, sharp smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's² torrid soil
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adher,
 He rules a moment, Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbiols the fray
 By which he reigns next him high arbit'r
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds,
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith
 He had to cross Nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
 Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,
 With a her battering engines bent to rase
 Some capital city, or less than if this frame

¹ All the ancients believed that Night (or darkness) existed from the begin-

ning and that Chaos (or confusion) was the origin of all things

² A city and province of Libya

Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from hei axle torn
 The stedfast earth At last his sail broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a league
 As in a clouded chair ascending rides
 Audacious, but, that seat soon failing meets
 A vast vacuity ill unware
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down hid been falling had not by ill chunce
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft that fury stay'd,
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis neither sea,
 Nor good dry land nigh founded on his fues,
 Treading the crude consistence half on foot,
 Half flying, behoves him now both on and sul
 As when a gryphon¹ through the wilderness
 With wing'd course o'er hill or moory dale
 Pursues the Arimaspians,² who by strength
 Had from his wondrous custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold so eagerly the herd
 O'er bog or steep through strait rough, dense, or sul,
 With head, hands wings or feet pursues his way
 And swims, or sinks or wades, or creeps or flies
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices ill confused,
 Bo'ren through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence thither he phe's,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
 Might in that noise reside of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
 Bordering on light, when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread

¹ Gryphon a fabulous creature a lion with an eagle's head, said to guard gold mines

² The Arimaspians were a one eyed

people of Scythia who took gold when they could get it from the gryphons who guarded it See Pliny's Natural History lib vii c 2

Wide on the wasteful Deep with him enthroned
 Sat sable vested Night, eldest of things
 The consort of his reign, and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades,¹ and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon,² Rumor next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths
 To whom Satan turning boldly, thus — Ye Powers,
 And Spouts of this nethermost abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint,
 Wandering this dismal desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with heaven, or if some other place,
 From your dominion won the ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course,
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your bchoof if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway,
 Which is my present journey, and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night,
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge

Thus Satan, and him thus the An'glic old,
 With falting speech and visage incomposed,
 Answer'd I know thee, sti'ngier who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heav'n's King though overthrow'd
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded, and heaven gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands

¹ Orcus Pluto Ades a personification, my dark place — RICHARDSON

² A fiend whose very name the heathen feared to pronounce

Pursuing I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night first hell
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,
 Now lately heaven and earth another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell
 If that way be your walk, you have not far,
 So much the nearer danger go and speed,
 Ilavock, and spoul, and ruin are my gain

He ceased, and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way, haider beset
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo¹ press'd
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd,
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he,
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Timely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From hell continued reaching th' utmost o'er
 Of this frail world, by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace
 But now at last the sacred influence

¹ The ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis in the Black Sea

Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn here Nature first begins
Her furthest verge and Chaos to retreat
As from her outmost works, a broken fœ,
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port though shrouds and tackle torn,
Or in the emptier waste, resembling un,
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold
Far oft th' empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world¹ in bigness is a sun
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he lies

¹ See *Measure for Measure* Act iii Sc 1

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world then newly created shows him to the Son who sits at his right hand foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind to his own justice and wisdom from all imputation having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan but by him seduced The Son of God rendois praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice Man hath offended the integrity of God by aspiring to Godhead and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence and undergo his punishment The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man the Father accepts him ordains his incarnation pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth commands all the Angels to adore him they obey and hymning to their harps in full choir celebrate the Father and the Son Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity what persons and things fly up thither thence comes to the gate of heaven described ascending by stairs and the waters above the firmament that flow about it his passage thence to the orb of the sun he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb but first changes himself into the shape of a meaneer angel and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed here inquires of him the place of his habitation and is directed alights first on Mount Niphates

Hail holy light, offspring of heav'n first born
 Or of th' Etern'l co etern'l beam
 May I express thee unblamed¹ since GOD is light,¹
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence inciate
 O! hear st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell?² before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of GOD, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,³

¹ 1 St John i 5 1 Tim vi 16

² Job xxxviii 19

³ Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night

addressing her as Mother of gods and men

Sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'ly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp, but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn
 So thick a drop serene¹ hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill
 Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief
 Thee Sion and the flowery brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit, nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris² and blind Meomides,³
 And Thesias⁴ and Phineus prophets old
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bnd
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
 But cloud instead, and ever during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
 So much the rather thou celestial Light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

¹ Milton's blindness was caused by *gutta serena*.

² A Thracian who invented the Doric measure — NEWTON

³ Homer

⁴ A blind Theban prophet — NEWTON

⁵ King of Arcadia — NEWTON

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High throned above all hight, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view
 About him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance, on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat
 His only Son on earth He first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
 In blissful solitude He then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night
 In the dun air sublime and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
 Uncertain which in ocean or in air
 Him God beholding from His prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future He beholds,
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created world,
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert,

For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience so will fall
He and his faithless progeny Whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me
All he could have I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits both them who stood and them who fail'd
Freely they stood who stood, and tell who fell
Not free what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice,)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker or their making, or then fate,
As if predestination over ruled
Their will disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed
Their own revolt not I if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose, for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves, I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self tempted, self depraved man falls deceived
By the other first man therefore shall find grace,
The other none in mercy and justice both,

Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine

Thus whil God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd,¹ and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his father spake

O Father gracious was that word which closed
Thy sov'reign sentence that man should find grace
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest
For should man finally be lost should man
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee fir,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or pioud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence
To whom the great Creator thus replied
O Son, in-whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsafed once more I will renew
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthralld
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall n condition is, and to me owe
 All his delivrance, and to none but me
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Fleet above the rest so is my will
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be wain d
 Their sinful stite and to appease betimes
 Th incensed Deity, while offer d grace
 Invites for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts¹
 To pray, repent and bring obedience due
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience whom if they will hear
 Light a'to light well used they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting safe arrive
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste,
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,
 And none but such from mercy I exclude
 But yet all is not done, man disobeying
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote

He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or justice must, unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death
 Say, heav'ly Powers, where shall we find such love?
 Which of you will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?¹
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'ly choir stood mute,
 And silence was in heav'n on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd
 Much lest that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd

Father thy word is pass'd man shall find grace,
 And shall grace not find means that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy wing'd messengers
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes un prevented, unimplored unsought²
 Happy for man, so coming, he her aid
 Can never seek once dead in sins and lost,
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life,
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall,
 Account me man, I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleased, on me let Death wreak all his rage,
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd, thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,²
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due

All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell ¹
 But I shall rise victorious, and subduc
 My vanquisher spoild of his vaunted spoil,
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound Thou, at the sight
 Pleased out of heaven shult look down and smile,
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
 Death last and with his carcase glut the grave ²
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter heaven long absent and return
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain but peace assured
 And reconciliation wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire

His words here ended but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
 To mortal men above which only shone
 Filial obedience as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd he attends the will
 Of his great Father Admiration seized
 All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend
 Wond'ring, but soon th Almighty thus reply'd

O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
 My sole complacence ³ well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works nor man the least,
 Though last created, that for him I spar
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem
 Their nature also to thy nature join,
 And be thyself man among men on earth,

¹ Psalm xvi 10

Psalm lxviii 18 Col ii 15

² 1 Cor xv 26

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son
 As in him perish all men so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored,¹
 As many as are restored, without thee none
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life So man as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man be judged and die,
 And dying rise and rising with him raise
 His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own
 Because thou hast though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God and equally enjoying
 God like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high, because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne,
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king, all power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits, under thee as head supreme
 Thrones, Prinedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide²

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 22

² Phil. ii. 10

In heav'n, or earth or under earth in hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
 Shalt in the sky appear and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds
 The living and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages to the general doom
 Shall hasten such a peal shall rouse their sleep
 Then, all thy saints assembled thou shalt judge
 Bad men and angels, they arraigned shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence, hell her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut Meanwhile
 The world shall burn and from her ashes spring
 New heav'n and earth¹ wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds
 With joy and love triumphing and fair truth
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
 God shall be all in all² But all ye Gods
 Adore him who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
 The multitude of angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number sweet
 As from blest voices uttering joy heav'n resounding
 With jubilee and loud hosannas fill'd
 Th' eternal regions Lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast⁴
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal amarant,⁵ a flow'r which once
 In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
 To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,

¹ 2 Peter iii 12 13

² Heb i 6

³ 1 Cor xv 24

⁴ Rev iv 10

⁵ A flower of a purple velvet colour

It was supposed not to die when gathered but recovered its lustre when sprinkled with water The name is Greek for 'unfading' —From HUME

And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled
 Then crown'd again their golden harps they took
 Harps ever tuned that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song and waken raptures high,
 No voice exempt no voice but well could join
 Melodious put such concord is in heav'n

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable Immortal Infinite
 Eternal King Thee author of all being,
 Fountain of light, Thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible but when Thou shad'st
 The full blaze of Thy beams and through a cloud
 Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine
 Dark with excessive bright Thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold on Thee
 Impress'd th' effulgence of His glory abides,
 Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests
 He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein
 By Thee created and by Thee th'ew down
 Th' aspiring Dominations Thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd
 Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim

Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on man, him thro' their malice fall'n,
 Fitner of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline
 No sooner did Thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
 He to appease Thy wrath and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in Thy wise discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
 Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence O unexampled love,
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine !
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy pruse
 Forget nor from thy Father's praise disjoin

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacious globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs inclosed
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
 Dark waste, and wild, under the frown of night
 Starless exposed, and ever threatening storms
 Of Chaos blustering round inclement sky
 Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
 Though distant far some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field
 As when a vulture on Imaus¹ bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids

¹ A mountain in Asia Its name signifies snowy It is the eastern boundary of Western Tartary

On hills where flocks are fed flies toward the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana,¹ where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light
 So on this windy sea of land the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other creature in this place,²
 Living or lifeless to be found was none
 None yet but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men
 Both all things vain and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find,
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
 Abortive monstrous or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolved on earth fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution wander here,
 Not in the neighboring moon, as some have dream'd,³
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind
 Hither of ill join'd sons and daughters born,⁴
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit though then renown'd
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build
 Others came single, he who to be deem'd

¹ Serica lies between China on the east and Imaus on the west — *Fon
Nrwton*

² Limbo

³ Ariosto in the *Orlando Furioso*

⁴ The sons of God 'ill join'd with the daughters of men See Gen vi 4 Subject of Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, and Byron's *Heaven and Earth*

A God leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
 Empedocles,¹ and he who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus,² and many more too long,
 Embryoes and idiots, eremites and fiares,
 White black, and grey ³ with all their trumpery
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n,
 And they who to be sure of paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,⁴
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved
 And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys and now at foot
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air then might ye see
 Cowls hoods and habits with their wearers lost
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after now unpeopled and untrod
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
 His travelled steps, far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high,

¹ A Pythagorean philosopher His attempt at disappearing in an extraordinary manner from the earth was defeated by the volcano throwing back his iron pattens

² An Epirot

³ Carmelites Dominicans and Franciscans

⁴ In the dark ages a ridiculous superstition prevailed that a dying sinner who put on the habit of a religion order was sure of salvation It was frequently done

⁵ Milton speaks here according to Ptolemy's astronomy —From NEWTON

At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Imbellish'd, thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, imitable on earth
 By model or by shading pencil drawn
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw¹
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright when he from Esau fled
 To Padan Aram in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cried, *This is the gate of heav'n*
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
 Viewless and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper or of liquid pearl whereon
 Who after came from earth sailing arrived
 Wafted by angels or flew o'er the lake,
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds
 The stairs were then let down whether to dare
 The fiend by easy ascent or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,
 A passage down to th earth a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
 By which to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair,
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,

¹ Gen xxviii 12, 18

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once As when a scout
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis,
 With glittering spires and pinnacles adorned,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams
 Such wonder seized though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair
 Round he surveys and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade from eastern point
 Of Libra to the fleecy star¹ that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond th horizon then from pole to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Dov a night into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air hi oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars that shone
 Stars distant but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesprian gardens famed of old,
 Fortunate fields and groves and flow ry vales,
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
 He stay d not to enquire above them all
 The golden sun in splendour likest heaven
 Allured his eye thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, but up or down,
 By centre or eccentric haid to tell,
 Or longitude where the great luminary,
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,

¹ Aries *i.e.*, from one half of the ecliptic to the other from east to west The constellation Andromeda is immediately above or over Aries —NEWTON

² The Cape Verde Islands the ' Fortunate Islands

That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far, they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all cheching lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep,
 So wond'rously was set his station bright
 There lands the fiend a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with nught on earth metal or stone,
 Not all parts like but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light as glowing iron with fire,
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear,
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaion's breast plate¹ and a stone² besides
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought
 In vain though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes,³ and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch chemic sun so far from us remote
 Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

¹ Exod xxviii 15-21

² The philosopher's stone supposed to have the power (if found) of turning the baser metals into gold

³ Quicksilver, called Hermes by the

alchemists. The names of heathen gods were applied to the materials of the alchemist's laboratory. Proteus was a sea god capable of transforming himself into various shapes

Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sun shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' Equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun¹
 His back was turn'd but not his brightness hid,
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head nor les his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 Lly waving round, on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd or fix'd in cogitation deep
 Glad was the spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wand ring flight
 To paradise the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused so well he shew'd,
 Under a coronet his flowing han
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and neld
 Before his decent steps a silver wand
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
 Th' arch angel Uriel,² one of the sev'n

¹ Rev xix 17

Uriel is derived from two Hebrew

words signifying *God is my light*
 —NEWTON See mention made of him
 in Apoclypha, 2 Esdras 4,

Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land him Satan thus accosts
Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend,
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain and as His eye
To visit oft this new creation round,
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Of open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd,
That both in him and all things as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better wise are all his ways
So spake the false dissembler unperceived,
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems, which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd

Fair angel thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in heav'n
For wonderful indeed are all His works,
Pleasant to know and wondrous to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight
But what creat'd mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined,
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth flood air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward spired with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walls this universe
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected shines,
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon,
So call that opposite fair star, her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending still renewing through mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night
That spot to which I point is paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires

Thus sud he turn'd and Satan bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor stay'd, till on Niphates top¹ he lights

¹ A mountain bordering on Mesopotamia, near which the earthly paradise is supposed to have been placed —*From HUML*

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan now in prospect of Eden and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man falls into many doubts with himself and many passions fear envy and Jealousy but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to purpose whose outward aspect and situation is described overleaps the bounds its in the shape of a cornice cut on the Tree of life as the highest in the garden to look out him The guard described Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve his wonder at their excellent form and happy state but with resolution to woe their ill overhauls their discourse thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death and there intends to found in them then seducing them to transgress then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel who had in charge the gate of paradise that some evil spirit had escaped the deep and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a red and golden down to paradise discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount Gabriel promises to find him ere morning Night coming on Adam and Eve hours of going to their bower described their evening worship Gabriel drawing with his hands of nightwatch to walk the round of paradise appoints two strong angels to Adams bower lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream and bring him though unwilling to Gabriel by whom questioned he scornfully answers prepares resistance but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise

O woe that warning voice, which he,¹ who saw
 Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be revenged on men
 'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,
 Haply so scaped his mortal snare, for now
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage came down,
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battle and his flight to hell
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast
 Begins his dire attempt which, nigh the birth
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils

¹ St John Rev xii 10 And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven and at verse 12 Woe to the inhabitants

of the earth and of the sea² for the devil is come down unto you

² Devil

Upon himself, horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him, for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber d wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was what is, and what must be
 Worse, of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue
 Sometimes tow'rd's Eden which now in his view
 Lay pleasant his grieved look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards heav'n and the full blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r
 Then much revolving thus in sighs began

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,¹
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world it whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads to thee I call
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Wairing in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King
 Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return
 From me, whom He created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with His good
 Upbraided none, nor was His service hard
 What could be less than to afford Him praise,
 The easiest recompence and pay Him thanks,
 How due! yet all His good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high
 I sdein'd subjection and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe,

¹ Milton originally designed to write a tragedy on the Fall and this grand speech was intended to begin it This

is asserted by Porson on the authority of Milton's nephew Edward Philips
 'Dismayed.'

Forgetful what from Him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged, what burden then?
I had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy, no unbounded hope had rous'd
Ambition! Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me though mean
Drawn to his part, but other powers as great
Fell not but stand unshaken from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd
Hidst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike it deals eternal woe
Now cursed be thou, since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n
O then at last relent is there no place
Left for repentance none for pardon left?
None left but by submission, and that word
D disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery, such joy ambition finds
But say I could repent, and could obtain

By act of grace my former state, how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submision swore ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart
This knows my Punisher, therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace
All hope excluded thus behold in stead
Of us out cast, exiled, his new delight
Mankind, created and for him this world
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse all good to me is lost,
Evil, be thou my good, by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,
As man ere long and this new world shall know

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice changed with pale ire envy, and despair
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit if any eye beheld
For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear Whereof he soon aware
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud, and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warn'd, whose eye pursued him down
The way he went and on th' Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
Spirit of happy soit his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied, and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung,
 Which to our general sight give prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round
 And higher than that will a circling now
 Of goodliest trees, ladden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
 Appear'd with gay enameled colours mixt
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud or humid bow
 When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely seen'd
 That landscape and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore¹

¹ The perfumes from the shores of India and its islands can be perceived far out at sea when the wind blows off the land —

The spicy breezes
 Blow soft from Ceylon's isle

says Bishop Heber in his fine Missionary Hymn and every one who has lived in the East will remember how oppressive on shore the scent-laden air heavy with perfume is How constantly it recalls to one's mind Byron's exquisite lines in the Bride of Abydos —

The light wings of Zephyr oppress'd
 with perfume
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her
 bloom

but coming on the briny sea breezes this fragrance is delightful to the mariner It is in spring when the wind blows off the shore that the air thus becomes the harbinger of a near haven —

Milton is said to have taken his description from *Diiodorus Siculus* B III 40 —
Notes on GRAY

Of Araby the blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
 Th in Asmodeus¹ with the fishy fume,
 That drove him, though enamou'd from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son and with a vengeance sent
 From Media post to Egypt there fast bound

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow,
 But further way found none so thick entwined
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side which when th' arch felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall and sheer within
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles
 So climb this first grand thief into God's fold,
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a cormorant, yet not true life
 Threby regain'd, but sat devising death

¹ An evil spirit who loving Sarah the daughter of Raguel would not suffer any of the young men who espoused her to live He was exorcised by the fumes arising from the heart and liver

of a fish which Tobit by the instruction of an angel burnt on the evening of his wedding See Apocrypha, Tobit, viii

² Gen ii 9

To them who lived, nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life giving plant but only used
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
 Of immortality So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense exposed
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heav'n on earth for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was by him in the east
 Of Eden planted, Eden stretch'd her line
 From Auran¹ eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 On where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar² In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd,
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold, and next to life
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden, thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm

¹ Haran — *From NEWTON*

² Isaiah xxxvii 12 A province of the

children of Eden placed by Ptolemy in

Babylonia — *From NEWTON*

And country, whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With many error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar visiting each plant and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots but nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpicted shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only and of delicious taste
 Betwixt them lawns or level downs and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spic'd her store,
 Flow'rs of all hue and without thorn the rose
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps
 Luxuriant meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams
 The birds their choir apply, airs, vernal airs
 Breathing the smell of hea and grove attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal spring Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis

¹ Pan was a symbol of Nature The Graces symbolized Spring Summer and Autumn The Hours the time requisite for the production and perfection of things —RICHARDSON

² Pluto All the loveliest dreams of mythology and the places remarkable for natural beauty—the Plains of Enna in Sicily the laurel grove of Daphne by the River Orontes the Castalian Spring

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world, nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
 Castalian spring might with this paradise
 Of Eden strive nor that Nysorean isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye,
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara¹ though this by some supposed
 True paradise under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden where the fiend
 Saw undelight'd, all delight ill kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall
 Godlike erect with native honour clad
 In native majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd for in their looks divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men though both
 Not equal as their sex not equal, seem'd,
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only she for God in him
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad
 She as a veil down to the slender waist

haunted by the Muses the Greek Isle
 where Bacchus was nursed the Happy
 Valley where the Princes of Abyssinia
 were nursed—are here named to exalt
 the wondrous beauty of the earthly
 Paradise by comparison

¹ High hills in Ethiopia under the
 equator within their circuit lay the
 guarded valley where the royal children
 of Abyssinia dwelt—MASSEY Our
 readers will be reminded of *Rasselae*
 2 Cor xi 7-9

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works honour dishonourable
Sin bred how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or Angel for they thought no ill
So hand in hand they pass'd the loveliest pan
That ever since in love's embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of his daughters Eve
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful to their supper fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them side long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs
The savoury pulp they chew and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream,
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league
Alone as they About them frisking play'd
All beasts of th' earth since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den,
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gamboll'd before them, th' unyieldly elephant
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis, close the serpent sly
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating for the sun
 Declined was hastening now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose
 When Satin still in gaze is first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould earth born perhaps,
 Not spirits yet to heav'nly spirits bright
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on then shape hath pour'd!
 Ah gentle pair ye little think how nigh
 You change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe the more your taste is now of joy
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n
 Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied League with you I seek,
 And mutual amity so straight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept, your Maker's work, He gave it me
 Which I as freely give hell shall unfold!

To entertain you two, her widest gates
 And send forth all her kings there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits to receive
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do yet public reason just,
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor

So spake the fiend, and with necessity
 The tyrant s' ples, excused his devilish deeds
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those fourfooted kinds himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn
 By word or action mark'd about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare
 Then as a tiger, who by chance had spied
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Griped in each paw when Adam first of men,
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow
 Sole partner and sole part of all those joys,
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of His good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That raised us from the dust and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at His hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof He hath need, He who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees

In paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is
 Some dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr'd upon us and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth air, and sea Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights
 But let us ever praise him and extol
 His bounty following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were if toilsome, yet with thee were sweet

To whom thus Eve replied O thou, for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head what thou hast said is just and right
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
 Pure as th' expanse of heay'n, I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd

Bending to look on me I started back,
 It started back, but pleased I soon return'd,
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now and pined with vain desire
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair creature is thyself,
 With thee it came and goes but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race What could I do,
 But follow straight invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan, yet, methought less fair,
 Less winning soft less amiably mild
 Than that smooth watry image, back I turn'd,
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest of him thou art,
 His flesh his bone, to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee nearest my heart,
 Substantial life to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear
 Part of my soul, I seek thee and thee claim,
 My other half With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine, I yielded and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair
 So spoke our general mother, and, with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreproved
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father half her swelling breast
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid he, in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles when he impregnates the clouds
 That shed May flowers, and press'd her matron lip



Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair
Less winning soft less amiably mild
Th ⁿ h ^m a c h [—] m [—] a [—] 6

With kisses pure aside the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance and to himself thus plain'd
 Sight hateful sight tormenting' thus these two
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths all is not then as it seems,
One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
Forbidden them to taste knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious reasonless Why should then Lord
Envoy them that can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only stand
By ignorance? is that then happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods, aspiring to be such,
They taste and die what likeher can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden and no corner leave unspied,
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair, enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern gate of paradise
 Levell'd his ev'ning rays it was a rock
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous fair, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel¹ sat,
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night,
 About him exercised heroic games
 Th' unarm'd youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury shields helms and spears,
 Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air, and show the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste

Gabriel to thee thy course by lot hath given
 Change and strict watch, that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach or enter in
 This day at hight of noon came to my sphere
 A spirit zealous, as he seem'd to know
 More of the Almighty's works and chiefly man
 God's latest image I descried his way
 Bent all on speed and mark'd his airy gait
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
 Alien from heav'n with passions foul obscured
 Mine eye pursued him still but under shade
 Lost sight of him, one of the banish'd crew,
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find

To whom the wing'd warrior thus return'd
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

¹ The angel sent to Daniel (Dan ix 21), and to the Virgin Mary and to Zerachias (see Luke i 19 and 26)

See far and wide in at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come
 Well known from heav'n, and since meridian hour
 No creaturie thence If spirit of other sort,
 So minded have o'releap'd these earthly bounds
 On purpose hird thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar
 But if within the circuit of these wall's
 In whatsoever shape he lurk of whom
 Thou tell st, by morrow dawning I shall know

So promised he and Uriel to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fill'n
 Beneath th' Aures whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd
 Diurnal on this less volnibil earth,
 By stouter flight to th' east had left him there,
 Allaying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend
 Now came still evening on and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad,
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird
 They to their grassy couch these to their nests,
 Were slunk all but the wakful nightingale
 She all night long her amorous descent sung,
 Silence was pleased now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphines Hesperus that led
 The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw

When Adam thus to Eve Fair consort, the hour
 Of night and all things now retiued to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eyelids other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of heaven on all his ways,
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account
 To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scint manuring and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
 Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease
 Meanwhile as nature wills, night bids us rest

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd
 My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
 Unargued I obey so God ordains,
 God is thy law, thou mine, to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise
 With thee conversing I forget all time
 All seasons and their change, all pleasure alike
 Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree fruit and flower,
 Glist'ring with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven her starry train
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds nor rising sun
 On this delightful land nor herb, fruit flower,
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
 With this her solemn bird nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied
Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,
Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared they set and use,
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm
Temper or nourish or to put shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray
These then though unbeheld in deep of night
Shin' not in vain, nor think though men were none
That heaven would want spectators God want praise
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator oft in bands
While they keep watch, or lightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign plenter when he firm'd
All things to man's delightful use the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic, under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costhest emblem other creature heire,
 Beast, bird insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequester'd though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted Here in close recess
 With flowers gairlands and sweet smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heav'ly choirs the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandora¹ whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
 In said event when to the unwise son
 Of Jup'it' brought by Hermes she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire
 Thus at then shad'ly lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd and under open sky adored
 The Gon that made both sky air, earth and heiv'n
 Which they beheld the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thce, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants

¹ Pandora was a most beautiful woman on whom the gods bestowed all their gifts. Jupiter enraged with Prometheus the son of Japhet for having stolen fire from heaven sent Pandora with a box of supposed treasures to him to punish him but he refused to receive her. Hermes (or Mercury) then led her to Prometheus's unwise

brother Epimetheus who received her and was persuaded by her to open the box she brought as her dowry. It contained all the ills which have since afflicted humanity but Hope remained at the bottom. It is very probable that this fable originated in the true story of Eve's disobedience and her enticing Adam to share her sin.

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek as now thy gift of sleep

This said unanimous and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which GOD likes best into their inmost bower
 Handed they went, and eased the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear
 Straight side by side were laid nor turn'd I ween,
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refused
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
 Of purity and place and innocence,
 Defaming as unpure what GOD declareth
 Pure and commands to some, leaves free to all
 Our Maker bids increase who bids abstain
 But our destroyer foe to GOD in 1 man?
 Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring sole propriety
 In paradise of all things common else
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial heids to range by thee
 Founded in reason loyal just and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities¹
 Of father son, and brother first were known
 Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reins here and revels, not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
 Casual fruition, nor in court amours,

¹ Affections

Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenate which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery 100f
 Shower'd roses which the morn repair'd Sleep on
 Blest pair, and O! yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state and know to know no more

Now hid night measured with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th accustom'd hour stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade,
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake

Uzziel¹ half these draw off and coast the south
 With strictest watch, these other wheel the north,
 Our circuit meets full west As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood and give them thus in charge

Ithuriel and Zephon with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook
 But chiefly where those two foul creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent who could have thought² escaped
 The bars of hell on errand bid no doubt
 Such where ye find, seize fast and hither bring

So saying on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon, these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought him there they found,
 Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams,

¹ This angel's name signifies the strength of God ² The name of Ithuriel signifies the discovery of God of Zephon a secret or searcher of secrets — *From HUME*

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingend ring pride
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness up he starts
 Discover'd and surprised As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty gun
 With sudden blaze diffused inflames the m
 So started up in his own shape the fiend
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear accost him soon
 Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
 Com st thou, escaped thy prison? and transformed
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mite
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not sojourn,
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng, or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon answering scorn with scorn
 Think not, revolted spirit thy shape the same
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known
 At when thou stood st in heav'n upright and pure,
 That glory then when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul
 But come, for thou, beside, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible abash'd the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined
 His loss, but chiefly to find here observed
 His lustre visibly impair'd, yet seem'd
 Undaunted If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
 Or all at once more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost Thy fear said Zephon bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can do
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak
 The fiend replied not overcome with rage,
 But like a proud steed rem'd went haughty on,
 Champing his non curb to strive or fly
 He held it vain, awe from above had quell'd
 His heart not else dismay'd Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half rounding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command To whom their chief
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way and now by glimpse discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of regal port,
 But fated splendour wan, who by his gait
 And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
 Nor likely to part hence without contest
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours

He speech had ended when those two approach'd,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied in what form and posture couch'd
 To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place,
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
 To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow
 Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee, but this question ask'd
 Puts me in doubt Lives there who loves his pain?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
 Though thither doom'd? thou wouldest thyself, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought
 To thee no reason, who knowst only good,
 But evil hast not tried and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let Him surer bar
 His non gates, if He intends our stay
 In that dark durance thus much what was ask'd
 The rest is true, they found me where they say,
 But that implies not violence or harm

Thus he in scorn The warlike angel moved,
 Disdaunfully half smiling, thus replied
 O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew
 And now returns him from his prison scaped,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to scape his punishment
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
 Which thou incurst by flying meet thy flight
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provoked
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern
 Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
 Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear
 But still thy words at random as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried
 I therefore I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new created world whereof in hell
 Fine is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on earth or in mid air,
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions due against
 Whose easier business were to serve then Lord
 High up in heaven with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distiances to cringe not fight

To whom the warrior angel soon replied
 To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a ha' traced
 Sit in and couldst thou faithful add? O name
 Of sacred name of faithfulness profined!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends fit body to fit head
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' ael nowledged Power supreme?
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Lition of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd and cring'd and servilely adored
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I arred thee now, Avaunt,
 Fly thither whence thou fledst if from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd
And seal thee so,¹ as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd

So threaten'd he but Satan to no threats
Gave heed but waxing more in rage replied

Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings² and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, drawst his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heaven star paved

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red sharpning in moon'd horns
Then phalanx, and began to hem him round
With pointed spears as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest waving bents
Hai bended grove of ears which way the wind
Sways them, the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff On the other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion but the stilly cope
Of heaven perhaps or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hing forth in heaven his golden scales,³ yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,

¹ Rev xx 3

² Ezek i x and xi 22

³ The constellation Libra. This image of the Deity weighing the fates of the combatants is found both in Homer *XLI* Iliad — and in Virgil who re

presents Jupiter as weighing the fate of Turnus and Alneas — ADDISON
Homer and Virgil the combatants are weighed one against another but no Satan only is weighed in one scale the consequence of his retreating in the other

Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events
 Battles and realms in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight
 The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend
 Satan I know thy strength and thou know'st mine
 Neither our own but given, what folly then
 To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
 Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To trample thee as mine? for proof look up,
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
 Where thou art weigh'd¹ and shown how light, how weak,
 If thou resist The fiend look'd up and knew
 His mounted scle aloft nor more, but fled
 Murmuring and with him fled the shades of night

of his fighting. And there is this further
 Impiment that is in Homer and
 Virgil the fates we weighed to satisfy
 Jupiter himself it is here done to satisfy

only the contending parties—for Satan
 to read his own destiny! —NEWTON
 'Dun v '7

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached. Eve relates to Abel her troublesome dream. He tells her it is not yet comfort her, they come forth to their day labours, their morning hymn at the door of their bethel to render Man inexcusable. And Raphael had to admonish him of his obedience of his free estate of his enemy near at hand who he is and why his enemy and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Abel with his argument described his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bethel he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge entertains him with the choicest fruits of paradise, got to her by Eve their discourse at table. Raphael performs his mission at the hands of Adam of his state and of his enemy relates it Adam's request who is that enemy is and how he came to be beginning first in his first estate in heaven and the reason thereof, how he drew his legion after him to the parts of the north and there incited them to rebel with him, for aiding ill but only Abdiel a seraph who in a moment dissuades and opposes him then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
 Was aery light from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming hills Aurora's fan
 Lightly dispersed and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest he on his side
 Leaning half raised with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd and beheld
 Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus Awake,
 My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How nature paints her colours how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet
 Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startl'd eye
 On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake
 O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face and morn return'd, for I this night,
 Such night till this I never pass'd have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont of thee,
 Works of day pass'd or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble which my mind
 Knew never till this unsome night methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice I thought it thine it said
 Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool the silent sive where silence yields
 To the night warbling bird that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love labour'd song now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things in vain,
 If none regard heav'n with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee nature's desire
 In whose sight all things joy with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not,
 To find thee I directed then my walk,
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day
 And as I wond'ring lool'd beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
 By us oft seen, his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia, on that tree he also gazed,
 And O fair plant said he with a nut surcharged
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor Gon, nor man, is knowledge so despised?
 Or envy, or what reserv'd forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?

This said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted, me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold
 But he thus overjoy'd O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself but much more sweet thus crop'd,
 I forbade here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods yet able to make Gods of men
 And why not Gods of men since good the more
 Communicated more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more
 Here happy creature fair angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also happy though thou art,
 Happier thou mayst be worthier canst not be
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined
 But sometimes in the air as we sometimes
 Ascend to heaven by merit thine and see
 What life the Gods live there and such live thou
 So saying he drew nigh and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd, the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetit that I methought,
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and undernath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various wond ring at my flight and change
 To this high exultation suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought sunk down,
 And fell asleep but O how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related and thus Adam answer'd said
 Best image of myself and dearer half
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally, nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure But know that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties that serve
 Reason as chief among these Fancy next
 Her office holds, of all external things,

Which the five watchful senses represent
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
 Into her private cell when nature rests
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her, but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream
 But with addition stringe, yet be not sad
 Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go so unapprov'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Walking thou never wilt consent to do
 Be not discontented then nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves the fountains and the flow'rs,
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Received from night and kept for thee in store

So cheer'd he his fair spouse and she was cheer'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye and wiped them with her hair
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice he ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe that fear'd to have offended

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste
 But first, from under shady arborous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of dayspring and the sun who scarce uprisen
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons each morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from then lips in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness and they thus began

These are thy glorious works Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable who sitt st above these heavens,
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine
 Speak ye who best can tell ye sons of light,
 Angels for ye behold him and with songs
 And choral symphonies day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first him last him midst and without end
 Fairest of stars last in the train of night
 If better thou belong not to the dawn
 Sure pledge of day that crown st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet praise him in thy sphere
 While day usses that sweet hour of prime
 Thou sun of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowleage him thy greater sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb st
 And when high noon hast gun d and when thou fall st
 Moon, that now meet st the orient sun now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wanding fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song¹ resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call d up light
 Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run

¹ Alluding to the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres

Perpetual circle multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise
 His praise ye winds that from four quarters blow
 Breath soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines
 With every plant in sign of worship wave
 Fountains and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurings warbling tune his praise
 Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven glide ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,
 Ye that in waters glide and ye that walk
 The earth and stately tread or lowly creep,¹
 Witness if I be silent morn or even
 To hill or valley fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise
 Hail universal Lord be bounteous still
 To give us only good and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm,
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dews and flowers where any row
 Of fruit trees over woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd² boughs and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces or they led the vine
 To wed her elm she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms and with her brings
 Her dower th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves Them thus employ'd beheld

¹ See Psalm cxlviii.

² Unrestrained

With pity heav'n's high King and to Him called
 Raphael, the sociable spirit that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secured
 His marriage with the seventimes wedded maid

Raphael, said he thou hear st what stir on earth
 Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf,
 Hath raised in paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind
 To therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
 Then find st him from the heat of noon retired,
 To respite his day labour with repast,
 Or with repose, and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state
 Happiness in his power left free to will
 Left to his own free will his will though free,
 Yet mutable whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure, tell him withal
 His danger and from whom, what enemy
 Late fill'd himself from heaven, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss,
 By violence no for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal unadmonish'd unforewarn'd

So spake the eternal Father and fulfill'd
 All justice nor delay'd the wing'd saint
 After his charge received, but from among
 Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew through the midst of heav'n, th' angelic choirs,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' emp'real road, till at the gate
 Of heav'n arrived, the gate itself open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning as by work
 Divine the sovereign Architect had framed
 From hence, no cloud, or to obstruct his sight,
 Star interposed, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,

Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills as when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades¹
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens
 A cloudy spot Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, 'n l throug h the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air, till within soar
 Of tow ring engles, to all the fowls he seems
 A phœnix gazed by all as that sole bird
 When, to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple to Egypt in 'Thebes he flies²
 At once on th eastern cliff of paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A sciaiph wing'd six wings he wore to shide
 His lineaments divine the pair thit did
 Each shoulder broad came m unthig o'er his breast
 With regal ornament the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colours dipp'd in heav'n the thurd his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd m ul
 Sky tinctured giun Like Maia's son³ he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heav nly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide Straight knew him all the bands
 Of angels under witch and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound
 Their glittering tents he pass'd and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flow ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm,

¹ Islands of the Archipelago

² The phœnix was a fabled bird of which one only was said to exist at a time. It was exquisitely beautiful and lived many hundred years. At the end of its life it made a pile of aromatic woods which it kindled, and, fanning

the flames with its wings perished in the blaze From its ashes sprang another phœnix The phœnix made his funeral pyre in the sun's temple at Thebes

³ The feathered Mercury —SHAKESPEARE Mercury had wings on his feet as well as his shoulders

A wilderness of sweets, for nature here
 Wanton d as in her prime, and play d at will
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern d, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bower while now the mounted sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
 Earth s inmost womb more warmth than Adam needs,
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarious draughts between from mill y stream,
 Berry, or grape to whom thus Adam call d

Haste hither Eve and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees wht glorious shpe
 Comes this way moving seems another morn
 Risen on mid noon some great behest from heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest But go with speed
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
 Abundance fit to honour and receive
 Our heav nly stranger, well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts and large bestow
 From large bestow d, whre nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth and by disbuid'ning grows
 More fruitful which instructs us not to spue

To whom thus Eve Adam, earths hallow d mould,
 Of God inspired small store will serve where store
 All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk ,
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish and superfluous moist consumer
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our angel guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in heav'n

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,

What order, so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all bearing mother, yields
 In India east or west, or middle shore
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast,¹ or where
 Alcinous reign'd fruit of all kinds in coat
 Rough, or smooth rimed or bearded husk or shell,
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unspiring hind for drink the grape
 She crushes inoffensive must² and meaths³
 From many a berry and from sweet kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure then strews the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed
 Meanwhile our primitive great sue to meet
 His god like guest wall's forth without more train
 Accompanied than with his own complete
 Perfections in himself was all his state
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led and grooms besmeir'd with gold
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape
 Nearer his presence Adum though not awed
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature bowing low
 Thus said Native of heav'n for other place
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain,
 Since by descending from the thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To wint and honour these vouchsafe with us
 Two only who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline

¹ Carthage² I hoacia, an island in the Indian Sea³ Grape juice unfermented⁴ Mead

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild
 Adam I therefore came nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,
 To visit thee lead on then where thy bower
 O'ershades for these mid hours till ev'ning rise,
 I have at will So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells but Eve
 Undeck'd save with her self more lovely fair
 Than wood nymph or the fairest goddess sign'd
 Of three that in Mount Ida nai'd strove,¹
 Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n novel
 She needed virtue proof no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek On whom the angel Hul
 Bestow'd the holy salutation used
 Long after to blesst Mary second Eve

Hail mother of mankind whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Then with these various fruits the trees of God
 Have heap'd this table Raised of grassy turf
 Then table was and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square from side to side
 All autumn piled though spring and autumn here
 Danced hand in hand A while discourse they hold,
 No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began
 Our author Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasured out descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caused
 The earth to yield, unsavoury food, perhaps,
 To spiritual natures only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all

To whom the angel Therefore what He gives,
 Whose praise be ever sung to man in part
 Spiritual may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food and food alike those pure

¹ Alluding to the judgment of Paris when Juno, Minerva, and Venus contended for the apple inscribed To the fairest

Intelligential substances require,
 As doth your rational, and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty
 Of sense, whereby they hear see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn
 For know whatever was created needs
 To be sustain'd and fed, of elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
 Ethereal and is lowest first the moon,
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs
 The sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimental recompence
 In humid exhalitions and it even
 Sups with the ocean Though in heav'n the trees¹
 Of his imbrostal fruitage bee and vines
 Yield nectar tho from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews and find the ground
 Cov'd with peony grain,² yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights
 As may compare with heaven, and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice So down they sat,
 And to their viands full, nor seemingly
 The angel nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate what redounds transpires
 Through spirits with ease, nor wonder, if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empyric alchymist
 Can turn or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine Meanwhile at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups

¹ Psalm lxxviii 25 ev 40

² The bread of Heaven, i.e., manna. Rev xxii. 2 Matt xxvi. 29

With pleasant liquors crown'd O innocence
 Deserving paradise' if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 I namour'd at that sight, but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood the injured lover's hell

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
 Not burden'd nature sudden mind arose
 In Adam not to let th occasion pass,
 Given him by this great conference to know
 Of things above his world and of their being
 Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellency he saw
 To inscend his own so far whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence whose high power so far
 Exceeded hum'n, and his wary speech
 Thus to th empyreal minister he fram'd

Inhabitant w th God now I now I will
 Thy favour in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
 To enter and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of angels yet accepted so
 As that more willingly thou could st not seem
 At heav'n's high feasts to have fed yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch replied
 O Adam once Almighty is from whom
 All things proceed and up to Him return,
 If not deprav'd from good created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter ill,
 Indued with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance and, in things that live of life
 But more refined, more spirituous and pure
 As nearer to Him placed, or nearer tending
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
 Till J ody up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportion'd to each kind So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk from thence the leaves
 More airy, last the bright consummate flow'r
 Spirits odorous breathes, flowers and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
 Reason receives and reason is her being,
 Discursive or intuitive, discourse
 Is oftest yours the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same
 Wonder not then what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not but convert, as you,
 To proper substance time may come when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet nor too light fare
 And from these corporal nutriment perhaps
 Your bodies may it last turn all to spirit
 Improved by tract of time and wing'd ascend
 Thereal as we or may at choice
 Here or in heavenly paradeses dwell,
 If ye be found obedient and retain
 Unalterably firm His love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend incapable of more

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied
 Of favourable spirit propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
 Obedient? Can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert,
 Who form'd us from the dust and placed us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel Son of heaven and earth
 Attend that thou art happy owe to God,
 That thou continu'st such owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience, therein stand
 This was that caution given thee, be advised
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,

And good He made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over ruled by fate
 Inextricable or strict necessity
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free be tried whether they serve
 Willing or no who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose ?
 Myself and all th' angelic host that stand
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold as you yours while our obedience holds
 On other surely none, freely we serve,
 Because we freely love as in our will
 To love or not in this we stand or fall
 And some are fallen to disobedience fallen
 And so from heaven to deepest hell O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe !

To whom our great progenitor Thy words
 Attentive and with more delighted ear
 Divine instructor I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
 Aereal music send nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free,
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker and obey Him whose command
 Single is yet so just my constant thoughts
 Assured me and still assure though what thou tell'st
 Hath past in heaven some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear if thou consent,
 The full relation which must needs be strange,
 Worthv of sacred silence to be heard
 And we have yet large day for scarce the sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heav'n
 Thus Adam made request and Raphael,
 After short pause assenting thus began
 High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring spirits,¹ how without remorse
 The ruin of so many, glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good,
 This is dispensed and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so
 By linking spiritual to corporal forms
 As may express them best though what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll where earth now rests
 Upon her centre poised when on a day
 For time, though in eternity applied
 To motion measures all things durable
 By present past and future, on such day
 As heav'n's great year¹ brings forth th' empyreal host²
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd
 Under their hierarchies in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfions twixt van and rear
 Stuck in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts, of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake
 Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light

¹ Plato's great year was probably in
 Milton's mind It was a revolution of
 all the spheres Everything returns

to where it set out when their motion
 first began —From RICHARDSON —
² Job i 6 Dan. vii 10

Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Hear my decree,¹ which unrevoked shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand, your head I him appoint,
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord
 Under his great vice gerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy him who disobeys
 Me disobeys breaks union, and, that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness deep ingulf'd his place
 Ordain'd without redemption, without end

So spake th Omnipotent and with his words
 All seemed well pleased, all seem'd but were not all
 That day as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,
 Mystical dance which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest mazes intricate,
 Eccentric interwolved, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smooths her charming tones that God's own ear
 Listens delighted Ev'ning now approach'd,
 For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable not need,
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows,
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n
 On flow'rs repos'd and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortahty and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both the face of brightest heav'n had changed
 To grateful twilight, for night comes not there
 In darker veil, and roseate dews disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,¹
 Wide o'er all the plain and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
 Such are the courts of God, th' angelic throng
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,²
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds save those who in their course
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
 Alternate all night long But not so waked
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heav'n, he of the first
 If not the first arch angel, great in power,
 In favour and pre eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake
 Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday so late hath past the lips

¹ Psalm cxxi. 4 ' He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep

² Rev. xxii.

Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart
 Both waking we were one, how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou see st imposed,
 New laws from Him who reigns new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
 To utter is not safe Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws I am to haste,
 And all who under me then banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The quarters of the north¹ there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,
 Who speedly through all the hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws

So spake the false arch angel and infused
 Bala influence into th unwary breast
 Of his associate, he together calls,
 Oi sever il one by one the regent Powers,
 Under him regent tells as he was taught,
 That, the Most High commanding, now ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disincumber d heav'n,
 The great hierachial standard was to move,
 Tells the suggested cause and casts between
 Anibigous words and jealousies to sound
 Oi taint integrity but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of their great potentate, for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in heav'n,
 His count nance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies

¹ How art thou fallen O Lucifer
 son of the morning For thou
 hast sail in thine heart I will ascend
 into heaven I will exalt my throne
 above the stars of God I will sit also
 upon the mount of the congregation in
 the sides of the north"—Isaiah xiv part
 of 12 and 13 vs In Shakespeare 1st Part

of Henry VI Act V Sc 3 Joan of Arc
 addressing the fiends calls them —
 substitutes

Unto the lordly monarch of the north
 i.e. the devil This was probably in
 accordance with popular superstition
 which actually give an ill name to the
 north side of even a churchyard

Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host¹

Meanwhile th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps² that burn
 Nightly before Him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of morn³ what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose His high decree,
 And smiling to His only Son thus said

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence heir of all my might,
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire, such a foe
 Is rising who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious noth,
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battle what our power is or our right
 Let us advise and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose
 This our high place our sanctuary, our hill

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
 Light'ning divine, ineffable serene,
 Made answer Mighty Father, Thou Thy foes
 Justly hast in derision and secure
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,⁴
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy rebels or be found the worst in heav'n

So spake the Son but Satan with his powers
 Far was advanced on wingèd speed, an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun

¹ Rev xii 3, 4.

² Rev iv 5.

³ Isaiah xiv 12.

⁴ Psalm ii 4.

Impearls on every leaf and every flower
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
 Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones
 In their triple degrees, regions to which
 All thy dominion, Adam is no more
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,
 And all the sea from one entire globose
 Stretch'd into longitude, which having pass'd,
 At length into the limits of the north
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
 R used on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
 The palace of great Lucifer, so call
 That structure in the dialect of men
 Interpreted which not long after he,
 Afflicting all equality with God
 In imitation of that mount¹ whereon
 Messiah was declared in sight of heav'n
 The mountain of the congregation call'd,
 For thither he assembled all his train,
 Pretending so commanded to consult
 About the great reception of their king,
 Thither to come and with calumnious art
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears
 Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
 If these magnific titles yet remain
 Not merely titular since by decree
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name
 Of king anointed, for whom all this haste
 Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,
 This only to consult how we may best
 With what may be devised of honours new
 Receive him, coming to receive from us
 Knee tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
 Too much to one; but double how endured,
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

¹ Psalm ii. 6

But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
 The supple knee ? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 Natives and sons of heav'n, possest before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free, for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendour less,
 In freedom equal ? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to th abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain d to govein not to serve ?

Thus far his bold discourse without control
 Had audience, when among the seraphim
 Abdiel thin whom none with more zeal adored
 The Deity and divine commands obey d,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus opposed

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud,
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of Gon, pronounced and sworn,
 That to His only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
 Shall bend the knee ¹ and in that honoui due
 Confess him rightful king ² unjust thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all with unsucceeded power

Shalt thou give law to God ¹ shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident He is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to evalt
 Our happy state under one head more near
 United But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by His word the mighty Father made
 All things ev'n thee and all the spirits of heav'n
 By him created in their bright degrees,²
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
 Thrones dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
 Essential powers, nor by his reign obscured,
 But more illustrious made, since he the head
 One of our number thus reduced becomes,
 His laws our laws all honour to him done
 Returns our own Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these, but hasten to appease
 Th' incensed Father and th' incensed Son ³
 While pardon may be found in time besought
 So spake the fervent angel, but his real
 None seconded, as out of season judged
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoiced
 The Apostate, and more haughty thus replied
 That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?

¹ Rom ix. 20² Colos i. 15, 16, 17³ Psalm ii.

We know no time when we were not as now,
 Know none before us, self begot, self raised
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
 Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
 Who is our equal then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address and to begird th' Almighty throne
 Beseeching or besieging This report,
 These tidings carry to th' anointed king,
 And fly ere evil intercept thy flight

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes thus answer'd bold

O alienate from God O spirit accuser
 Forsaken of all good I see thy fall
 Determined and thy hapless crew involved
 In this perfidious fraud contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment Henceforth
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
 Of God's MESSIAH, those indulgent laws
 Will not be now vouchsafed, other decrees
 Against thee are gone forth without recall
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
 Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise,
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
 These wicked tents devoted lest the wrath
 Impendent raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not, for soon expect to feel
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know

So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,
 Among the faithless faithful only he
 Among innumerable false unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept his love, his zeal,
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd nught
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described Satan and his powers retire under night he calls a council invents devilish engines which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan yet the tumult not so ending God on the third day sends Messiah his Son for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory He in the power of his bath returning to the place and causing all his legions to stand still on either side with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven which opening they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep Messiah returns with triumph to his Father

ALL night the dreadless angel unpursued
 Through heav'n's wide champaign held his way, till morn,
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light There is a cave
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns which makes through heav'n
 Grateful vicissitude like day and night
 Light issues forth, and at the other door
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
 To veil the heav'n though darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here, and now went forth the morn
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
 Empyreal, from before her vanish'd night,
 Shot through with orient beams when all the plain
 Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view
 War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n yet one

Return'd not lost On to the sacred hill
They led him high applanded, and present
Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard
Servant of Gon, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth in woid mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast boirn
Universal reproach far worse to bear
Than violence for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of Gon, though wold's
Judged thee perverse The easier conquest now
Remains thee aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force who reason for their law refus'd,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah who by right of merit reigns
Go, Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my arm'd Saints
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebelious, them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from Gon and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall

So spake the sovereign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awaked nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow
At which command the powers militant
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound

Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah On they move
 Indissolubly firm nor obvious hill,
 Nor strait ning vale, nor wood nor stream, divides
 Their perfect ranks, for high above the ground
 Their march was and the p'ssive air upbore
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive
 Their names of thee so over many a tract
 Of heav'n they march'd and many a province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene At last
 Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd
 In battalious aspect and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd and shields
 Various, with boastful argument pourtray'd,¹
 The banded powers of Satan hastening on
 With furious expedition for they ween'd
 That self same day, by fight or by surprize,
 To win the mount of Gon, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain
 In the mid way Though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in sieice hosting² meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning th eternal Father, but the shout
 Of battle now began,³ and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' apostate in his sun bright chariot sat,

¹ Here is an allusion to the designs
 and mottoes on shield's

² Mustering of hosts or armies

³ There was war in heaven Michael

and his angels fought against the dragon,
 and the dragon fought and his angels
 and prevailed not &c See Rev xii.
 7, 8, 9

Idol¹ of Majesty divine, enclosed
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne for now
 "Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores

O heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain where faith and realty²
 Remain not, wherefore should not strength and might
 Thrice fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable³
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
 Unsound and false, nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won
 Should win in arms in both disputes alike
 Victor though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome

So pondering and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed and thus securely him defied

Proud art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue fool, not to think how vain
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms,
 Who out of smallest things could without end

¹ For Counterfeit—false deity

² Reality.

Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly, or, with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness but thou seest
 All are not of thy train, there be, who faith
 Prefer and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all my sect thou seest, now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err
 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye i'khance,
 Thus answer'd Ill for thee but in wish'd hour
 Of my revenge first sought for thou return'st
 From flight seditious angel to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provoked since first that tongue
 Inspired with contradiction durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert who while they feel
 Vigour divine within them can allow
 Omnipotence to none But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows ambitious to win
 From me some plume that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest this pause between,
 Unanswer'd lest thou boast to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty and heav'n
 To heav'nly souls had been all one, but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song,
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove
 To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature, God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd,
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid
 Reign thou in hell thy kingdom let me serve
 In heav'n God ever bless'd, and His divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet chains in hell not realms expect meanwhile
 From me return'd as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive

So saying a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstayed, as if on earth
 Winds under ground or waters, forcing way
 Side long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines Amazement seized
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory and fierce desire
 Of battle whereat Michael bid sound
 The arch angel trumpet, through the vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots raged, dire was the noise
 Of conflict, over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage, all heav'n

Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encounter ring angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat,
Had not the eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of heaven high overruled
And limited their might, though number'd such,
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each arm'd hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when and when to close
The ridges of grim war, no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear, each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite, for wide was spread
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air, all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire Long time in even scale
The battle hung, till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Scaphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil

Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch foe subdued
 Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in heav'n now plenteous, as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
 And thy adherents how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands once upright
 And futhful now prov'd false! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest, heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and war
 Hence then and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring to the place of evil hell,
 Thou and thy wicked crew theirie mingle broils,
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain

So spake the prince of angels, to whom thus
 The adversary Nor think thou with wind
 Of aer'y threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory which we mean to win,
 Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
 Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
 If not to reign meanwhile thy utmost force,
 And join Him named Almighty to thy aid,
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
 Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue

Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such hight
 Of godlike power? for likkest gods they seem'd
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles, two broad suns their shields
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror, from each hand with speed retired,
 Where erst was thickest fight th' angelic throng
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as, to set forth
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
 Should combat and their jarring spheres confound
 Together both, with next to Almighty arm,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they arm'd
 That might determine and not need repeat,
 As not of power at once, nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shared
 All his right side, then Satan first knew pain,
 And writhed him to and fro convol'd, so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him, but th' ethereal substance closed,
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,¹
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright

¹ Homer calls the blood of the gods human blood as Milton does that of *whor*, and describes it as differing from Satan the Archangel.

Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
 From off the files of war there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die,
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect all sense, and as they please
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best condense or rare

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch furious king who him defied,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous, but anon,
 Down cloven to the waist with shatter'd arms
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd, Adrameleck¹ and Asmodai,²
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight
 Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence

¹ One of the idols of Sepharvaim. 2 Kings xvii. 31

² The same as Asmodeus the persecutor of Sara in Tobit

Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager yet by doom
 Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
 With many an inroad gored, deformed rout
 Enter'd and foul disorder all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charnoteer lay overtuin'd
 And fiery foaming steeds, what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprized,
 Then first with fear surprized and sense of pain
 Fled ignominious to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable impenetrably arm'd
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved

Now night her course began, and, over heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquish'd On the foughтен field
 Michael and his angels prevalent

Encamping placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires on th other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and void of rest
 His potentates to council call'd by night,
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began

O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion glory, and renown,
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
 (And if one day why not eternal days?)
 What heaven's Lord had power fullest to send
 Against us from about His throne and judged
 Sufficient to subdue us to His will,
 But proves not so then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem Him though till now
 Omnicient thought True is, less firmly arm'd
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
 Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,
 Since now we find this our empvreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd
 Of evil then so small as easy think
 The remedy, perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none if other hidden cause
 Lett them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose
 He sat, and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroch,¹ of principalities the prime,
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,

¹ Nisroch was worshipped by the Assyrians. It was in his temple that

Sennacherib was slain by his two sons. See 2 Kings xix 37

Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake
 Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods, yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain
 Against unpain'd, impassive, from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue, for what availe
 Valour or strength though matchless, quell'd with pain,
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hand
 Of mightiest? sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps and not repine,
 But live content which is the calmest life
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive overturns
 All patience He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe
 Whereto with look composed Satan replied
 Not uninvented that which thou aight
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and gold,
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow engines long and round
 Thick ram'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash

To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive,
Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd,

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With dev'lish machination, might devise
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude-
Conception sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
Concocted and adjust'd they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd
Part hidden veins digg'd up nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin, part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire
So all ere day spring, under conscious night
Secret, they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, resplendent host,
Soon banded, others from the dawning hills

Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm'd scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh in slow
 But firm battalion back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried

Arm, warriors arm for fight the foe at hand
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day Fear not his flight so thickl a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and securie let each
 His adamantine coat gnd well and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield
 Borne ev n or high for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
 But rattling storm of arrows barb d with fire

So warn d he them, aware themselves, and soon
 In order quit of all impediment
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward move embattell d, when behold
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
 Trainning his devilish enginry, impaled
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud At interview both stood
 Awhile, but suddenly at head appear d
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
 That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse,
 But that I doubt, however witness heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part ye who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce

Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipp'd with fire while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,
Not long for sudden ill at once then reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke all heaven appear'd,
From those deep throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes which on the victor host
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,
The sooner for their arms unarm'd they might
Have easily as spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout
Nor served it to relax their serried files
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to dislodge their second tire
Of thunder back defeated to return
They worse abhor'd Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd

O friends why come not on these victors proud ?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
 To entertain them fair with open front
 And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance yet for a dance they seem'd
 Some what extravagant and wild, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace but I suppose,
 If our proposals once again were heard,
 We should compel them to a quick result

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents and full of force urged home,
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,
 And stumbled many, who receives them right,
 Had need from head to foot well understand,
 Not understood, this gift they have besides
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
 All doubt of victory eternal might
 To match with their inventions they presumed
 So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,
 And all His host derided, while they stood
 Awhil in trouble, but they stood not long,
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose
 Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed !
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
 For earth hath this variety from heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
 Up lifting bore them in their hands Amaze,
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
 When coming towards them so dread they saw

The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed engines triple row
'They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung which in the air
Came shadowing and opprest whole legions arm'd
Their armour help'd their harm crush'd in and bruised
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison though sprouts of pupest light
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown
'The rest in imitation to like arms
Btook them and the neighbouring hills upto're,
So hills amid the an encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire
'hat under ground they fought in dismal shade,
Infernal noise, war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar, horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose and now all heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things foreseen
This tumult and permitt'd all advised
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd whence to his Son
Th assessor of his throne he thus began
 Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient, sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd,

For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom,
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found
 Whir weaned hith perform'd what wai can do,
 And to disorder d rage let loose the reins,
 With mountans as with weapons arm'd which makes
 Wild work in heav'n and d angerous to the main
 Two days are therefore past the thrid is thine,
 I or thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war since none but thou
 Can end it Into thee such virtue and grie
 Immense I have transfused that all may know
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
 Of all things to be heir and to be king
 By sacred unction,¹ thy deserved right
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh,²
 Pursue these sons of d^uckness, drive them out
 From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep
 There let them learn as likes them, to despise
 God and Messiah his anointed king
 He sa d and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full He all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into His face received,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake
 O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son,³ I always thee,
 As is most just, this I my glory account,

¹ Psalm xlv 7² Psalm xlv 3 4.³ John xvii 4 5

My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss
 Sceptre, and power thy giving I assume
 And gladlier shall resign when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all,¹ and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st,²
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things and shall soon,
 Armed with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness³ and th' undying worm,⁴
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
 Far separate circling thy holy mount
 Unfañed hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise and I among them chief

So said he o'er his sceptre bowing rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat,
 And the third sacred morn began to shine
 Dawning through heav'n forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of paternal Deity
 Flashing thick flames wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes, four faces each
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl⁵ and careering fires between⁶
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphine throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Urim⁷ work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victory

¹ 1 Cor xv 28
² John xvii 21 23
³ 2 Peter ii 4
⁴ Mark ix 44

⁵ A beryl is a precious stone of sea-green colour —NEWTON
⁶ See Ezek i
⁷ Exod xxviii 2

Sate eagle winged, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three bolted thunder storeu,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll d
 Of smoke,¹ and bickering flame, and sparkles dire
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints²
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand,³ I their number heard,
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime⁴
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surprised,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n⁵
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army circumfused on either wing
 Under their Head⁶ embodied all in one
 Before him power divine his way prepared
 At his command the uprooted hills retuined
 Each to his place they heaid his voice and went
 Obsequious Heiv'n his wonted face renew'd
 And with fresh flow rets hill and valley smiled
 This saw his hapless foes but stood obdured,
 And to rebellious fight rillied their powers
 Insensate hope conceiving from despair
 In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
 They hardened more by wh it might most reclaim,
 Grivng to see His glory, at the sight
 Took envy and, aspuing to His highth,
 Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper and at length prevail
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final battle dicw, disdaining flight,

¹ Psalm xviii 8 1 8
² Jude 14
³ Psalm lxviii 17

⁴ Psalm xviii 10
⁵ Matt xxiv 30
⁶ Rom xii 5

Or fuit retreat, when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd this day from battle rest,
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in His righteous cause,
And as ye have received, so have ye done
Invincibly but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is His¹ or whose He sole appoints
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude, stand only and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By Me, not you but me they have despised,
Yet envied against me is all their rage
Because the Father to whom in heav'n supreme
Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd,
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger provcs, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels,
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe
So spake the Son and into terror changed
His countenance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrath bent on his enemies
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of us fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host
He on His impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night, under His burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God Full soon
Among them He arrived, in His right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent

¹ Deut. xxxii. 35 Rom. xii. 19

² The four Cherubim Ezek. i.

Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues they astonish'd all resistance lost,
 All courage, down their idle weapons dropp'd,
 O'er shields, and helms, and helm'd heads He rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again¹
 Thrown on them is a shelter from his ne
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His throns from the fourfold visaged Four,
 Distinct with eyes and from the living wheels
 Distinct like with multitude of eyes,
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glued light'ning and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th accurst that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless afflicted fall'n
 Yct half his strength He put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley, for He meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n
 The overthrown He r us'd and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before Him thunder struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide
 Roll'd inward and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep, the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind, headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heav'n eternal wrath
 Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
 Afrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound
 Nine days they fell, confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin hell at last

Yawning received them whole, and on them closed,
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable the house of woe and pain
 Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaid
 Her mural breach, retaining whence it roll'd

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
 Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd
 To meet Him all His saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of His almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanced and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm each order bright
 Sung triumph, and Him sung victorious King,
 Son Heir, and Lord to Him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign He celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid heaven into the courts
 And temple of His mighty Father throned
 On high, who into glory Him received ¹
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
 At thy request and that thou may'st beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human race been hid
 The discord which befell and war in heaven
 Among th' angelic powers and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
 With Satan, he who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake
 His punishment at final misery,
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe
 But listen not to his temptations, wain
 Thy weaker, let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible example the reward
 Of disobedience, firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell remember, and fear to transgress

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created that God after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein and his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof and his ascension into heaven

DESCEND from heav'n Urania¹ by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd whose voice divine
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing²
 'The meaning not the name, I call for thou
 Not of the Muses nine,³ nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwell st, but heavenly born,
 Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd,
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister and with her didst play
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleased
 With thy celestial song Up led by thee
 Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air
 Thy temp'ring, with like safety guided down
 Return me to my native element
 Least from this flying steed unrein'd as once
 Bellerophon,⁴ though from a lower clime,
 Dismounted on the Aleian field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn

¹ The word Urania signifies heavenly Here the Poet means *Heavenly Muse*

² The winged horse Pegasus said to belong to the Muses was emblematical of flights of imagination

³ Urania amongst the Muses was the patroness of Astronomy

⁴ Bellerophon the son of Glaucus was a beautiful youth who was falsely accused by Sthenoboea Queen of Argos to her hus-

band Proetus King of Argos sent him in consequence into Lycia with letters commanding that he should be exposed to destruction He escaped from many perilous enterprises forced on him but when he attempted to mount to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus (incited to the trial by vain glory) he was thrown off and wandered on the Aleian plains for the remainder of his life The Aleian plains were in Cilicia

Half yet remains unsung but narrower bound,
 Within the visible diurnal sphere
 Standing on earth not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute though fallen on evil days
 On evil days though fallen and evil tongues
 In darkness and with dangers compost round
 And solitude, yet not alone while thou
 Visit i my slumbers nightly or when morn
 Purples the east Still govern thou my song
 Ironic and fit audience find though few
 But drive far off the barbulous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian baird
 In Rhodope where woods and rocks hid ours
 To rupture till the savage clamour drown'd
 Both harp and voice, nor could the Muse defend
 Her son¹ So ful not thou who thee implores
 For thou art heavily, she an empty dream
 Say Goddess what ensued when Raphael,
 The affable arch angel had forewarn'd
 Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasy by what betell in heavn
 To those apostates, lest the like betell
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite
 Though wand'ring He with his consorted Eve
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
 So unimaginable as hate in heavn,
 And war so ne'er the peace of God in bliss
 With such confusion but the evil soon

¹ Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace, nor could his mother the Muse Calliope, save him. Newton thinks that Milton here alludes to the dissolute Court of Charles II.

Driven back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With blessedness Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose and now
 Led on, yet sinless with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof, created for what cause,
 What within Eden or without, was done
 Before his memory is one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream
 Whose liquid murmur h'ard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavily guest

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
 Far differing from this world thou hast reveal'd,
 Divine interpreter by favour sent
 Down from the empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown which human knowledge could not reach
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and His admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are But since thou hast vouchsafed
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing as to highest wisdom seem'd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known
 How first began this heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable and this which yields or fills
 All space the ambient air wide interfused
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause
 Moved the Creator in his holy rest
 Through all eternity so late to build
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we not to explore, the secrets, ask
 Of His eternal empire, but the more

To magnify His works, the more we know
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race though steep, suspense in heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of nature from the unapparent deep
 Or in the star of ev'ning and the moon
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
 Silence, and sleep listening to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence till thy song
 End and dismiss thee ere the morning shine

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought,
 And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild

This also thy request with caution ask'd
 Obtain though to recount mighty works
 What words or tongue of scriph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
 Yet what thou canst attain which best may serve
 To glorify the Maker and infer
 Thee also happier shall not be withhold
 Thy hearing such commission from above
 I have received to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain
 To ask nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King¹
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night
 To none communicable in earth or heav'n
 Enough is left besides to search and know
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain,
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind

Know then that after Lucifer from heav'n,
 So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of angels, than that star the stars among
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep

Into his place, and the great Son return'd
 Victorious with his saints th' omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fane
 Drew many whom their place knows here no more
 Yet far the greater part have kept I see,
 Their station how'v yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide 'mid this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites
 But lest his heart exalt him in the bourn
 Already done to have dispeopled heav'n,
 My damage fondly deem'd I can repair
 That detriment if such it be to lose
 Self lost and in a moment will create
 Another world out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable there to dwell,
 Not here till by degrees of merit raised,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither under long obedience tried,
 And earth be changed to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end
 Me meanwhile inhabit ¹ ye powers of heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thine
 This I perform speak thou, and be it done
 My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
 I send along ride forth and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,
 Boundless the deep because I AM who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,
 Though I unencircled myself retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free

¹ The meaning seems to be Occupy the space left by the fall of the angels

To act, or not, necessity and chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate

So spake th' Almighty and to what he spake
 His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect
 Immediate are the acts of God more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will,
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
 To future men and in their dwellings peace,
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ne
 Had driven out th' ungodly from His sight
 And th' habitations of the just, to Him
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create instead
 Of spirits malign a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room and thence diffuse
 His good to worlds and ages infinite

So sang the Hierarchies Meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd
 Girt with omnipotence with radiance crown'd
 Of Majesty divine sapience and love
 Immense and all his Father in him shone
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones
 And Virtues winged Spirits and Chariots wing'd,
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand
 Celestial equipage, and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
 Attendant on their Lord heav'n open'd wide
 Hei ever during gates harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds
 On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's highth, and with the centre mix the pole

Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,
Said then the omnitic Word, your discord end

Nor stay'd, but, on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Fir into Chaos and the world unborn,
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation and the wonders of his might
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses¹ prepared
In God's eternal store to circumscribe
This universe and all created things
One foot he centred and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said Thus far extend thus far thy bounds
This be thy just circumference O world

Thus God the heav'n created thus the earth
Mutter unform'd and void. Darlness profound
Cover'd the Abyss, but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread²
And vital virtue infused and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black, tartareous cold, infernal dregs
Adverse to life then founded then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air
And earth self balanced on her centric hung

Let there be light, said God and forthwith light
Ethereal first of things quintessence pure
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while God saw the light was good,

¹ Illy. viii. 27 — RICHARDSON

² Gen i 1, 2.

And light from darkness by the hemisphere
 Divided light the day, and darkness night,
 He named Thus was the first day ev'n and morn
 Nor past unclebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial choirs when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
 Birth day of heav'n and earth, with joy and shout¹
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
 God and his works creator him they sung
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn

Again God said Let there be firmament²
 Amid the waters and let it divide
 The waters from the waters and God made
 The firmament expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent elemental air diffused
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round, partition firm and sure,
 't he waters underneath from those above
 Dividing for as earth, so he the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm in wise
 Crystalline ocean and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far removed, lost fierce extremes
 Contiguous night distemper the whole frame
 And heav'n He named the firmament so ev'n
 And morning chorus sung the second day

The earth was form'd but, in the womb as yet
 Of waters embryon immature involved
 Appear'd not over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humour softning all her globe
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n,
 Into one place, and let dry land appear
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

¹ Job xxxviii 4 7

² Firmament signifie expansion — NEWTON

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste, such flight the great command impel'd
 On the swift floods as armies at the call
 Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard
 Troop to their standard, so the watery throng
 Wave rolling after wave where way they found,
 If steep with torrent rapture if through plain
 Soft ebbing nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they or under ground or circuit wide
 With serpent error wandering found their way
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters He call'd seas,
 And saw that it was good and said, Let the earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth
 He scarce had said when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
 Brought forth the tender grass whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green
 Then herbs of every leaf that sudden flow'd
 Opening then various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet and these scarce blown
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms with high woods the hills were crown'd,

With tufts the valleys and each fountain side
With borders long the rivers that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,
God made and every herb before it grew
On the green stem God saw that it was good
So even and morn record'd the third day

Again th' Almighty spake Let there be lights
High in th' exp'nce of heaven to divide
The day from night, and let them be for signs,
For seasons and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the earth, and it was so
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In then vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide God saw,
Surveying His great work, that it was good
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sph're, He framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns

By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heaven's high road the gray
 Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence¹ Less bright the moon,
 But opposite in levell'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him for other light she needed none
 In that respect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day
 And God said Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant living soul
 And let fowl fly above the earth with wings
 Display'd on the open firmament of heaven
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill,
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,

¹ The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus which rising about the time of the vernal equinox are called by the Latins *Vergiliae*. Milton therefore in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation implies that creation began with the spring—*From Newbrow*. It has been

a recent idea of astronomers that the Pleiades or seven suns—for fixed stars are suns—are the centre of the universe round which the heavens revolve, but this is not yet clearly ascertained. Job speaks of the sweet influences of the Pleiades.—See Job xxxviii 31

² Gen i 20 22

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls¹ that oft
 Bank the mid sea part single, or with mate,
 Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stay, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gld,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch on smooth the seal
 And bended dolphins play, part huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean there Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch d like a promontory sleeps, or swims
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in and at his trunk spouts out a sea
 Meanwhile the tepid caves and fens, and shores,
 Their brood is numerous hatch from the egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
 Their callow young but feather d soon and fledge,
 They summ'd their pens² and soaring the air sublime
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops then eynes build³
 Part loosely wing the region part more wise
 In common ranged in figure⁴ wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons⁵ and set forth
 Their airy caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight, so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage borne on winds, the air
 Flights, as they pass, fann d with unnumbered plumes
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with wing
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings

¹ Schools We say a school of
 whales for a shoal now. Scul comes
 from the Saxon *secole* an assembly

² Pens are feathers Here the meaning
³ They used their pinions as full
 fledged birds

⁴ Jeremiah xxxix 2, 98

⁵ Migratory birds fly in shape of a
 wedge one bird leading alternately

⁶ Jeremiah viii. 7

Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast, the swan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower
 The mid aernal sky Others on ground
 Walk'd firm the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours and the other whose gay train
 Adorns him colour'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and stairy eyes The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd and the air with fowl,
 Ev'ning and morn solemnized the fifth day

The sixth, and of creation last arose
 With ev'ning harps and matin, when God said
 Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things and beast of the earth
 Each in their kind The earth obey'd, and straight
 Opening her fruitful womb teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures perfect forms,
 Limb'd and full grown Out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wonn'd¹
 In forest wild in thicket brake, or den,
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd,
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds upsprung
 The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds
 And rampant shakes his brindled mane, the ounce
 The libbard² and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks, the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head, scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved

¹ *Wone* is Saxon for to dwell to inhabit — See CHAUCER *Comynoure's Tale*, line 774.

² Leopard

His vastness fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants ambiguous between sea and land
 The river horse and scaly crocodile
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground
 Insect or worm, those waved their limber fans
 For wings and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of sumner's pride
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green
 These as a line their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace not all
 Minims¹ of nature, some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involved
 Then snaky folds and idded wings First crept
 The parsimonious eminent provident
 Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty swimming next appear'd
 The female bee that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stored the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know st and gav'st them names,
 Needless to thee repeated, nor unknown
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific though to thee
 Not noxious but obedient at thy call

Now heav'n in all her loy shone and roll'd
 Her motions as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled, air water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent, and of the sixth day yet remain'd,
 There wanted yet the master work the end
 Of all yet done, a creature, who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene

¹ Something exceedingly small a dwarf

Govern the rest self knowing and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav n ,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme who made him chief
 Of all His works therefore the omnipotent
 Eternal Father,—for where is not He
 Present?—thus to his Son audibly spake

Let us make now man in our image, man¹
 In our similitude and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground
 This said He form d thee, Adam, thee, O man
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life in his own image he
 Created thee in the image of Gon
 Express, and thou becam st a living soul
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race then bless'd mankind, and said
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth
 Subdue it and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea and fowl of the air
 And every living thing that moves on the earth
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove
 This garden, planted with the trees of Gon,
 Delectable both to behold and taste ,
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee all sorts are here that all th' ea th yields,
 Variety without end , but of the tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may st not in the day thou eat st thou diest ,
 Death is the penalty imposed , beware,
 And govern well thy appetite , lest sin
 Surprize thee, and her black attendant death

¹ Gen. i 26-28

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good,
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day
 Yet not, till the Creator from His work
 Desisting though unwearied up return'd,
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of His empire how it show'd
 In prospect from His throne, how good how fair,
 Answering His great idea Up He rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned
 Angelic harmonies the earth, the air
 Resounded, thou rememberst for thou heard'st,
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung
 The planet in their station listing stood
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant
 Open ye everlasting gates they sung¹
 Open ye heavens your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from His work return'd
 Magnificent, His six days work, a world
 Open'd henceforth oft, for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace So sung
 The glorious train ascending He through heav'n
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stairs to thee appear
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
 Powder'd with stars And now on earth the seventh
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night, when at the holy mount

¹ Psalm xxiv 7 This Psalm was sung by the Levites when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount

Sion and is understood as a prophecy of our Lord's ascension —From NEWTON, and Mautz's Bible

Of heaven's high seated top, th' imperial thone
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat Him down
With His great Father, for He also went
Invisible, yet stay'd such privilege
Hath Omnipresence and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all His work,
But not in silence holy kept, the harp
Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison of incense clouds
Fuming from golden censers hid the mount
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
Great art thy works Jchov ih, infinite
Thy power, what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels, thee that day
Thy thunders magnified, but to create
Is greater than created to destroy
Who can impair thee mighty King or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers Who seeks
To lessen thee against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might his evil
Thou usest and from thence creat'st more good
Witness this new made world, another heav'n
From heaven gate not far founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation, but thou know'st
Their seasons among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,

Their pleasant dwelling place Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in His image, there to dwell
And worship Him, and in reward to rule
Over His works on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just thrice happy if they know
Then happiness and persev'c'e upright

So sung they and the empyrean hung
With Hallelujahs thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd that ask'd
How first this world and fane of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know If else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

A question concerning celestial motions is doubtfully answered and exhortation to such rather things in worthiness of knowledge. Adam assents and still desirous to detain Raphael relates to him what he remembered since his own creation his placing in Paradise his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society his first meeting and mutuals with Eve his discourse with the angel thereupon who after admonitions repeated departs

The angel ended and in Adams ear
 So charming left his voice that he awhile
 Thought him still speaking still stood fix'd to hear
 Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied
 What thank is sufficient or what recompence
 I equal, have I to render thee, divine
 Historian? who thus largely hast illay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge and vouchsafed
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable now heard
 With wonder but delight and as is due,
 With glory attributed to the high
 Creator something yet of doubt remains
 Which only thy solution can resolve
 When I behold this goodly frame this world,
 Of heaven and earth consisting and compute
 Their magnitudes this earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom with the firmament compared
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible for such
 Their distance argues and their swift return
 Diurnal merely to officiate light
 Round this opious earth this punctual¹ spot,
 One day and night in all their vast survey
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
 How nature wise and fugal could commit

¹ Small as a point in punctuation.

Such disproportions with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As tribute, such a sunless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light
 Speed to describe whose swiftness number fuls¹

So spake our sire and by his count nance seem'd
 Intering on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
 Perceiving where she sat return'd in sight
 With lowness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who siv to wish her stay,
 Rose and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery they at her coming sprung
 And touch'd by her fan tendance gladlier grew
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted or not capable her ear
 Of what was high such pleasure she received,
 Adam relating she sole auditress,
 Her husband the relate she preferr'd
 Before the angel and of him to ask
 Chose rather, he she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses, from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her O when meet now
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd
 With Goddess like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight

¹ One is here reminded of the fact that Milton had held communion with Galileo whose Fpiture si muove is historical

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
Benevolent and facile thus replied

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
Is as the book of Gon before thee set,
Wherin to read His wondrous works and learn
His seasons, hours or days or months, or years
This to attain whether heav'n move or earth
Imports not if thou reckon right,¹ the rest
From m in or angl the great architect
Did wisely to conceal and not divulge
His secrets to be seen'd by them who ought
Rither admire, or if they list to try
Conjecture. He his fabric of the heav'ns
Hath left to them disputes perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n
And calculate the stars how they will wield
The mighty frame how build unbuild, continue,
To save appearances, how gud the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o ei
Cycle and epicycle,² orb in orb
Ali' idy by thy reasoning 'this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence the earth
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth there first received
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find

¹ The subject was then matter of discussion and in the Roman Church of persecution. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the system and the sun and stars move round it. The Copernican made the sun the centre with earth move as Galileo asserted

² These terms were used by Ptolemaic astronomer to explain their system. *Centric* means a sphere whose centre is the same as that of the earth. *eccentric* a sphere whose centre is quite different to that of the earth. *Cycle* is a circle. *epicycle* a circle on another circle.

Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high magnificence who built
 So spacious, and His line stretch'd out so far
 That man may know he dwells not in his own,
 An edifice too large for him to fill
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless to his omnipotence
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual me thou think'st not slow
 Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n
 Where God resides and e're middly arrived
 In Eden distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name But this I urge
 Admitting motion in the heavens to show
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved
 Not that I so affirm though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth
 GOD to remove His ways from human sense,
 Placed heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight
 If it presume, might e'er in things too high,
 And no advantage gain What if the sun
 Be centre to the world and other stars,
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?
 Their wandering course now high now low, then hid
 Progressive, retrograde or standing still,
 In six thou seest¹ and what if seventh to these
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem
 Inseparably three different motions² move?
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,

¹ The moon and the five planets visible to Adam

² Three motions were attributed by the Copernicans to the earth. The diurnal round her own axis causing day and

night the annual round the sun and the motion of libration as it is called whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit as that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world — NEWTON

Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night, which needs not thy belief,
If earth industrious of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night her other part
Still lumious by his ray What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star
Enlightening her by day as she by night
This earth reciprocal, if I may be there,
Fields and inhabitants her spots thou seest
As clouds and clouds may run, and rain produce
Fruits in her softend soil for some to eat
Allotted there, and other suns perhaps
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live
For such vast room in nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate
Only to shine, yet service to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun predominant in heav'n
Rise on the earth or earth rise on the sun
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle while she paces ev'n
And bears the soft with the smooth an along
Sohqr not thy thoughts with matters hid
Leave them to God above, Him serve and fear
Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let Him dispose joy thou
In what He gives to thee, this paradise
And thy fair Eve, heav'n is for thee too high

To know what passes there, be lowly wise
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being,
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied
 How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
 Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves
 Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain
 But apt the mind or fancy is to love
 Uncheck'd and of her loving is no end,
 Till warn'd or by experience taught, she learn,
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom, what is more is fume,
 Of emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractised unprepared and still to seek
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance now hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,
 And day is not yet spent, till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply
 For while I sat with thee, I seem in heav'n,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
 Of sweet repast they satiate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek
 Not are thy lips ungraceful sire of men,
 Not tongue inelegant, for God on thee
 Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd
 Inward and outward both His image fair
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee, and each word each motion forms
 Not less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,
 Than of our fellow servant, and inique
 Gladly into the ways of God with man
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
 On man his equal love Say therefore on,
 For I that day was absent, as befell
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,
 Squared in full legion such command we had,
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
 Or enemy while God was in his work
 Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd
 Not that they durst without His leave attempt
 But us He sends upon His high behests
 For state, as Sov'reign King and to enure
 Our prompt obedience Fast we found, fast shut
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise other than the sound of dance or song,
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
 Fre's Sabbath ev'ning so we had in charge
 But thy relation now for I attend,
 Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine
 So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire
 For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard, for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me As new waked from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams, by these
Creatures that lived, and moved and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the banches warbling, all things smiled,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led
But who I was or where, or from what cause
Knew not to speak I tried, and forthwith spake
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate er I saw Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd eaith, so flesh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plums
And ye that live and move fair creatures tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre eminent
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy lght, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
Pensive I sat me down, there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drows'd sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,

Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being.
And lived one came methought, of shape divine,
And said Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, use,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss thy seat prepared
So saying, by the hand He took me rais'd
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step lust led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd Each tree
Loaden with finest fruit, that hung to the eve
Tempting stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat where it I wak'd and found
Before mine eyes ill real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd here had new begun
My wand ring, had not He who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at His feet I fell
Submiss He receiv'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am
Said mildly author of all this thou seest
Above or round about thee, or beneath
This paradise I give thee count it thine
To till and keep and of the fruit to eat
Of ev'ry tree that in the garden grows
I let freely with glad heart, fear here no dearth
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life
Rememb're what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world

Of woe and sorrow Sternly He pronounced
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear though in my choice
 Not to incur, but soon His clear aspect
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd
 Not only those fair bounds but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give, as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live
 Or live in sea, or air, beast fish, and fowl
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds I bring them to receive
 From thee their names and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection, understand the same
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot chance
 Their element to draw the thinning air
 As thus he spake each bird and beast beheld
 Approaching two and two these cow ring low
 With blandishment each bird stoop'd on his wing
 I named them as they pass'd and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indued
 My sudden apprehension but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still,
 And to the heavenly vision thus presumed

O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or nught than mankind higher
 Surpassest far my naming how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So ample, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things? but with me
 I see not who partakes In solitude
 What happiness who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous, and ⁱⁿ the vision bright
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied

What call st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures and the air
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know st thou not

Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly, with these
Find pastime, and bear rule, thy realm is larg.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering I, with leave of speech implored,
And humble deprecation, thus replied

Let not my words offend thee heav nly Power,
My M ikei, be propitious while I speak
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society
Can sort, wht harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due,
Given and received, but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
(cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedium alike of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort they rejoice
Each with their kind, hon with honest,
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined,
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse nor with the ox the ape,
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all

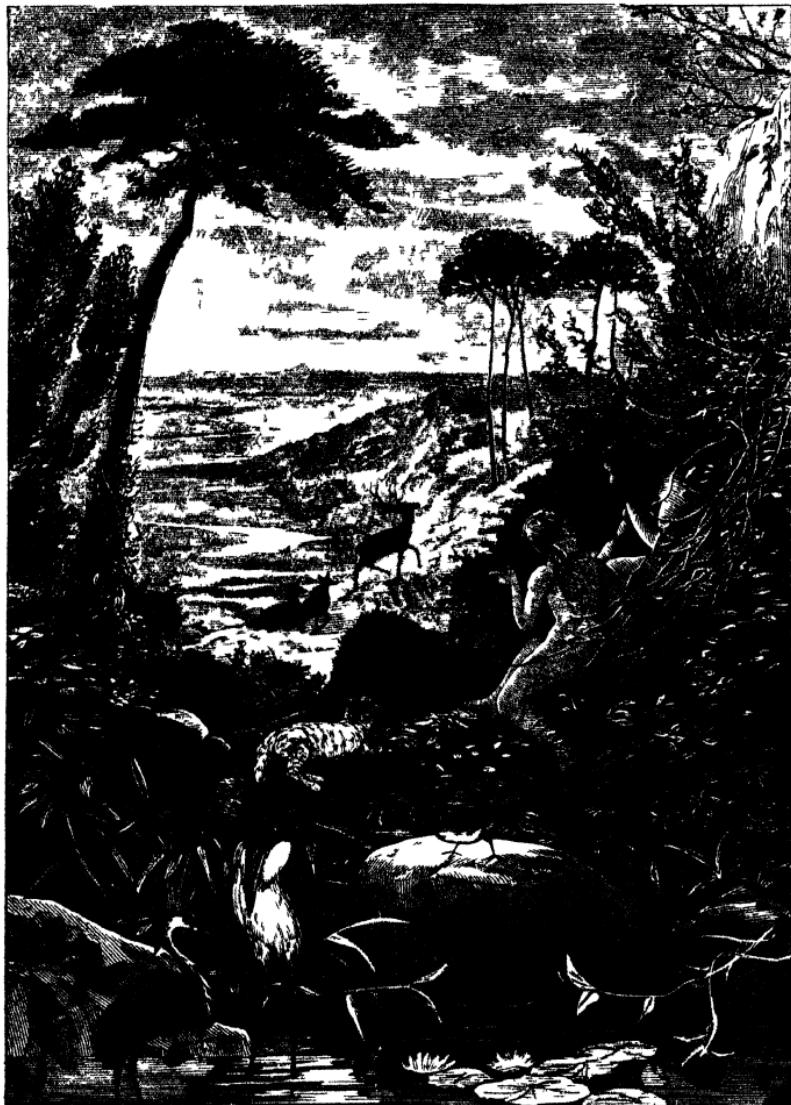
Whereto th Almighty answer'd, not displeased
A nice and subtle happiness I see
I thou to thyself proposest in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceased, I lowly answer'd To attain

The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things,
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no d^reficiency found not so is man,
 But in degree the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects No need that thou
 Should st propagate, already infinite
 And through all numbers absolute, though one
 But man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like his image multiplied,
 In unity defective which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleased
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou w^tst
 Of union or communion, deified,
 I by conversing cannot these creet
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find
 Thus I embolden d spake and freedom used
 Permissive and acceptance found which gain d
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image not impaired to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmect for thee
 Good reason was thou freely should st dislike,
 And 'e so minded still I, ere thou spak st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone,
 And no such company as then thou saw st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy ht help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire
 He ended, or I heard no more, for now

My earthly by His heav'nly overpow'rd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the hight
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep which instantly fell on me call'd
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine ¹eyes
 Mine eyes He closed but open left the cell
 Of fancy my internal sight by which
 Abstract as in a trance m'thought I saw,
 Though sleeping where I lay and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood
 Who stooping open'd my left side and took
 From thence a rib with cordial spirits warm,
 And life blood streaming fresh, wide was the wound
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with His hands,
 Under His forming hands a creature grew
 Manlike but diff'rent sex, so lovely fair
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up in her contain'd
 And in her looks which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfehl before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight
 She disappear'd and left me dark I waked
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss and other pleasures all abjure
 When out of hope, benoid nei not far off,
 Such as I saw hei in my dream adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable on she came
 Led by her heav'nly Maker though unseen,
 And guided by his voice nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites
 Grace was in all hei steps, heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love



'This turn hath made amends thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words Creator bounteous and benign
Giver of all things fair but fairest this
Of all Thy gifts, nor enviest — p 257

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud
 This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me, woman is her name of man
 Extracted, for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
 And they shall be one flesh one heart, one soul

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be wood and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious not obtrusive but retired,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature herself, though puic of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd,
 I follow'd her she what was honour knew
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason To the nuptial bow'r
 I led her blushing like the morn all heav'n,
 And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence, the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill,
 Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
 Or his hill top to light the bridal lamp

Tell us I have told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
 Walks, and the melody of buds but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,

Transported touch, here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting took perhaps
 More than enough, at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament in outward show
 Elaborate of inward less exact
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her th' inferior in the mind
 And inward f u c u l t i e s , which most excel,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both and less expressing
 The character of that dominion giv'n
 O'er other creatures yet when I approach
 Her loveliness so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally, and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed
 To whom the angel with contracted brow
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part,
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so ?
 An outside, far no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection weigh with her thyself,
 Then value oft times nothing profits more
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows,
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful that with honour thou may st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other think the same vouchsafed
 To cattle and each beast, which would not be
 To them made common and divulged if aught
 Therein enjoy d were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational love still
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges hath his seat
 In reason and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav nly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied
 Neither her outside form'd so far, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far
 And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul,
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear
 Yet these subject not, I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense

Variously representing, yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n is both the way and guide,
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask
 Love not the heav'ly spirits, and how then love
 Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate tonch?

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red love's proper hue,
 Answer'd Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy st,
 (And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring, nor restrain'd conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul
 But I can now no more, the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and Verdant Isles,¹
 Hesperean² sets, my signal to depart
 Be strong live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey,³ and keep
 His great command, take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
 Would not admit, thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed, beware
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the blest stand fast, to stand or fall
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies,
 Perfect within, no outward aid require,
 And all temptation to transgress repel
 So saying, he arose, whom Adam thus
 Follow'd with benediction Since to part,
 Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,

¹ (ape de Verde and the Cape de
Verde Islands

² In the West where Hesperus, the
evening star appears —From NEWTON
³ 1 John v 8

Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still and oft return.

So parted they, the angel up to heav'n
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT

Satan having compassed the earth with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into paradise and enters into the serpent sleeping Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours which Eve proposes to divide in several places each labouring apart Adam consents not alleging the danger lest that enemy of whom they were forewarned should attempt her found alone Eve loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough urges her going apart the rather desirous to make trial of her strength A lum at last yields the serpent finds her alone his subtle approach first gazing then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures Eve wondering to hear the serpent speak asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now the serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason till then void of both Eve requires him to bring her to that tree and finds it to be the Tree of knowledge forbidden the serpent now grown bolder with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat she pleased with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not at last brings him of the fruit relates what persuaded her to eat thereof Adam at first amazed but perceiving her lost resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit the effects thereof in them both they seek to cover their nakedness then full to variance and accusation of one another

No more of talk where God or Angel guest
 With man, as with his friend familiar used
 To sit indulgent and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblamed, I now must change
 These notes to tragic foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
 And disobedience on the part of heav'n
 Now alienated distince and distaste,
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
 That brought into this world a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and misery
 Death's harbinger sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe¹ pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,²
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek³ and Cytherea's son⁴

¹ Hector See *Iliad*
² See *Aeneid*

³ Ulysses
⁴ Eneas

If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late ¹
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chieft masonry to dissect
 With long and tedious havock fabled knights
 In battles fought, the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung, or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture emblazon'd shields
 Impresses quaint ² caparisons and steeds,
 Bases ³ and tinsel trappings gorgious knights
 At joust and tournament then marshall'd feast
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem Me of these
 Nor skill'd nor studious higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate or years damp my intended wing
 Depress'd, and much they may if all be mine,
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved

¹ Milton is supposed to have begun his great poem in his forty eighth year and finished it in his fifty seventh It was

published in 1667 when the Poet was in his sixtieth year

² Devices on shields

³ The mantles worn by knights

In meditated fraud and malice bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel regent of the sun descended
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept their watch, thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled four times cross'd the car of night
 From pole to pole traversing each colure,¹
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic watch by stealth
 Found unsuspected way There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
 Where Tigris at the foot of paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of Life
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involved in rising mist then sought
 Where to he hid sea he had search'd, and land
 From Eden over Pontus,² and the pool
 Maeotis up beyond the river Ob,³
 Downward as far Antarctic, and in length
 West from Orontes⁴ to the ocean barr'd
 At Darien,⁵ thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus⁶ thus the orb he scan'd
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field⁷
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom

¹ The colures are two great imaginary circles encompassing the globe from north to south. Satan moved thus to keep in the shades of night —From NEWTON

The Euxine or Black Sea.

² Obi, a river of Siberia near the pole

⁴ A river of Syria

⁵ The Isthmus of Panama

⁶ India

⁷ Gen. iii, 1

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight for in the wily snake
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observed
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute
Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not prefer'd
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial heav'n, danced round by other heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone as seems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence As God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs in thee,
Not in themselves all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense reason all summ'd up in man
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves but I in none of these
Find place or refuge, and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me as from the hateful siege
Of contraries, all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state
But neither here seek I, nor in heav'n
To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme,
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound
For only in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 The infernal powers in one day to have marr'd
 What He, Almighty styled six nights and days
 Continued making and who knows how long
 Before had been contriving though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of His adorers He to be avenged
 And to repair His numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create if they at least
 Are His created, or to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original
 With heavily spoils our spoils what he decreed
 He effected, man he made and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounced and O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel wings,¹
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
 Their earthly charge Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude thus wrapp'd in mist
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and biane where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of deity aspired,

But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things. Revenge at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils
 Let it, Ireck not, so it light well aim'd
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy this new favourite
 Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised
 From dust spite then with spite is best repaid

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
 Like a black mist low creeping he held on
 His midnight search where soonest he might find
 The serpent him fast sleeping soon he found,
 In labyrinth of many a round self roll'd
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles
 Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
 Fearless unfear'd he slept In at his mouth
 The devil enter'd and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
 With act intelligential, but his sleep
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed
 Their morning incense when all things that breathe
 From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator and His nostrils fill
 With grateful smell forth came the human pair,
 And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
 Of creatures wanting voice, that done partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply
 Their growing work, for much their work outgrew
 The hands' dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide
 And Eve first to her husband thus began

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,
 Our pleasant task enjoin'd, but till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint, what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
 In yonder spring¹ of roses intermix'd
 With myrtle find what to redress till noon
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd
 Sole Eve associate sole to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear,
 Well hast thou motion'd well thy thoughts employ'd,
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us nor of me shall pass
 Unpraised, for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied and are of love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

¹ A spring is a small coppice or thicket.

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
 Assist us but if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
 Betall thee sever'd from me, for thou know'st
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
 Envying our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need,¹
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more,
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That give thee being, still shades thee and protects
 The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures
 To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus replied

Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
 And from the parting angel overheard,
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'r's
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it I expected not to hear
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such,
 As we, not capable of death or pain,

¹ Eccles iv 9, 10

Can either not receive, or can repel
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replied
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
 For such thou art from sin and blame entire
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight but to avoid
 Th' attempt itself intended by our foe
 For he who tempts though in vain at least asperges
 The tempted with dishonour foul supposed
 Not incorruptible of futh not proof
 Against temptation Thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
 Though ineffectual found misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone which on us both at once
 The enemy though bold, will hardly dare,
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn,
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
 Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength, while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over reach'd,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love, but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd
 If this be our condition thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,

Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with little defence, wherever met
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin only our foe
Tempting afflicts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself, then wherefore shunned or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
Favour from heaven our witness from th' event
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd
Alone without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combined
Frail is our happiness if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed

To whom thus Adam fervently replied
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, His creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that He created, much less man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force, within himself
The danger lies yet lies within his power
Against his will he can receive no harm
But God left free the will, for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason He made right,
But bid her well beware and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surprized
She dictate false, and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely, if from me
 Thou sever not trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience, th' other who can know?
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus wain'd thou seem'st,
 Go, for thy stay not free absents thee more,
 Go in thy native innocence, iely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done His part, do thine

So spake the patriarch of mankind, but Eve
 Persisted, yet submiss, though lust, iephed

With thy permission then, and thus forewain'd,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning woids
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willunger I go noi much expect
 A foe so proud will frst the weaker seek,
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse

Thus saying from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a wood nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad, or of Deha's train,
 Betook her to the groves, but Deha's self
 In gait surpass'd and gaudess like deport
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
 But with such gaid ning tools as art, yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought
 To Pales² or Pomona³ thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus,⁴ or to Ceres in her prime,
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring mre her stay
 Oft he to her his ch rge of quick return

¹ A surname of Diana because born in
 Velos

² Goddess of sheepfolds

³ Goddess of fruits
⁴ The god of orchards who assumed
 many shapes to win Pomona

Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast or afternoon's repose
 O much deceived much failing, hapless Eve,
 Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that hour in paradise
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose,
 Such ambush hid among sweet flowers and shades
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent
 To intercept thy way or send thee back
 Despoiled of innocence of faith of bliss
 For now, and since first break of dawn the fiend,
 Meie serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his quest where likehest he might find
 The only two of mankind but in them
 The whole included race, his purposed prey
 In bow'r and field he sought where any tuft
 Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay,
 Their tendance or plantation for delight,
 By fountain or by shady rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
 Eve separate, he wish'd but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope Eve separate he spies,
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustain'd, them she upstays
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while,
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
 Among thick woven arborets and flower's
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

Or of revived Adonis,¹ or renown'd
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,²
 Or that, not mystic, where the Sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,³
 Much he the place admired, the person more
 As one who long in populous city pent
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met concives delight,
 The smell of grain or tedded grass,⁴ or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,
 If chance with nymph like step fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most and in her look sums all delight
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flow'ry plit, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early thus alone her heav'ly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence her every air
 Of gesture or least action, over aw'd
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought
 That space the evl one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
 Of guile of hate, of envy, of revenge,
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid heav'n soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd then soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
 Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste

¹ At the request of Venus, he was restored to life

² Ulysses. For description of the gardens of Alcinous see the 'Odyssey'

³ Gardens of Solomon

⁴ Hay spread out

Of pleasure but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
 The woman opportune to all attempts,
 Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun
 And strength, of courage haughty and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not formidable¹ exempt from wound
 I not so much hath hell debased, ind pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n
 She fair divinely fair, fit love for gods,
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty not approach'd by stronger hate
 Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
 In serpent inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indented wive,
 Prone on the ground, as since but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, thit tower'd
 Fold above fold a suiting maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and curbuncle his eys,
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spines that on the grass
 Fleated redundant pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus,¹ or the God²
 In Epidaurus, nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian³ Jove or Capitoline⁴ was seen,
 He with Olympias this with her who bore

¹ Cadmus who introduced letters into
 Greece and Hermione his wife They
 were changed by serpents into ser-
 pents

² Esculapius the god of medicine
 He is said to have taken the form of
 a serpent when he appeared at Rome
 during a pestilence —From WARTON

³ Lybian

⁴ Roman These lines relate to the
 fable of Jupiter being the father of
 Alexander the Great and of Scipio also
 All these images picture the magnificence
 of the serpent's form

Scipio the highth of Rome With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt side long he works his way
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft as oft so steers, and shifts her sail
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lue her eye, she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more dutious at her call,
 Than at Cinean call the herd disguised
 He bolder now uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring oft he bow'd
 His t'irret crest and sleek enamell'd neck,
 Fawning and lick'd the ground whereon she trod
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play, he glad
 Of her attention gain'd with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began

Wonder not sov reign mistress if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder much less a'm
 Thy lool's the hev'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired
 Fairst resemblance of thy Maker fair
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld these best beheld
 Where univerisally admired but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Behold'st is rude and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? and what is one? who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train
 So glazed the tempter, and his proem tuned,

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling at length
 Not unamazed she thus in answer spake
 What may this mean? Language of man pronounced
 By tongue of brute and human sense express'd?
 The first at least of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation day
 Created mute to all articulate sound,
 The latter I denied, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued,
 Redouble then this miracle, and say
 How canst thou speakable of mute and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind that duly are in sight?
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied
 Empress of this fair world resplendent Eve,
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obey'd
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The tidden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food nor wight but food discern'd
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high
 Till on a day roving the field I chanced
 A goodly tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddy and gold I nearer drew to gaze,
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite more pleased my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid that tend their play
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 Not to defer, hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's round the tree
 All other beasts that saw with like desire,
 Longing and envying, stood but could not reach
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed or fountain never had I found
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers and speech
 Wanted not long though to this shape retain'd
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
 Or earth, or middle all things fair and good,
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
 United I beheld, no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd
 Me thus though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame

So talk'd the spirited sly snake, and Eve
 Yet more amazed unwary thus replied

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved
 But say where grows the tree? from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden nature of her birth

To whom the wily adder blithe and glad
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee hither soon
 Lead then, said Eve He leading swiftly roll'd
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest as when a wand ring fire
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold envions round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 Which oft, they say some evil spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads th amazed night wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mirs, and oft through pond or pool,
 There swallow d up and lost, from succour far
 So glister d the dire snake and into fraud
 Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition root of all our woe
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake

Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed if cause of such effects
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,
 God so commanded, and left that command
 Sole daughter of his voice, the rest we live
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law

To whom the tempter guilefully replied
 Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat,
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
 The garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it lest ye die

She scarce had said, though brief when now more bold
 The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,
 New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
 Raised, as of some great matter to begin

As when of old some orator renown'd
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute to some great cause address'd,
 Stood in himself collected while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in hight began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right
 So standing moving, or to hight upgrown,
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began

O sacred, wise, and wisdom giving plant,
 Mother of science now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents deem'd however wise
 Queen of this universe¹ do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death, ye shall not die
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge by the threatener? look on me,
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open? or will God incense His ire
 For such a petty trespass and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue whom the pain
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
 Deter'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,
 Not just, not God, not fear'd then, nor obey'd
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers, he knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both good and evil as they know
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as man,
 Internal man is but proportion meet,
 I of brute, human, ye of human Gods
 So shall ye die perhaps by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods death to be wish'd,
 Though threaten'd which no worse than this can bring
 And what are Gods that man may not become
 As they, participating godlike food ?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
 I question it for this fur earth I see,
 Warm'd by the sun producing every kind,
 Them nothing if they all things who enclosed
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know ?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will if all be his ?
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
 In heav'ly breasts ? These these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit
 Goddess humane reach then, and feely taste

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easy entrance won
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye, yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise
Thy praise He also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,
Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want
For good unknown sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown is as not had at all
In plain then, what forbids He but to know?
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not But if death
Bind us with after bands what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit our doom is we shall die
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows and speaks and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not but brings with joy
The good befall n him author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit she pluck'd, she eat
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
Intent now only on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,

In fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death satiate at length,
 And hightened as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began

O sovereign, virtuous precious of all trees
 In Paradise, of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created but henceforth my early cure
 Not without song each morning and due praise
 Shall tend thee and the fertile bidden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all,
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know,
 Though others envy what they cannot give,
 For had the gift been theirs it had not here
 Thus grown Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide,¹ not following thee I had remain'd
 In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access though secret she retire,
 And I perhaps am secret heav'n is high
 High and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth, and other cure perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidd'r safe with all his spies
 About him But to Adam in what soit
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
 Without co partner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior, for inferior who is free?

¹ The serpent

This may be well but what if God have seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam wedded to another Eve
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct
 A death to think Confirm'd then I resolve,
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe
 So dear I love him that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low reverence done, as to the power
 That dwelt within whose presence had infused
 Into the plant sciential sap, derived
 From nectar drink of Gods Adam the while,
 Waiting desirous her return hid wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses and her rural labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd,
 Yet oft his heart divine of something ill,
 Misgave him, he the faint ring measure felt,
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted By the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning, in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd
 Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stav?
 Thee I have miss'd and thought it long, deprived
 Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
 The pain of absence from thy sight But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear
 This tree is not, as we are told a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of divine effect

To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste
 And hath been tasted such The serpent wise,
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
 Not dead as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
 Endued with human voice and human sense,
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd that I
 Have also tasted, and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond, opened mine eyes,
 Dim erst, dilated spirits ampler heart,
 And growing up to Godhead, which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise
 For bliss as thou hast part to me is bliss,
 Tedious unshared with thee and odious soon
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love,
 Lest thou not tasting different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee when fite will not permit

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told,
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd
 On th' other side Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
 Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed
 Speechless he stood and pale till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke

O fairest of creation, last and best
 Of all GOD's works creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 'Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet'
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote'
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden' some cursed fraud
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,

And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die
 How can I live without thee? how forego
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
 Should God create another Eve and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart no no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me, flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted bliss or woe

So having said as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and other thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd
 Bold deed thou hast presumed, advent rous Eve,
 And perl great provoked, who thus hast dared,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perh'ps thou shalt not die perh'ps the fact
 Is not so heinous now foretasted fruit
 Profaned first by the serpent by him first
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste,
 Nor yet on him found deadly he yet lives,
 Lives as thou said st, and gins to live as man
 Higher degree of life inducement strong
 To us as likely tasting to attain
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or angels demigods
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us His prime creatures, dignified so high,
 Set over all His works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made, so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
 Not well conceived of God, who, though His power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary
 Triumph and say Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours, who can please Him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind, whom will he next?
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom, if death
 Consort with thee death is to me as life,
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of nature drew me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine,
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high,
 Engaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak
 One heart, one soul in both, whereof good proof
 This day affords declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death or aught than death more dread
 Shall separate us link'd in love so dear,
 To undergo with me one guilt one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst and not persuade thee, rather die
 Deserter than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequall'd, but I feel
 Far otherwise the event, not death but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,

Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense flat seems to this and harsh
 On my experience, Adam freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds

So saying, she embraciēd him and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake or death
 In recompense, for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand he scrupled not to eat
 Against his better knowledge not deceived,¹
 But fondly overcome with female charm
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original, while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society, that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the earth, but that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming, he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid, in lust they burn,
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move
 Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious, I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now

True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten
But come, so well refresh'd now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedged thee adorned
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree

So said he and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve whose eye drited contagious fire
Her hand he seized and to a shady bink,
Thence overhead with verdant roof imbower'd
He led her nothing loth, flowers were the couch
Pansies and violets and isphodel
And hyacinth earth's fieshest softest lap
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solice of their sin till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them wearied with their amorous play
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour blind
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made em wits now exhaled and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now hid left them up they rose
As from unrest and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd and their minds
How darken'd innocence that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guilty shame, he cover'd but his robe
Uncover'd more So rose the Danite strong
Herculean Samson from the harlot lap
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue silent, and in face

Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd

O Eve in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall
False in our promised rising since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence, whence evil store,
Ev'n shame, the last of evils, of the first
Be sure then How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun light spied their umbrage broad
And brown as evening cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not and reproach us as unclean

So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose
The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree a pillar'd shade¹
 High overarch'd, and echoing walk'd between,
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves
 They gather'd broad as Amazonian targe,
 And with what skill they had together sew'd,
 To gird their waist vain covering if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame, O how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late
 Columbus found the American so gut
 With feather'd cincture naked else and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores
 Thus fenced and as they thought then shame in part
 Cover'd but not at rest or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep, nor only tears
 Run'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind calm region once
 And full of peace, now lost and turbulent
 For understanding ruled not and the will
 Heid not her lore both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite who from beneath
 Usurping over sov'reign reason clum'd
 Superior sway from thus distancer'd breast
 Adam estranged in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd
 Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'
 With me as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good shamed, naked miserable
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve

¹ The Indian fig called *Ficus Indica* by botanists or *Banyan*. The largest known nearly covers an island on the Nerbudda. It is 2000 feet round and has 1300 trunks.

The faith they owe, when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail

To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve
What words have pass'd thy lips Adam severe?
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm
Was I to have neveri parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib
Being as I am why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou said'st?
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve and fair dismiss
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me

To whom then first incensed Adam replied
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost not I,
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint what could I more?
I warn'd thee I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue

The error now which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lets her will rule, restraint she will not brook
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse
 I has they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours but neither self condemning
And of their vain contest appear'd no end

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT

Man's transgression known the guardian angels forsake paradise and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance and are apprised God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors who descends and gives sentence accordingly then in pity clothes them both and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world and the sin by man there committed resolve to sit no longer confined in hell but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man to make the way easier from hell to this world to and so they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos according to the track that Satan first made then preparing for earth they meet him proud of his success returning to hell their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium in full assembly relates with bonting his success at last man instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise then deluded with a show of the forbidd'n tree springing up before them they greedily reaching to take of the fruit chaw'd and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death God foretells the final victory of his Son over them and the renewing of all things but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails rejects the condolment of Eve she persists and at length appeases him then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not but concieving better hope puts her in mind of the late promise made them that her seed should be revenged on the serpent and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Duty by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act
 Of Satan done in paradise, and how
 He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
 Was known in heav'n, for what can scape the eye
 Of God all seeing, or deceive His heart
 Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of man, with strength entire, and freewill arm'd,
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend!
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
 The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted, which they not obeying
 Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall
 Up into heav'n from paradise in haste
 Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad

For man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeased
 All were who heard, dnm sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss
 About the new arrived in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell they towards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved, when the most high
 Eternal Father from his secret cloud
 Amidst in thunder utte'd thus his voice

Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge be no' dismay'd,
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker, no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will to her own inclining left
 In even scale But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd¹

All judgment, whether in heav'n or earth, or hell
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice,¹ sending thee
 Man's friend, his Mediator his design'd
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary
 And destined Man himself to judge man fallen

So spake the Father and, unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand His glory on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded Deity, He full
 Resplendent all His Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild
 Father eternal thine is to decree
 Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
 Supreme that thou in me thy Son beloved
 Mayst ever rest well pleased I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors but thou know'st
 Whoever judged the worst on me must light
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee and not repenting this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me derived, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied and thee appease
 Attendance none shall need, nor train where none
 Are to behold the judgment but the judged
 Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law,
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs

Thus saying from His radiant seat He rose
 Of high collateral glory Him thrones and powers
 Prinedoms and dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to heaven gate from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay
 Down He descended straight, the speed of gods
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd
 Now was the sun in western cadence low²
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in

¹ Psalm lxxxv 10

² Gen iii 8

The evening cool, when He from wrath more cool
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
 To sentence man the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears while day declined they heard,
 And from His presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife till God
 Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud

Where art thou Adam,¹ wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here
 Not pleased thus entertain'd with solitude
 Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought
 Or come I less conspicuous or what change
 Absent thee, or what chance detain? Come forth

He came and with him Eve more loth though first
 To offend discountenanced both and discomposed
 Love was not in their looks either to God
 Or to each other but apparent guilt
 And shame and perturbation, and despair
 Anger and obstinacy, and hate and guile
 Whence Adam falt'ring long thus answer'd brief

I heard thee in the garden and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked hid myself 'Lo whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied

My voice thou oft hast heard and hast not fear'd
 But still rejoiced how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life,
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint, but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

¹ Gen. iii. 9 and following verses

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal
 This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
 And gav st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit so acceptable so divine
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And wh it she did wh itever in itself
 Her doing seem d to justify the deed,
 She give me of the tree and I did eat

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied
 Was she thy God that her thou didst obey
 Before His voice? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior or but equal th it to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood and the place
 Wherin God set thee above her made of thee
 And for thee whose perfection far excell d
 Hers in all real dignity? adorn d
 She was indeed and lovely to attract
 Thy love not thy subjection, and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem d
 Unseemly to be in rule which was thy put
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aught

So having said He thus to Eve in few
 Say woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom said Eve with shame nigh overwhelm d,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash d replied
 The serpent me beguiled and I did eat

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment He proceeded on th' accused
 Serpent though brute unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief and polluted from the end
 Of his creation, justly then accursed
 As vitiated in nature more to know
 Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,
 Nor alter d his offence yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,

Though in mysterious terms judged as then best
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall

Because thou hast done this thou art accursed
Above all cattle each beast of the field,
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity and between thine and her seed,
Her seed shall bruise thy head thou bruise his heel

So spake this oracle then verified
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air ⁴ then rising from His grave
Spoiled principalities and powers triumphed
In open show and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air
The realm itself of Sat in long usurp'd
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet,
Even He who now foretold His fatal bruise
And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception, children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit he over thee shall rule

On Adam first thus judgment He pronounced
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of the wife
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee saying Thou shalt not eat thereof
Cursed is the ground for thy sake thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life,
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unblessed, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death denounced that day

Removed fur off, then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant¹ to assume,
 As when he wish'd his servants' feet,² so now
 As fitter of his family he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slun
 On as the smile with youthful coat repaid,
 And thought not much to clothe His enemies
 Nor He their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts but inward nakedness much more
 Opprobrious, with His robe of righteousness,
 Arriving cover'd from his brother's sight
 To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,
 Into His blissful bosom reassumed
 In glory is of old to Him appeared
 All though 'll knowing what hid past with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judged on earth
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death
 In counterview within the gates that now
 Stood open wide belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos since the fiend pass'd through
 Sin opening who thus now to Death began

O son why sit we here each other viewing
 Idly while Satan our great author thrives
 In other worlds and happier se it provides
 For us his offspring devi³? It cannot be
 But that success attends him if mishap
 Ere this he had return'd with fury driven
 By his avengers since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment or then revenge
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise
 Wings growing and dominion giv'n me large
 Beyond this deep, whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind

¹ Philip n 7

² John xii 5

By secretest conveyance Thou my shade
 Inseparable must with me along
 For Death from Sin no power can separate
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable impervious let us try
 Adventurous work yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable to found a path
 Over this in un from hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails a monument
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,
 Rusing their passage hence for intercourse,
 Of transmission is their lot shall lead
 Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon
 Go whither fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee I shall not lag behind nor err
 The way thou leading such a scent I draw
 Of carnage prey innumerable and true
 The savour of death from all things there that live
 Nor shall I to the woil thou enterprisest
 Be wanting but afford thee equal aid

So saying with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on earth As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battle to a field
 Where armies lie encamp'd come flying lured
 With scent of living carcasses design'd
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight
 So scented the grim feature and upturn'd
 His nostril wide into the murky air,
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far
 Then both from out hell gates into the waste
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
 Flew diverse, and with power, their power was great,
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell

As when the two polar winds blowing averse
 Upon the Cionian sea,¹ together drive
 Mountuns of ice that stop th imagined way²
 Beyond Peters³ eastward, to the rich
 Cathuan coast The aggregated soi
 Death with his mace petrific cold and dry,
 As with a tudent smote and fix d is firm
 As Delos floating once the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgon in rigour⁴ not to move,
 And with Asphalitic slime broad is the gate,
 Deep to the roots of hell the githed beach
 They fastend and the mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd a bridge
 Of length prodigious joining to the wall
 Immovable of this now fenceless world
 For fit to death from hence a passage broad
 Smooth easy inoffensive down to hell
 So if great things to small may be compared
 Xeres the liberty of Greece to yon
 From Susa his Memnonian palace high
 Came to the sea and over Hellespont
 Bridging his way Europe with Asia join'd,
 And scourged with many a stroke th indignant waves
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontifical⁴ a ridge of per dent rock
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
 Of Sutan to the self same place where he
 First lighted from his wing and landed safe
 From out of Chaos to the outside bare
 Of this round world with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast too fast they made
 And durable and now in little space
 The confines met of empyrean heav'n
 And of thi world and on the left hand hell
 With long reach interposed, three sev'ral ways

¹ Northern frozen sea - NEWTON

² The north east passage to China i.e
Cathay

³ Alluding to Medus's power of
turning people into stone

⁴ Pontifical i.e. the art of making

bridges The high priest of Rome de
rived his title *Pontifex* from *pons* a
bridge and *facere* to make perhaps
because religious rites of great impor
tance manauited these highly valued
works which he always superintended

In sight to each of these three places led
 And now then way to earth they had desired,
 To paradise first tending when behold
 Sat in in likeness of an angel bright
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith while the sun in Aries rose
 Disguised he came but those his children deu
 Their parent soon discern'd though in disguise
 He after I've seduced unmind'd slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel saw his guilty act
 By I've, though all unweeting seconded
 Upon her husband saw their shame that it sought
 Van covertures but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled not hoping to escape but shun
 The present fearing guilty what His wrath
 Might suddenly inflict that past return'd
 By night and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in then sad discourse and various plaint
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant but of future time with joy
 And tidings fraught to hell he now return'd
 And at the brink of Chaos near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifex unloped
 Met who to meet him came his offspring dear
 Great joy was it their meeting and it sight
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased
 Long he admiring stood till Sin his fair
 Enchanting daughter thus the silence brok
 O parent these are thy magnific deeds
 Thy trophies which thou view'st is not thine own,
 Thou art then author and prime architect
 For I no sooner in my heart divined
 My heart which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine join'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks

¹ To avoid being seen by Uncl tions in a different part of the heavens
 Centaur and Scorpion are constella to Aries on the equator —NEWTON

² Bridge

Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet fel
 That I must after thee with this thy son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track
 Thou hast achieved our liberty confin'd
 Within hell gates till now thou us empower'd
 To fortify thus far and overlay
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss
 Thine now is all this world thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not thy wisdom gun'd
 With odds what war hath lost and fully avenged
 Our foil in heav'n, here thou shalt monarch reign
 There didst not there let Him still victor sway,
 As battle hath adjudged from this new world
 Retiring by His own doom banished
 And heretoforth monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things putted by th' empyreal bounds,
 His quadrant from thy orbicular world,
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad
 For daughter and thou son and grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have given to be the race
 Of Satan for I glory in the name
 Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' infernal empire that so new heav'n's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare Therefore, while I
 Descend through darkness on your road with ease
 To my associate powers them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice
 You two this way among these numerous orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,
 There dwell and reign in bliss thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise and in the air,

Chiefly on man sole lord of all declared,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lustily kill
 My substitutes I send ye and create
 Plenipotent on earth of matchless might
 Issuing from me on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit
 If your joint power prevail the affairs of hell
 No detriment need fear go and be strong

So saying he dismissed them they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held
 Spreading their bane, the blisted stars look'd wan,
 And planets planet struck in eclipse
 Then suffer'd The other way Satan went down
 The crusey to hell gate on either side
 Disparted Chaos over built excluded,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
 That secon'd his indignation Through the gate,
 Wide open and unguarded Satan pass'd
 And ill about found desolate for those
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge
 Flown to the upper world, the rest were all
 Far to the inland retired about the walls
 Of Pandemonium city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer so by allusion call'd
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd
 There kept their watch the legions while the grand
 In council sat solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their emperor sent, so he
 Departing gave command, and they observe
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
 By Astracan over the snowy plains
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophy¹ from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent² leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule³ in his retreat

The Persian monarch thus named from Bactria one of the greatest provinces of Persia

² The ensign or emblem of Turkey

³ Aladule the greater Armenia

called by the Turks (under whom the greatest part of it is) Aladule of its first King Aladules slain by Selymus I in his retreat to Iznis⁴ a great city in the kingdom of Persia now called

To Tauris or Casbeen so these the late
 Heav'n banish'd host left desert utmost hell
 Many a dark league reduced in careful watch
 Round their metropolis and now expecting
 Each hour their great adventu'er from the search
 Of foreign worlds he through the midst unmark'd
 In show plberin angel milit'nt
 Of lowest order pass'd, and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall invisible
 Ascended his lugh throne which, under state
 Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre Down awhile
 He sat and round about him s'w unseen
 At last is from a cloud his fulgent head
 And shape st' n bright appear'd or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him or false glitter All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze the Styg in throng
 Bent then aspect 'n l whom they wish'd beheld
 Their mighty chief return'd loud was th' acclaim
 Forth rush'd in h'ste the great consulting peers
 Raised from their dirl driv'n and with like joy,
 Congratulant approach'd him who with hand
 Silence and with these words attention won

Thrones dominations prinedoms virtues, powers,
 For in possession such not only of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
 Successful beyond hope to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable accursed, the house of woe
 And dungeon of our tyrant now possess,
 As lords a spacious world to our native heaven
 Little interior by my adventure hard
 With peril great achieved Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain

Febatana sometime in the hands of
 the Turks but in 1603 retaken by Abas
 King of Persia or Casbeen one of
 the greatest cities of Persia where the

Persian monarchs made their residence
 after the loss of Tauris from which it
 is distant sixty five German miles to the
 south east —HUME

Vovaged th' unical, vist, unbounded deep
 Of horible confusion over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved
 To expedite your glorious march but I
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage forced to ride
 Th' untractible abyss plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
 That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed
 My journey strange with clamorous uproar
 Protesting fite supreme, thence how I found
 The new created world which fane in heav'n
 Long had foretold a fabric wonderful
 Of absolute perfection therein man
 Placed in a paradise by our exile
 Made happy him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator and the more to increase
 Your wonder with an apple, He thereat
 Offended worth your laughter! hath given up
 Both His beloved man and all His world
 To Sin and Death a prey and so to us,
 Without our hazard labour or alarm
 To range in and to dwell and over man
 To rule is over all He should have ruled
 True is me also he hath judged or rather
 Me not but the brute serpent, in whose shape
 Man I deceived that which to me belongs
 Is enmity which he will put between
 Me and mankind I am to bruise his heel,
 His seed (when is not set)¹ shall bruise my head
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance what remains ye gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, awhile he stood expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear when contrary he hears
 On all sides from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound

¹ The time (when) is not declared

Of public scorn, he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure wond'ring at himself now more
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant but in vain a greater power
 Now ruled him punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 According to his doom. He would have spoke
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue for now were ill transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all is accessories
 To his bold not dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hill thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion and wasp and amphisbra'nd dire
 Cerastes² horn'd, hydus³ and clop⁴ dear
 And dipsas,⁵ not so thick swum'd once the soil
 Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon⁶ or the isle
 Ophiusa⁷ but still greatest he the midst
 Now dragon grown larger than whom the sun
 Ingend'red in the Pythian vale on shire,
 Huge Python⁸ and his power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to outum. They all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yct left of that revolte rout
 Heav'n fall'n in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief
 They saw, but other sight instead a crowd
 Of ugly serpents, horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy, for what they saw
 They felt themselves now changing down then arms,

¹ A serpent said to have a head at both ends of its body

dropped from Medusa's head produced serpents

² A horned snake

⁷ An island in the Mediterranean which was deserted on account of its serpents from which it derived its name—NEWTON

³ A water snake

⁸ A huge serpent sprung from the slime left after the Deucalion deluge. It was slain by Apollo

⁴ A water serpent

⁵ A snake the bite of which produces a vorish thirst

⁶ Libya where the blood which

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion like in punishment
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove h̄d by sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance laden with fair fruit like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the tempter on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now usn to work them further woe or shame
 Yet purch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce
 Though to delude them sent could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps and up the trees
 Climbing sat thicker than the snaky loc's
 That curl'd Megæra ¹ greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,
 This more delusive not the touch but taste
 Deceived, they, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust instead of fruit
 Chew'd bitter ashes which th offend'd taste
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining drugg'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd, so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed. Thus were they plagued
 And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss
 Till their lost shape permitted they resumed,
 Yc̄lly enjoyn'd some stay, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days
 To dash their pride and joy for man seduced
 However, some tradition they dispersed

¹ One of the Furies
 Lake Asphalites or Dead Sea
 Milton alludes to Josephus's account of

the apples of Sodom said to have a
 lovely exterior but within to be full of
 ashes. It is not true.

Among the heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
 Ophion with Eurynome (the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first the rule
 Of high Olympus thence by S iturn driv n
 And Ops ere yet Dictean Jove w is born

Meanwhile in paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arrived Sin theie in power bfcie,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace not mounted yet
 On his pale horse to whom Sin thus began
 Second of Satan sprung all conquering Death
 Whit think st thou of our empne now though evn d
 With travail difficult not better far
 Than still at hell s d nk threshold to have sate watch
 Unnamed, undreaded and thyself half starved?

Whom thus the sin born monster answer d soon
 To me who with eternal famine pine
 Alike is hell or paradise or heaven
 There best where most with ravine I may meet
 Which here, though plenteous all too little seems¹
 To stuff this mw this vist unhide bound corps

To whom th incestuous moth1 thus replied
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits and flowers
 Feed first, on eich beast n xt and fish, and fowl
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing
 The scythe of Time mows down devour unspared
 Till I in man residing through the race,
 His thoughts his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey

This said, they both betook them everal ways,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later, which th' Almighty seeing
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,
 To those bright orders utter d thus his voice

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance

¹ Prov xxvii 20

To waste and havoc yonder world which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
 Folly to me so doth the prince of hell
 And his adherents fit it with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heavenly and conniving seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies
 That laugh as if transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misuse
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My hell bounds to lick up the drift and filth
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 'On what w^s pure till cramm'd and gorged nigh burst
 With suck'd and glutted offal, it one sling
 Of thy victorious arm well pleasing Son
 Both Sin and Death and yawning Grive, it last
 Through Chaos hund^d obstruct the mouth of hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.¹
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain
 Till then the curse pronounced on both preceedes
 He ended and the heavenly audience loud
 Sung Hallelujah as the sound of seis,
 Through multitude that sung Just me thy ways.²
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works
 Who can extenuate thee? Next to the Son,
 Destined restorer of mankind by whom
 New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from heav'n descend Such was heir song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty angels gave them several charge,
 As sorted best with present things The sun
 Had first his precept so to move so shine
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable and from the north to call

¹ See Dante's *Inferno* cant. xxii.

² Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 7.

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat To the blank moon,¹
 Her office they prescribed to th' other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects
 In Sextile Square and Trine and Opposite,²
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
 In synod unbenign and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to show r
 Which of them rising with the sun or falling
 Should prove tempestuous To the winds they set
 Their corners when with bluster to confound
 Sea air, and shore the thunder when to roll
 With terror through the dark aerie hall
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's rule, they with labour push'd
 Oblique the centric globe some say the sun
 Was bid turn rems from th' equinoctial road
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sev'n
 Atlantic sisters³ and the Spartan twins⁴
 Up to the Tropic Circle thence down a main
 By Leo and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime else had the spring
 Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flow'r's
 Equal in days and nights, except to those

¹ Some editions printed blue moon
² e white

² Terms made use of by the astrologers and signifying the positions or aspects of the five (then known) planets. *Sextile* means a planet situated at a distance of two signs (the sixth of twelve) from another planet. *Square* separated by four signs. *Trine* separated by three signs. *Opposite* was considered a position of noxious efficacy. The period in which Milton lived explains the fact of his countenancing these superstitions as they were universally believed. After the great fire of London the House of Commons called the astrologer Lilly before them to examine him as to his foreknowledge of that calamity and gravely received

his explanation of how he obtained his foresight from the art he practised. He had foretold the fire in a hieroglyphic resembling those formerly published in Old Moore's Almanack which might be interpreted in any manner the reader pleased. Did you foresee the year? asked one of the Committee. I did not replied Lilly nor was desirous of that I made no scrutiny. The astrologer then told them very wisely that the fire was not of man but of God. It was believed to have been caused by incendiaries.

³ The Pleiades daughters of Atlas. This constellation is in the neck of Taurus.

⁴ Castor and Pollux the Gemini.

Beyond the polar circles, to them day
 Had unbenighted shone while the low sun
 To recompence his distance in their sight
 Had rounded still th' horizon and not known
 Or east or west which had forbid the snow
 From cold Iostotiland¹ and south as far
 Beneath Magellin² At that tisht fruit
 The sun is from Thyestean banquet³ turn'd
 His course intended else how had the world
 Inhabited though sinless more than now
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heavens though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land sideral blast
 Vipour and mist and exhibition hot
 Corrupt and pestilent Now from the north
 Of Norumbeg⁴ and the Samoed shore
 Bursting then between dungeon arm'd with ice,
 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw
 Boeis and Cicas and Argestes loud,
 And Thiascias rend the woods and seas upturn,
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds
 From Seirahiona⁵ thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ionent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr⁶ with their lateral noise
 Sirocco and Libeccio Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin among th' irrational
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy
 Beast now with beast gan war and fowl with fowl,

¹ A tract of land north of America near the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay — HUME

² Extreme south of South America

³ Atreus to revenge an injury invited his brother Thyestes to a banquet and creved up for his food the flesh of his murdered children. This horrid revenge was visited on the family of Atreus for generations

⁴ A province of the northern Armenia Samoidea in the north east of Muscovy upon the Frozen Sea — HUME

⁵ Names of the winds Boreas the north (aëtas) north west Argestes north east Thrascias from Thracia Notus the south wind Afer from Africa — From RICHARDSON

⁶ The Ion Mountains south west of Africa famous for storms

⁷ Levant and Ponent are Italian names for the east and west winds called by the Greeks Eurus and Zephyri Sirocco and Libeccio are the south east and south west winds

And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving
 Devour'd each other, nor stood much in awe
 Of man but fled him, or with count nance grim
 Glued on him passing These were from without
 The growing miseries which Adam saw
 Already in part though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled set of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with ^{sa}l complaint

O miserable of happy ' is this the end
 Of this new glorious world and me so late
 The glory of that glory who now become
 Accus'd of blessed? Hide me from the face
 Of God whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness yet well if here would end
 The misery, I deserved it and would be n
 My own deserving but this will not serve,
 All that I eat or drink or shall beget
 Is propagated curse O voice once heard
 Delightfully Encrase and multiply
 Now death to hear! for what can I encrase
 Or multiply but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me will curse
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure
 For this we may thank Adam but his thanks
 Shall be the execration so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound
 On me as on their natural centre light
 Heavy though in their place O fleeting joys
 Of paradise dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee Maker, from my clay,
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I received, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not To the loss of that
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems, yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest then should have been refused
 These terms whatever when they were proposed
 Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy the good
 Then cavil the conditions?¹ and though GOD
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and reproved retoit
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election
 But natural necessity begot
 GOD made thee of choice his own and of his own
 To serve him thy reward was of his grace
 Thy punishment then justly is it his will
 Be it so for I submit his doom is fun
 That dust I am and shall to dust return
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what His decree
 I fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?²
 Why am I mould'd with death and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lie me down
 As in my mother's b'ap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure, His dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life the spirit of man
 Which God inspired cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod, then in the grave
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought

Horrid if true ! yet why ? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life
 And sin ? the body properly hath neither
 All of me then shall die, let this appease
 The doubt since human reach no further knows
 For though the Lord of ill be infinite,
 Is His wrath also ? be it man is not so,
 But mortal doom d How can He exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end ?
 Can He make deathless death ? that were to make
 Strange contradiction which to God Himself
 Impossible is hold as argument
 Of weakness not of power Will He draw out,
 For angel's sake finite to infinite
 In punishment to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfied never ? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of their matter act
 Not to th extent of their own sphere But say,
 That death be not one stroke as I supposed
 Breathing sense but endless misery
 From this day onward which I feel begun
 Both in me and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity —ay me ! that fear
 Comes thund ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head both death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands cursed, fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons ! O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse ! Ah ! why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless ? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me ? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God ? Him, after all disputes,

Forced I absolve all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings though through mazes lead me still
 But to my own conviction first and last
 On me, me only as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due
 So might the writh! Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear
 Than all the world much heavier though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desu st
 And what thou fei st alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future
 To Satan only like both crime and doom
 O Conscience into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv n me out of which
 I find no way from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
 Through the still night, not now as ere man fel
 Wholesome and cool and mild but with black air
 Accompanied with d umps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror On the ground
 Outstretch d hel ly on the cold ground and oft
 Cursed his creation death is oft accused
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence Why comes not death
 Said he with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall triu th fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call, justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow rs,
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer, and resound far other song
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay d
 But her with stern regard he thus repell d
 Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false

And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his and colour serpentine may show
 Thy inward fraud to wain all creatures from thee
 Henceforth lest that too heavily form, pretended
 To hellish falsehood snare them But for thee
 I had persisted happy had not thy pride
 And winding vanity when least was safe
 Rejected my forewarning and disdained
 Not to be trusted longing to be seen
 Though by the devil himself him overweening
 To over reach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fooled and beguiled by him thou I by thee
 To trust thee from my side imagined wise
 Constant mixture proof against all assaults,
 And understood not ill was but a show
 Rather than solid virtue all but a rib
 Cooled by nature bent as now appears,
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out is supernumerary
 To my just number found Oh! why did God
 Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine created at last
 This novelty on earth this fair defect
 Of nature and not fill the world it once
 With men as angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snare
 And straight conjunction with this sex for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or if she love withhold
 By parents, or his happiest chioce too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame,
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound

He acted not, and from her turn'd but Fve
 Not so repulsd with tears that ceased not flowing,
 And tresses all disorder'd at his feet
 Fell humble and embracing then besought
 His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint
 Forsake me not thus, Adam witness heav'n
 What love sincere and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee and unwearied have offend'd
 I unhappy deceived thy suppliant
 I beg and clasp thy hands believe me not
 Whereon I live thy gentle looks thy aid,
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me where subsist?
 While yet we live scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us
 That cruel serpent On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n
 On me already lost me than thyself
 More miserable both have sinn'd but thou
 Against God only I against God and thee,
 And to the place of judgment will return
 There with my woes importune heaven thit all
 The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
 On me sole cause to thee of all this woe,
 Me me only just object of his ire

She ended weeping and her lowly plight
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration soon his heart relented
 Towards her his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking
 His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid,
 As one disarm'd his anger all he lost
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon
 Unwary and too desirous as before
 So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st

The punishment all on thyself, alas
 Bear thine own first ill able to sustain
 His full wrath whose thou feel st as yet least part,
 And my displeas ure be u st so ill If prayers
 Could alter high decrees I to that place
 Would speed before thee and be louder heard,
 That on my he id ill might be visited,
 Thy frul ty and infirmi sex forgiv'n,
 To me committed and by me exposed
 But nse let us no more contend nor blame
 Each other blimed enough elsewhere but strive
 In offices of love how we may lighten
 Each other s burden in our share of woe
 Since this day s death denounced, if aught I see,
 Will prove no sudden but a slow paced evil,
 A long day s dying to augment our pain
 And to our seed O hapless seed! derived

To whom thus Eve recovering heart replied
 Adam by sud expeiment I l now
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so erroneous thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate nevertheless
 Restored by thee vlc is I am to place
 Of new acceptance hopeful to reg un
 Thy love the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying from thet I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
 Tending to some relif of our extremes,
 Or end though sharp and sud yet tolerable,
 As in our evils and of easier choice
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
 By Death at last and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten and of our louns to bring
 Into this cursed world a woful race,
 That after wretched life must be at last
 Food for so foul a monster in thy power
 It hes, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot

Childless thou art, childless remain so Death
 Shall be deceived his glut and with us two
 Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 Conversing looking loving to abstain
 From loves due rites nuptial embraces sweet
 And with desire to languish without hope
 Before the present object languish
 With like desire which would be misery,
 And torment less than none of what we dread
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both let us make short
 Let us seek Death or he not found supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears
 That show no end but death and have the power
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing
 Destruction with destruction to destroy *

She ended here or vehement despair
 Broke off the rest so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd as dyed her cheeks with pale
 But Adum with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Labouring had raised and thus to Eve replied

Eve thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contains,
 But self destruction therefore sought refutes
 That excellency thought in thee and implies,
 Not thy contempt but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved
 Or if thou covet death as utmost end
 Of misery so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounced doubt not but God
 Hath wiser aim'd his vengeful ire than so
 To be forestall'd much more I fear lest death
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head piteous amends unless
Be meant whom I conjecture our grand foe
Sat in, who in the serpent hath contrived
Against us this deceit To crush his head
Would be revenge indeed which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest, so our foe
Shall scipe his punishment ordain'd and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful buriennesse
That cuts us off from hope and savours only
Rancour and pride impatience and despite
Reluctance against God and His just yoke
Laid on our necks Remember with what mild
And gracious temper He both heard and judged
Without wrath or reviling we expected
Immediate dissolution which we thought
Was meant by death that day when lo' to thee
Pains only in child bearing were foretold
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb on me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground with labour I must earn
My bread, what harm' idleness had been worse,
My labour will sustain me and lest cold
Or heat should injure us His timely care
Hath unsought provided and His hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while He judged
How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear
Be open and His heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain ice, hail, and snow,
Which now the sky with various face begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees, which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish

Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd bems
 Reflected may with matter sear foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite¹ to fire as like the clouds
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock
 Like² the slant lightning whose thwirt flame driv'n down
 Kindles the gummy bals of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far
 Which might supply the sun Such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instant us praying and of grace
 Beseeching Him so is we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life sustain'd
 By Him with many comforts till we end
 In dust our final rest and nativ' home
 What better can we do than to the place
 Repenting where He judged us prostrate fall
 Before Him reverent and there confess
 Humbly our faults and pardon begg'd with tears
 Watering the ground and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek³
 Undoubtedly He will relent and turn
 From His displeasure in whose look serene
 When angry most He seem'd and most severe
 What else but favour grace and mercy shone?

So spake our 'ither penitent nor Eve
 Felt less remorse they forthwith to the place
 Repenting where He judged them prostrate fall
 Before Him reverent and both confess'd
 Humbly their faults and pardon begg'd with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting,³ sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd and humiliation meek

¹ Worn by rubbing or friction² To kindle³ Beating the air

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting and intercedes for them. God accepts them but declares that they must no longer abide in paradise, sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs he discerns Michael's approach goes out to meet him the angel denounces their approaching departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads but submits the angel leads him up to a high hill sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying for from the mercy seat above
 Preventing grace descending had removed
 The stony from their hearts and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead that sighs now breathed
 Unutterable¹ which the spirit of prayer
 Inspired and wing'd for heaven with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory yet then port
 Not of mean suitors nor important less
 Seem'd their petition than when the ancient pair
 In tables old, less ancient yet than these
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
 Of Themis stood devout² To heaven their prayers
 Flew up nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors, then clad
 With incense,³ where the golden altar fumed,
 By their great Intercessor came in sight
 Before the Father's throne them the glad Son
 Presenting thus to intercede began
 See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs

¹ Romans viii. 26

² Themis the goddess of justice. The fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha evidently

founded on a heathen tradition of Noah's

flood is told by Ovid *Met.* I. fab. 8

³ Psalm cxli. 2

And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd
 With incense I thy priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sown with contention in his heart than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of paradise could have produced ere fallen
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To uppliation hear his sighs though mute,
 Unskilful with what words to pray let me
 Interpret for him ne his advocate¹
 And propitiation all his works on me
 Good or not good ingurst my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay
 Accept me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd it left his days
 Number'd though sad, till death his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead not to reverse)
 To better life shall yield him where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one²
 To whom the Father without cloud, serene,
 All thy request for man accepted Son
 Obtain all thy request was my decree
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell
 The law I gave to nature him forbids
 Those pure immortal elements that know
 No gross no unharmonious mixture foul
 Eject him taunt'd now and purge him off
 As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Dis temper'd all things and of incorrupt
 Corrupted I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd with happiness
 And immortality that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe
 Till I provided death, so death becomes

His final remedy, and after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works to second life,
 Walked in the renovation of the just
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd
 But let us call to synod all the best
 Through heav'n's wide bounds, from them I will not hide
 My judgment, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd

He ended and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd he blew
 His trumpet heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom The angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions from their blissful bow'rs
 Of Amar in thine shade fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life where e'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy the sons of light
 Hasted resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats till from His throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced His sovereign will

O Sons like one of us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended¹ fruit but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself and evil not at all
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him, longer than they move
 His heart I know how variable and vain
 Self left Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,

¹ Forbidden

Tale to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors lest the fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession some new trouble ruse
 Haste thee and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drove out the sinful pair
 From hallow'd ground the unholy and denounced
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment Yet lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears
 Bewailing their excess ill terror hid
 If patiently thy bidding they obey
 Dismiss them not disconsolite reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten intermix
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd,
 So send them forth though sorrowing yet in peace
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch and of a sword the flame
 Wide waving all approach turn off to flight
 And guard all passage to the tree of Life
 Lest perchance a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul and ill my trees their prey
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to decide
 He caused and the archangelic pow'r prepared
 For swift descent with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each
 Had like a double Janus,¹ all then shape
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
 Of Argus² and more wakeful than to drowse
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe the pastoral need
 Of Hermes or his opiate rod Meanwhile,
 To resalute the world with sacred light
 Leucothea³ wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd

¹ Eze x 12 14

² Argus the spy of Juno who had a hundred eyes was lulled to sleep and killed by Mercury (or Hermes) by the command of Jupiter The Caduceus of Mercury is called an opiate rod be

cause with it he could charm sleep on any eyelids he pleased

³ The white goddess or Dawn The same with Matuta or early morning in Latin She preceded Aurora - Newton

The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair joy, but with fear yet link'd,
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd

Eve easily may futh admit that all
 The good which we enjoy from heavn descends,
 But that from us nught should ascend to heavn
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high bles'd or to incline His will,
 Hard to belief may seem yet this will prayer
 Or one short sigh of hum in breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By pray'r th' offended Duty to upcase,
 Kneeld and before Him humbled all my heart,
 Methought I saw Him pliable and mild
 Bending His eyn perswasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour, peace return'd
 Home to my breast and to my memory
 His promise that thy seed shall bruise our foe,
 Which then not minded in dismay yet now
 Assmes me that the bitterness of death
 Is past and we shall live. Whence hail to thee
 Eve¹ rightly call'd mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living since by thee
 Man is to live and all things live for man

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek
 Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor who for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare to me reproach
 Rather belongs distrust and all dispraise
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge
 That I who first brought death on all, am graced
 The source of life next favourable thou
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
 Far other name deserving. But the field
 To labour calls us now with sweat imposed,
 Though after sleepless night, for see, the morn,

¹ Eve signifies life

All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling, let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where our day's work lies though now enjoin'd
 Laborious till day droop while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live thou in full n state content

So spake so wish'd much humbled Eve but fate
 Subsided not, nature first gave signs impress'd
 On bird beest air, air suddenly eclipsed
 After short blush of morn nigh in her sight
 The bird of Jove stoop'd from his very tow'r,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove
 Down from a hill the beest that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then pursued a gentle brace
 Goodliest of all the forest hart and hind,
 Direct to the eastern gate w is bent their flight
 Adam observed and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing not unmoved to Eve thus spake

O Eve some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows
 Forerunneris of his purpose or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty because from death released
 Some days, how long and what till then our life,
 Who knows or more than this that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more?
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground,
 One way the self same hour? Why in the 'st
 Darkness e'er day's mid course and morning light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not for by this the heav'nly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met

Jacob in Mahanaim,¹ where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright,
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,²
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
 One man assassin like had levy'd war,
 War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
 Possession of the garden he alone,
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,
 Not unperceived of Adam, who to Eve
 While the great visitant approach'd thus spake

Eve now expect great tidings which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine or impose
 New laws to be observed, for I descry
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
 One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
 None of the meanest some great potentate,
 Or of the thrones above such majesty
 Invests him coming, yet not terrible,
 That I should fear nor sociably mild
 As Raphael, that I hould much confide,
 But solemn and sublime whom not to offend
 With reverence I must meet and thou retire

He ended, and the archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœum³ or the grain
 Of Saria worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce, Iris⁴ had dipp'd the woof,
 His stairy helm unbuckled show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended, by his side
 As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword

¹ Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

² Alluding to the king of Syria's attempt to take the prophet Eliseus captive, and to the vision the prophet vouchsafed to obtain for his servant of the angel guards which defended him
 2 Kings vi. 1.

³ Melibœa a city of Thessaly was famous for dyeing the noblest purple
 Barra the dye of Tyre—HUME said
 was the name of the fish from which
 the Tyrian purple dye was extracted

⁴ The rainbow hues are meant

Satin's dire dread, and in his hand the spear
 Adam bow'd low he kingly from his state
 Inclined not but his coming thus declared

Adam heav'n's high b'hest no preface needs
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard and death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress
 Deleated of his seat in many days
 Given thee of grace wherein thou may'st repent,
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover well may then thy Lord appear'd
 Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim,
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not to remove thee I am come
 And send thee from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence thou w'st taken fitter soil

He added not for Adam at the news
 Heart struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound, Eve who unseen
 Yet all had heard with audible lament
 Discover'd soon the place of her retreat

O unexpected stroke worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, paradise? then leave
 Thee native soil these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even which I brod up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall run ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild
 Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign

What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
 Thus over fond on that which is not thine
 Thy going is not lonely with thee goes
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound,
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering and his scattered spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
 Of them the highest for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us, what besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection and despair,
 Our infamy can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes all places else
 inhospitable appear and desolate
 Nor knowing us nor known and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of Him who all things can I would not cease
 To weep him with my assiduous cries
 But prayer against His absolute decree
 No more ivuls than breath against the wind
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth
 Therefore to His great bidding I submit
 This most afflicts me that departing hence
 As from His tree I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed count'nance here I could frequent,
 With worship place by place, where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines His voice
 I heard here with Him at this fountain talk a
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised me I now
 Gladly behold though but His utmost skents
 Of glory and in off His steps adore

To whom thus Michael with regard benign
 Adam thou knowest how in His and all the earth,
 Not this rock only, His omnipresence fills
 Land sea and air and every kind that lives,¹
 Fomented by His virtual power and warm'd
 All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
 No desp'cible gift surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise or I don't this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat from whence had spread
 All generations and had hither come
 From ill the ends of the earth to celebrate
 And reverence thee their great progenitor
 But this pre eminence thou hast lost brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons
 Yet doubt not but in v'lley and in plun
 God is as here and will be found alike
 Present and of His presence many a sign
 Still following thee still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love His face
 Express and of His steps the trial divine
 Which that thou mayst believe and be confirm'd
 Ere thou from hence depart I now I am sent
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring, good with bad
 Expect to hear supern'l grace contending
 With sinfulness of men, thereby to learn
 True patience and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equallly inured
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure

Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend
 This hill, let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,
 Here sleep below, while thou to foreight wak st,
 As once thou slept st while she to life was form'd

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied
 Ascend I follow thee, safe guide the path
 Thou lead st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,
 However chast ning to the evil turn
 My obvious breast aiming to overcome
 By suffering and earn rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain So both ascend
 In the visions of God It was a hill
 Of Paradise the highest from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
 Stretch'd out to theimpl'st reach of prospect lay
 Not higher that hill nor wider looking round,
 Wh'reon for different cause the tempter set
 Our second Adam¹ in the wilderness,
 To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory
 His eye might there command where'er stood
 City of old or modern func the seat
 Of mightiest empire, from the bastined walls
 Of Cambiliu, seat of Cathay in Chin
 And Samirchind by Oxus Lemir's throne,³
 To Piquin of Sina anlings⁴ and thence
 To Agra and Lashor of great Mogul
 Down to the golden Chersonese⁵ or where
 The Persian in Ecbatani sit or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
 In Mosco or the Sultan in Bizeance⁶
 Turchestan born, nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus⁷ to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings

¹ 1 Cor xv 45 Matt iv 8

² The principal city of Cathay

³ The chief city of Zagathan Tartary
 It was the royal residence of the great
 conqueror Tamerline or Lemir

⁴ Iaquin or Pekin in China the
 country of the ancient Sines —NEWTON

⁵ The golden Chersonese is Malacea

⁶ Byzantium or Constantinople The
 Turks came from Turkestan in Tartary

⁷ Upper Ethiopia or Abyssinia whose
 king is still styled the Negus Ercoco
 or Erquiole on the Red Sea

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind¹
And Sofala thought Ophir to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola ~~fa~~thest south,
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
The kingdoms of Alm²insor² Fez and Sus,
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen,
Or Europe thence and where Rome was to sway
The world in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico the seat of Motezum,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atahualpa³ and yet unspoil'd
Guiana whose great city Geiron's sons⁴
call El Dorado but to nobler sights
Michael from Adams eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
Had bred then purged with euphrasy⁵ and ruc
The visual nerve for he had much to see
And from the well of life thrice drops instill'd
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inner seat of mental sight
That Adam now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down and all his spirits became intranced
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd and his attention thus recall'd
Adam now ope thine eyes, and first behold
The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee who never touch'd
The excepted tree nor with the snail conspi'c'd
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds
His eyes he open'd and beheld a field,
Part weable and tilth whereon were sheaves
New reap'd, the other part sheep walks and folds

¹ All on the eastern coast of Africa

² Almrosor was King of Barbary where those states lie

³ Atahuallpa the last native Emperor or Inca subdued by Pizarro

⁴ The Spaniards so called from Geryon an ancient King of Spain El Dorado

revives the memory of the explorers and navigators of Fitzjeth's days. The whole inhabited world is summed up in this sweeping and glorious description of the vision of our Lord on the Mount.

5 The herb called in English eyebright
Both it and rue were thought to have
great medicinal power

I th' midst an altar as the land mark stood,
 Rustic of grassy sord,¹ thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First fruits the green ear and the yellow sheaf
 Uncull'd as came to hand, a shepherd next
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock
 Choicest and best then sacrificing laid
 The mounds and then fit with incense strew'd
 On the cleft wood and ill due rites perform'd
 His off'rings soon propitious fire from heaven
 Consumed with nimble glance and grateful stem
 The others not for his was not sincere
 Whereat he only raged and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life, he fell and deadly pale
 Givn'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd
 Much at that sight w^s Adm^r in his heart
 Dismay'd and thus in haste to the engl^r crea
 O teacher some great mischief hath befalln
 To that meek man who well had sacrific'd
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
 To whom Michael thus he also mov'd² replied
 These two are brethren Adm^r and to come
 Out of thy loins, the unjust the just hath slain
 For envy that his brother's offring found
 From heaven acceptance but the bloody fact
 Will be avenged and the other's faith approved
 Lose no reward though here thou see him die
 Rolling in dust and gore To which our sire
 Alas both for the deed and for the cause!
 But have I now seen death? is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terror foul and ugly to behold
 Horrid to thinl^r how horrible to feel!
 To whom thus Michael Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man, but many snipes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

¹ Sward See green sward for green sward in early editions of Shakespeare

² Gen iv 2

To his grim cave all dismal, yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance than within
 Some as thou saw'st by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire flood famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drunks which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases dire of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear that thou may'st know
 What misery the inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appear'd, said noisome dark,
 A blear house it seem'd wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm or racking torture qualms
 Of heat sick agony all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions epilepsies, fierce cata里hs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs
 Demonic frenzy moping melancholy,
 And moon struck madness pining atrophy,
 Marasmus and wide wasting pestilence
 Diopsies and asthma and joint-racking rheums
 Dire was the tossing deep the groans despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shoul but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows as their chief good and final hope
 Sight so deform what heat of rock could long
 Dry ey'd behold? Adam could not but wept,
 Though not of woman born, compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And since recovering words his plaint renew'd
 O miserable mankind to what fall
 Degrad'd to what wretched state reserved!
 Better end here unborn Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obltruded on us thus? who if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace Can thus
 The image of God in man, created once

So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image answer'd Michael, then
 Forsook them when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungovern'd appetite and took
 His image whom they served in brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve
 Therefore so abject is their punishment
 Disfiguring not God's likeness but their own
 Or if His likeness by themselves defied,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rule
 To loathsome sickness worthily since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves

I yield it just said Adam and submit
 But is there yet no other way besides
 These painful passages how we may come
 To death and mix with our connatural dust?

There is said Michael if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much by temperance taught
 In what thou eat st and drink st seeking from thence
 Due nourishment not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return
 So may st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lip, or be with ease
 Gather'd not harshly pluck'd for death mature
 This is old age, but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray thy senses then
 Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego
 To what thou hast and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The balm of life To whom our ancestor

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael replied

Nor love thy life nor hate, but what thou hast
Live well how long, or short permit to Heaven
And now prepare thee for another sight
He looked and saw a spacious plain, wherein
Were tents of various hue, by some were herds
Of cattle grazing, others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard of harp and organ and who moved
Then stops and chords were seen his voluntary touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
I led and pursued transverse the orient fugue,
In other part stood one who at the forge
Labouring two mossy clods of iron and brass
Had melted whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth thence gilding hot
To some caves mouth or whether wash'd by stream
From underground, the liquid ore he drunck
Into fit moulds prepared from which he form'd
First his own tools then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or gunn in metal. After these,
But on the hither side a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills which was their seat
Down to the plain descended by their guise
Just men they seem'd and all their study bent
To worship God upright and know His works
Not hid, nor those things lost, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men they on the plain
Long had not walk'd when from the tents beheld
A bevy of fair women richly gay
In gems and wanton dress, to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on

¹ Jubal. See Gen. iv. 20
² Jubal. See Gen. iv. 21

³ Tubal Cain. Gen. iv. 22
⁴ The descendants of Seth

The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 Fast caught they liked, and each his liking chose
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd, then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch and bid invoke
 Hymen then first to marriage rites invoked,
 With feast and music all the tents resound
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost songs girlids flow'rs,
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of Adam soon inclined to admit delight
 The bent of nature which he thus express'd

True opener of mine eyes prime angel bless'd,
 Much better seems this vision and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past
 Those were of hate and death or pain much worse
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends

To whom thus Michael Judge not what is best
 By pleasure though to nature seeming meet
 Created is thou art to nobler ends
 Holy and pure conformity divine
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life inventors rare,
 Unmindful of their Maker though his Spirit
 Taught them but they his gifts acknowledged none
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget
 For that fair female troupe thou saw'st that seem'd
 Of Goddesses so blithe so smooth so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
 Bred only and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetite to sing to dance,
 To dress and troll the tongue, and roll the eye
 To these that sober race of men whose lives
 Religious titled them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles

Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy
(Ere long to swim at large) and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep

To whom thus Adam of short joy berest,
O pity and shame that they who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin

From man's effeminate slackness it begins
Said the angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts received
But now prepare thee for another scene

He looked and saw wide territory spread
Before him towns and ruined walls between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers
Concourse in arms fierce foes thine tiring war
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise
Put wield their arms put curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ringed
Both horse and foot not idly mustering stood
One way a band select from forge drives
A herd of beavers fur oxen and fur kine
From a fat meadow ground or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain
Their booty scarce with life the shepherds fly
But call in aid which makes a bloody fray
With cruel tournament the squadrions join,
Where cattle pastured late now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,
Deserted Others to a city strong
Lay siege encamp'd by battering scale and mine
Assaulting, others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds
In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council in the city gates anon
Gray headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising¹ eminent
 In wise deport spake much of right and wrong
 Of justice, of religion truth and peace,
 And judgment from above him old and young
 Exploded and had seized with violent hands
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence
 Unseen amid the thong so violence
 Proceeded and oppression and sword law,
 Through all the plain and refuge none was found
 Adam was ill in tears and to his guide
 Lamenting turn'd full sad, O' what are these
 Death's ministers not men who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men and multiply
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
 His brother for of whom such miseric
 More they but of their brethren men of men?
 But who was that just man whom had not heaven
 Rescued had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael These are the product
 Of those ill match'd marriages thou saw'st,
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to join, and by impiety mix'd
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind
 Such were these giants men of high renown
 For in those days might only shrill be admitt'd,
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd
 To overcome in battle and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Manslaughter shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human glory and for glory done
 Of triumph to be styled great conquerors
 Patrons of man and Gods and sons of Gods
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men
 Thus fame shall be achieved renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid
 But he, the seventh from thee whom thou beheld'st
 The only righteous in a world perverse,

¹ Noch said to be of middle age only 36 years old a middle age then because he was translated when he was Gen v 20 — RICHARDSON

And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes for daring singe to be just,
 And utter odious truth that God would come
 To judge them with his saints, him the most High
 Wrapt in a bilmy cloud with winged steeds
 Did as thou saw'st receive to walk with God
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss
 Exempt from death to show thee what reward
 Awnts the good, the rest what punishment
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold

He look'd and saw the face of things quite changed,
 The braven throat of war had ceased to roar,
 All now was turn'd to joll ty and gime,
 To luxury and riot feast and dance,
 Marrying or prostituting as befell
 Rape or adultery where passing fur
 Allured them, thence from cups to civil broils
 At length a reverend sire¹ among them came,
 And of their doings great dishl² declured,
 And testified against their ways, he oft
 Frequented their assemblies whereso met
 Triumphs or festivals and to them preach'd
 Conversion and repentence, as to souls
 In prison under judgments imminent
 But all in vun which when he saw he ceised
 Contending and remov'd his tents far off
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Begun to build a vessel of huge bulk,
 Measured by cubit length and breadth and highth,
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
 For man and beast when lo a wonder strange!
 Of every beast and bird, and insect small,
 Came sevens, and pairs and enter'd in, as taught
 Their order last the sire and his three sons
 With their four wives, and God made fast the door
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings

¹ Noah See 1 Peter in 19

² Noah's removal to another land is

taken from Josephus *Antiq Jud* hb 1

c 8

Wide hovering all the clouds together drove
From under heav'n, the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood down rush'd the rain
Impetuous and continued till the earth
No more was seen, the floating vessel swum
Uplifted and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd sea monsters whelp'd
And stabled, of man and, so numerous late
All left in one small bottom swum embark'd
How didst thou grieve then Adam to behold
The end of all thy offspring end so sad,
Depopulation! thee another flood
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd
And sunk thee as thy sons, till gently rear'd
By the angel on thy feet thou stoodst at last
Though comfortless as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once,
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint
O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Lived ignorant of future so had borne
My part of evil only each day's lot
Enough to bear those now that were dispensed
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his children, evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped
Famine and anguish will at last consume

Wand'ring that wat'ry desert I had hope,
 When violence was ceased and war on earth
 All would have then gone well peace would have crown'd
 With length of happy days the use of man,
 But I was far deceived for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste
 How comes it thus? unfold celestial guide,
 And whether here the race of man will end

To whom thus Michael Those whom lat thou saw'st
 In triumph and luxurious wealth use they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits but of true virtue void,
 Who having spill'd much blood and done much waste
 Subduing nations and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world high titles and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure ease and sloth
 Surfet and lust till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace
 The conquer'd also and enslaved by war
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
 And fear of God from whom their party feign'd
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid
 Against invaders therefore cool'd in zeal
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure
 Worldly or dissolute on what their lords
 Shall leave then to enjoy for the earth shall bear
 More than enough that temperance may be tried
 So all shall turn degenerate all depraved,
 Justice and temperance truth and faith forgot,
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age against example good,
 Against allurement, custom and a world
 Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness how much more safe
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 On their impenitence, and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observed
 The one just man alive, by his command

Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 To save himself and household from amidst
 A world devote to universal wreck
 No sooner he with them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodged
 And shelter'd round, but all the earth tracts
 Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour
 Run day and night all fountains of the deep
 Broke up shall have the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
 Out of his place push'd by the horned flood
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf
 And there take root in island salt and bare,
 The haunt of seals and oars and sea mews clang,
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent or therein dwell
 And now what further shall ensue behold

He look'd and saw the ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated for the clouds were fled
 Driven by a keen north wind, that blowing dry
 Wrinkled the face of deluge as decav'd,
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass
 Gazed hot and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrunk
 From standing late to tripping ebb that staid
 With soft foot towards the deep who now had stop'd
 His sluices is the heaven his windows shut
 The ark no more now floats but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear,
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light,

The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive leaf he brings pacific sign
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends with all his train,
 Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
 Grateful to heaven, over his head beholds
 A dev' cloud and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Befitting price from God and covenant new
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
 Greatly rejoiced and thus his joy broke forth

O thou who future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor I receive
 At this first sight assured that man shall live
 With all the creatures and their seed preserve
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroy'd than I rejoice
 For one man found so perfect and so just
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him and all his anger to forget
 But say what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven
 Distended is the brow of God upper'd?
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud
 Lest it again dissolve and show r the earth?

To whom the unchanged Dextrously thou aim'st
 So willingly doth God remit His ire,
 Though late repenting Him of man depraved
 Grieved at His heart when lool'ing down He saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence and ill flesh
 Corrupting each then way, yet those removed
 Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,
 That He relents, not to blot out manl ind
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 With man therein or beast, but when he brings
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set

His triple colour'd bow whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant day and night,
Seed time and harvest heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed, then in the mention of Adam's misery directs to explain who that seed of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall, his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension, the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly distressed and recomforted by the corrections and promise descends the hill with Michael, who finds Eve who all this while had slept but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and soul mission. Michael in either hand leads them out of paradise, the next swol' wing bound them, and the Cherubim take their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon
 Though bent on speed so here the archangel paused
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
 If Adam might perhaps might interpose
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end
 And man is from a second stool proceed
 Much thou hast yet to see but I perceive
 Thy mortal sight to ful objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate
 Thou therefore give due audience and attend
 This second source of men while yet but few,
 And while the dial of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds fearing the Deity
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives and multiply apace,
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine and oil, and from the herd, or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock lamb or kid,
 With large wine offerings pour'd and sacred feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
 Long time in peace by families and tribes
 Under paternal rule, till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
 With fair equality, fraternal state,

Will arrogate dominion undeserved
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting and men not beasts shall be his game,
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled¹
 Before the Lord as in despite of heaven
 Or from heaven claiming second sovereignty,
 And from rebellion shall derive his name
 Though of rebellion others he accuse
 He with a crew whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from London towards the west³ shall find
 The plain wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground the mouth of hell
 Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build
 A city and tower whose top may reach to heaven,
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city ere the tower
 Obstruct Heaven towers and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to raise
 Quite out their native language and instead
 To sow a jingling noise of words unknown
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the builders each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm great laughter was in heaven,
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din, thus was the building left

¹ Nimrod who is supposed to have been the first who assumed kingly power See Gen x 9

² The name Nimrod is derived from a Hebrew word that signifies to rebel

³ And it came to pass as they journeyed from the east that they found a plain in the land of Shinar And they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar Gen xi 2, &c.

Ridiculous, and the work Confusion¹ named
 Whereto thus Adam faterly displeased
 O execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren to himself assuming
 Authority usurp'd from God not given
 He giv us only over beast fish fowl
 Dom'ion absolute that night we hold
 By His donation such title to Himself
 Leaving human left from human tree
 But this usurper his encroachment proud
 Stars not on man to God his tower intends
 Siege and defiance Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain
 Himself and his rash army where thine are
 Above the clouds will pine his cutious gross
 And famish him of birth if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael Justly thou abhorrest
 That son who on the quiet state of men
 Such trouble brought intenting to subdue
 Rational liberty, yet know withal,
 Since thy original lipp'd true liberty
 Is lost which always with night rea on dwells
 Twinn'd and from her hath no dividual being
 Reason in man obscured or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinite dones
 And upstart passions catch the government
 From reason and to servitude reduce
 Man till then free Therefore since he permits
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God in judgment just
 Subjects him from without to violent lords
 Who ou as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom Tyranny must be,
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice and some fatal curse annex'd,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,

¹ Babel signifies *confusion* in Hebrew

Their inward lost witness the irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
 Done to his father heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants on his vicious race¹
 Thus will this latter as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities withdraw
 His presence from among them and avert
 His holy eyes resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways,
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest of whom to be involved
 A nation from one faithful man² to spring
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing
 Bred up in idol worship 'O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the flood,
 As to forsake the living God and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone
 For Gods, yet him God the most high vouchsafes
 To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred and false Gods into a land
 Which he will show him and from him will raise
 A mighty nation and upon him show'r
 His benediction so that in his seed
 All nations shall be blessed he straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what land yet firm believes
 I see him but thou canst not with what faith
 He leaves his Gods his friends and native soil,
 Uri of Chaldaea passing now the ford
 To Harran after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks and numerous servitude
 Not wandering poor but trusting all his wealth
 With God who call'd him in a land unknown
 Canaan he now attains I see his tents
 Pitch'd about Sechem and the neighbouring plain
 Of Moreh, there by promise he receives

¹ Gen ix. 22-25² Abraham³ Terah Abraham's father was an idol
ater See Josh xxiv 2 Jewish traditionrepresents the father and grandfather of
Abraham to have been carvers of idols
Terah was born in Noah's lifetime

Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert south
 Things by their names I call though yet unnamed
 From Hermon east to the great western sea
 Mount Hermon yonder sea each place beheld
 In prospect as I point them on the shore
 Mount Carmel here the double founted stream
 Jordan true limit eastward but his song
 Shall dwell to Senir that long ridge of hills
 This ponder that ill nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed by that seed
 Is meant thy great Deliverer who shall bruise
 The serpent's head whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be revealed This patriarch blessed,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call
 A son and of his son a grandchild leaves,
 Like him in faith in wisdom and renown
 The grandchild with twelve sons increased departs
 From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd
 Egypt divided by the river Nile
 See where it flows disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea To sojourn in that land
 He comes invited by a younger son
 In time of dearth a son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm
 Of Pharaoh there he dies and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent king who seeks
 To stop their overgrowth as infinite guests
 Too numerous whence of guests he makes them slaves
 inhospitably, and kills their infant males
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
 His people from enthralment they return
 With glory and spoil back to their promised land
 But first the lawless tyrant who denies
 To know their God or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire,
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land,

His cattle must of rot and murrain die,
 Blotches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
 And all his people, thunder mix'd with hail,
 Hail mix'd with fire must rend the Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls,
 What it devours not herb or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness and blot out three days
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first born
 Of Egypt must he dead Thus with ten wounds
 This river dragon¹ tamed it length submits
 To let his sojourners depart and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd the sea
 Swallows him with his host but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
 Though present in His angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire
 To guide them in their journey and remove
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning watch,
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot wheels when by command
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys,
 On their imbattle'd ranks the waves return
 And overwhelm their war The race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd

¹ An allusion to the crocodile the Egyptian animal Ezekiel also styles Pharaoh the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers

War terrify them in expert, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms where rashness leads not on
 This al ' shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness there they shall found
 Their government and thir great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes to rule by laws ordain'd
 God from the mount of Sinai whose gray top
 Shall tremble He descending will Himself
 In thunder lightning and loud trumpets sound
 Ordain them laws part such as pertain
 To civil justice part religious rites
 Of sacrifice informing them by types
 And shadows of that destined seed to bruise
 The serpent by what means He shall achieve
 Man and s deliverance But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful they beseech
 That Moses might report to them His will
 And terror cease He grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator whose high office now
 Moses in figure bears to introduce
 One greater of whose day he shall foretel
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing Thus laws and rites
 Establish'd such delight hath God in men
 Obedient to His will that He vouchsafes
 Among them to set up His tabernacle
 The Hol' y One with mortal men to dwell
 By His p except a sanctuary is framed
 Of cedar overlaid with gold therein
 An ark and in the ark His testimony
 The records of His cov nant, over these
 A mercy seat of gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim before Him burn
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
 The heavenly fires, over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,

Save when they journey, and at length they come
 Conducted by His angel to the land
 Promised to Abraham and his seed The rest
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought
 How many kings destroy'd and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid heaven stand still
 A day entire and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding —Sun in Gibeon stand,
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome,—so call the third
 From Abraham son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent who thus shall Canaan win
 Here Adam interposed O sent from heav'n,
 Enlightener of my darkness gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening and my heart much eased
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind but now I see
 His day in whom ill nations shall be bless'd
 Favour unmerited by me who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means
 This yet I apprehend not why to those
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws we give
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them how can God with such reside?
 To whom thus Michael Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot
 And therefore was law given them to evince
 Their natural pravity by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight, that when they see
 Law can discover sin but not remove,
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor man in the moral part
 Perform and not performing cannot live
 So I w appears imperfect and bnt giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant disciplined
 From shadowy types to truth from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace from servile fear
 To filial works of law to works of faith
 And therefore shall not Moses though of GOD
 Highly beloved being but the minister
 Of law his people into Canaan led,
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call
 His name and office bearing who shall quell
 The adversary serpent and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
 Site to eternal paradise of rest
 Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan placed
 Long time shall dwell and prosper but when sins
 National interrupt their public peace
 Provoking GOD to raise them enemies,
 From whom as oft He saves them penitent,
 By judges first, then under kings, of whom
 The second both for piety renown'd
 And puissant deeds a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable that his regal throne
 For ever shall endure the like shall sing
 All prophesy that of the royal stock
 Of David so I name this king shall rise
 A son the woman's seed to thee foretold
 Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust
 All nations and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last for of his reign shall be no end
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next son for wealth and wisdom famed,
 The clouded ark of GOD, till then in tents
 Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults

Heap'd to the popular sum will so incense
 God as to leave them, and expose their land
 Their city His temple, and His Holy ark
 With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd
 There in captivity He lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years then brings them back
 Rememb'ring mercy and His cov'nt sworn
 To David establish'd is the days of heav'n
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God disposed the house of God
 They first re edify and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate till grown
 In wealth and multitude fictions they grow
 But first among the priests dissension springs,¹
 Men who attend the altar and should most
 Endeavour peace then strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself at last they seize
 The sceptre and regard not David's sons²
 Then lose it to a stranger that the true
 Anointed king Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his birth a stir
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern stages who inquire
 His place to offer incense myrrh and gold
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night,
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High, he shall ascend

¹ The murder of Jesus or Isha in the Temple by his brother Iohn the high priest is perhaps alluded to here Bagas the general of Aixerxes army had promised to procure Jesus the high priesthood. In confidence of the Persian support Jesus insulted his brother in the Temple and so provoked him that the latter slew him. Thus the Temple was polluted by fratricide committed by the high priest himself. The old commentators suppose however

that the passage alludes to the quarrels between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood which led to the profanation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes

² Aristobulus a Maccabee a Asmonean erected the theocratic republic of the Jews into a kingdom 451 years after the return from the Babylonian captivity

³ Herod an Idumean or Edomite

The throne hereditary and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds his glory with the heav'n's¹

He ceased discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged as had like grief been daw'd in tears
Without the vent of words which these he breathed

O prophet of glad tidings finisher
Of utmost hope¹ now clear I understand
What oft my sturdiest thoughts have search'd in vain
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman Virgin Mother hul
High in the love of heav'n yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed and from thy womb the Son
Of God most high so God with man unites
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain say where and when
Their fight wh't strok' shall bruise the victor's heel

To whom thus Michael Die in not of then fight
As of a duell or the local wounds
Of head or heel not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead with more strength to foil
Thy enemy, nor so is overcome
Satan whose fall from heav'n a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound
Which He, who comes thy Saviour shall recure
Not by destroying Satan but his worl's
In thee and in thy seed nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want
Obedience to the law of God imposed
On penalty of death and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow
So only can high justice rest appaid
The law of God exact He shall fulfil,
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law, thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In His redemption, and that His obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith His merits
 To save them not their own (though legal) works
 For this He shall live hated be blasphemed,
 Seized on by force, judged and to death condemned
 A shameful and accursed nail'd to the cross
 By His own nation slain for bringing life
 But to the cross He nails thy enemies
 The law that is against thee and the sins
 Of all mankind with Him there crucified
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this His satisfaction so He dies
 But soon revives death over Him no power
 Shall long usurp, ere the third dawning light
 Return the stars of morn shall see Him rise
 Out of His grave fresh is the dawning light
 Thy ransom paid which man from death redeems,
 His death for man is many as offered life
 Neglect not and the benefit embrace
 By faith not void of works This godlike act
 Annuls thy doom the death thou shouldst have died,
 In sin for ever lost from life this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan crush his strength,
 Detracting sin and death his two main arms
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
 Then temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom He redeems a death like sleep
 A gentle wafting to immortal life
 Nor after resurrection shall He stay
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear
 To His disciples men who in His life
 Still follow'd Him, to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd
 And His salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure and in mind prepared if so befall,
 For death like that which the redeemer died
 All nations they shall teach for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world
 So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd
 Then to the heaven of heavens He shall ascend
 With victory triumphing through the air
 Over His foes and thine there shall surprise
 The serpent prince of sin and drag in chains
 Through all his realm and there confounded leave,
 Then enter into glory and resume
 His seat at God's right hand exalted high
 Above all name in heaven, and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
 To judge the unfaithful dead but to reward
 His faithful and receive them into bliss
 Whether in heaven or earth for then the earth
 Shall all be paradise far happier place
 Than this of Eden and the happier days

So spake the Archangel Michael then paused,
 As it the world's great period and our sire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus replied

O goodness infinite goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce
 And evil turn to good more wonderful
 Then that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasion'd or rejoice
 Much more that much more good thereof shall spring
 To God more glory more good will to men
 From God and over wrath grace shall abound
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
 Must reascend what will betide the few
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deal
 Worse with His followers than with Him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said the angel, but from heav'n
 He to His own a Comforter will send
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall write
To guide them in all truth and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them not afraid,
Though to the death against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall insure
Their proudest persecutors for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his apostles whom he sends
To evangelize the nations then on all
Baptized shall them with wondrous gifts in due,
To speak all tongues and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die, but in their room as they forewarn
Wolves shall succeed for teachers grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and giv'n
To all believers, and from that pretence
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force
On every conscience, laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,

Their own faith not another's? for on earth
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth the rest for greater part
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied, truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slanderous darts and works of faith
 Rarely be found so shall the world go on
 To good malignant to bad men benign
 Under her own weight groaning till the day
 Appear of reprobation to the just
 And vengeance to the wicked it return
 Of Him so lately promised to thy aid
 The woman's seed obscurely then foretold
 Now unphier known thy Saviour and thy Lord
 Last in the clouds from heaven to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world then raise
 From the conflagrant mass purged and refined,
 New heavens, new earth ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
 To bring forth fruits joy and eternal blis

He ended, and thus Adam last replied
 How soon hath thy prediction, See! bless'd
 Measured this transient world the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity whose end no eve can reach
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain,
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in His presence ever to observe
 His providence and on Him sole depend,
 Merciful over all His works with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak

Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise
 By simply meek, that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory,
 And to the faithful death the gate of life,
 Taught this by His example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd

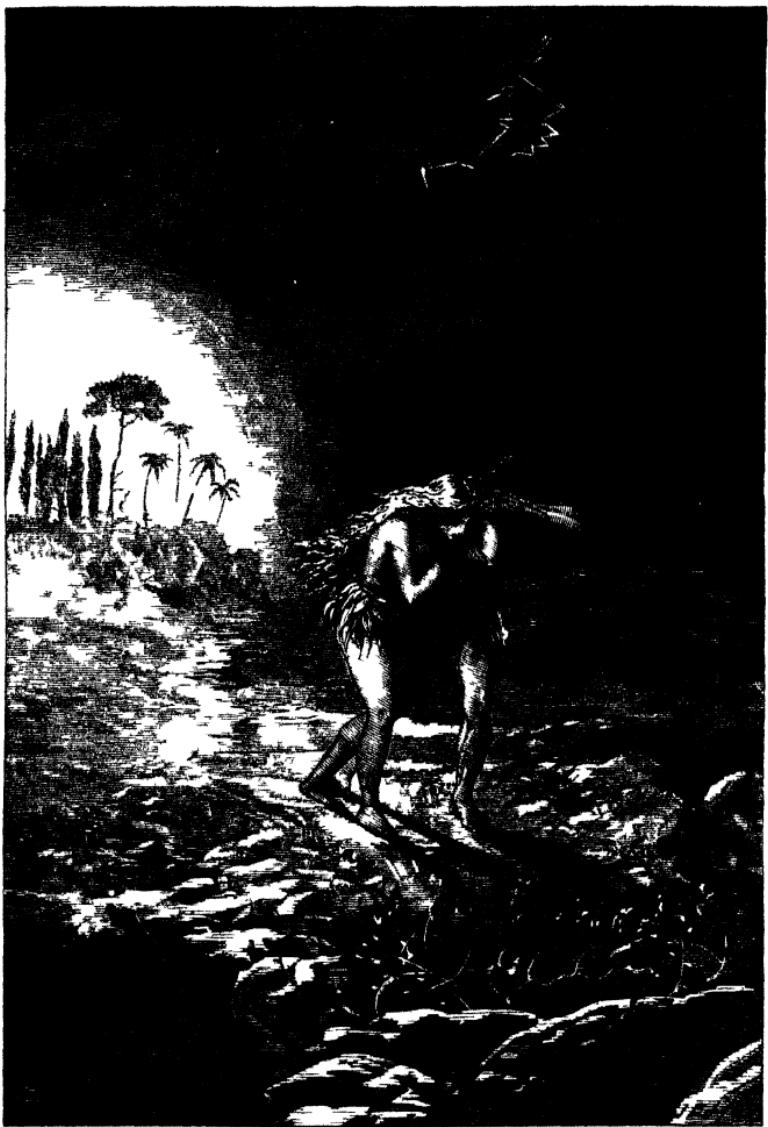
To whom thus also the angel last replied
 This having learn'd thou hast attain'd the sum
 Of wisdom hope no higher though all the stars
 Thou know'st by name and all the ethereal powers,
 All secrets of the deep all nature's works
 Or works of God in heaven air earth or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
 And all the rule, one empire, only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable add futh,
 Add virtue, patience temperance add love
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul
 Of all the rest then wilt thou not be loth
 To leave this paradise but shalt possess
 A paradise within thee happier far
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation, for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence, and see the guards,
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion at whose front a flaming sword
 In signal of remove waves fiercely round,
 We may no longer stay go waken Eve,
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
 Portending good and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come,
 For by the woman's seed, on all mankind
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end

He ended, and they both descend the hill
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve

Lay sleeping, ran before, but found her waked,
 And thus with words not sad she him received
 Whence thou return st and whither went'st, I know,
 For GOD is also in sleep and dreams advise
 Which He hath sent propitious some great good
 Presaging since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Weared I fell asleep but now led on
 In me is no dely with thee to go
 I to stay here without thee here to stay
 Is to go hence unwilling thou to me
 At all things under heavn, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence though dely me is lost
 Such favour I unworthy im vouchsited
 By me the Promised Seed shall ill restore
 So spake our mother Eve and Adam heard
 Well pleased but answer'd not for now too nigh
 Th Arch angel stood and from the other hill
 To their 'x d station all in bright array
 The Cherubim descended on the ground
 Gilding meteors as evning mist
 Ris n from a river oer the marsh¹ glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning High in front advanc'd
 The brandish'd sword of GOD before them blazed
 Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Liby in air idust
 Began to parch that temperate clime wherent
 In either hand the hastning angel caught
 Our ling ring parents and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct and down the cliff as fast
 To the sul' ted plain, then disappear'd
 They looking back all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat
 Waved over by that flaming bnd the gate
 With dreadful faces throng'd ana fiery arms

¹ An old word for marsh

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon,
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way



They hand in hand with wand ring steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way — p 366

Paradise Regained.

BOOK 1

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation and the tempter foild
In all his wiles defeated and repulsed
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness
Ihu Spirit who led st this glorious Eremit
Into the desert His victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe and brought'st Him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God inspire,
As thou art wont my prompted song else mute
And boun through hight or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd¹ to tell of deeds
Above heroic though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age
Worthy t have not remain d so long unsung

Now had the great Proclumer² with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet cried
Repentance and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd to his great baptism flock'd
With we the regions round and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd unknown, but Him the Baptist soon
Descried divinely warn'd and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd

¹ Full feathered a term used in falconry

² John the Baptist

To him his heavenly office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd on Him baptized
 Heaven open'd and in likeness of a dove
 The Spirit descended while the Father's voice
 From heaven pronounced Him His beloved Son
 That heard the adversary, who roving still
 About the world at that assembly fumed
 Would not be last and with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder struck the exalted Man to whom
 Such high intent was given a while survey'd
 With wonder then with envy fraught and rage
 Flew to his place nor rests but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers
 Within thick clouds and dark ten fold involved
 A gloomy consistory and them amidst
 With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake

O ancient Powers of air¹ and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention air
 This our old conquest thin remember Hell,
 Our hasted habitation well we know
 How many ages is the years of men,
 This universe we have possest and ruled
 In manner at on will th affurs of earth,
 Since Adam and his faire consort Eve
 Lost Paradise deceived by me though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
 Upon my head, long the decrees of heaven
 Delay for longest time to Him is short
 And now too soon for us the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compast wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
 At least if so we can and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infinged our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,
 Destined to this, is late of woman born,

¹ See Ephes. ii 2 vi 12

His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue grace and wisdom to achieve
 Thinks highest greatest multiplies my fear
 Before him a great prophet to proclaim
 His coming is sent harbinger who all
 Invite and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin and fit them so
 Purified to receive Him pure or rather
 To do Him honour as their king all come
 And He Himself among them was baptized,
 Not thence to be more pure but to receive
 The testimony of heaven that who He is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt I saw
 The prophet do him reverence on Him, rising
 Out of the water he stood above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors thence on His head
 A perfect dove descend whatever it meant
 And out of heaven the sovereign voice I hear,
 — This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased
 His mother then is mortal but His sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heaven,
 And what will He not do to advance His Son?
 His first begot we know and sore have felt
 When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep
 Who this is we must learn,¹ for man He seems
 In all His lineaments though in his face
 The glimpses of His Father's glory shine
 Ye see our danger in the utmost edge
 Of hazard which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed,
 Not force but well couch'd fraud well woven snare,
 Ere in the head of nations He appear
 Their king their leader and supreme on earth
 I when no other durst sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out

¹ Milton's idea that Satan did not know that the wondrous Man baptized was the Messiah originated probably by the opinions of Ignatius Beza &c

who believed that the devil did not recognize in mortal form the Son of God — *From NEWTON*

And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully, a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me, and the way found prosperous once
 Induces best to hope of like success

He ended and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings, but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief
 Unanimous they ill commit the care
 And management of this mun enterpriso
 To him their great dictator whose attempt
 At first iagainst mankind so well had thrived
 In Adams overthrow and led them march
 From hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents and potentates and kings yea gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps guided with snaky wiles,¹
 Whore he might hi chiest find this new declared
 This man of men attested Son of GOD,
 Temptation and all guile on Him to try,
 So to subvert whom he suspected i used
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd
 But contrary unwpecting he fulfill'd
 The purposed counsel pre ord un d and fixt
 Of the most High who in full frequenc bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling speake
 Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
 In Gihlee that she should bear a son
 Great in renown, and call d the Son of GOD,
 Thou told'st hei, doubting how these things could be

¹ Alluding to the habits of pretended
 sorcerers who wore a girdle of snakes
 skin. NEWTON Milton also alluded to
 the temptation of Eve

² The rabbis say that Gabriel was
 angel of mercy Michael of justice
 From NEWTON

To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest
 Cershalow her this man born and now up grown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine
 And high prediction henceforth I expose
 To Satan, let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy he might have learnt
 Less everweening since he fild in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 What or his cruel malice could invent
 He now shall know I can produce a man
 Of female seed far abler to resist
 All his solicitations and at length
 All his vast force and drive him back to hell
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surprised But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great wifing ere I sen him forth
 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes
 By humiliation and strong suffering
 His weakness shall overcome satanic strength
 And all the world and mass of sinful flesh,
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now and men hereafter may discern
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men

So spake th eternal Father, and all heav'n
 Admiring stood a space then into hymns
 Burst forth and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument
 Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles
 The Father knows the Son, therefore secure
 Ventures His filial virtue, though untried,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure or terrify, or undermine
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,
 And devilish machinations come to nought

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tuned
 Meanwhile the Son of GOD who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptized,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind and which way first
 Publish his godlike office now mature
 One day forth wall'd alone the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts the better to converse
 With solitude till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild¹
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursued

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm while I consider
 What from within I feel my self, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compared
 When I was yet a child no childish play
 To me was pleasing all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know and thence to do
 What might be public good, myself I thought
 Born to that end born to promote all truth
 All righteous things therefore above my years,
 The law of GOD I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measured twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own,
 And was admired by all, yet this not all

¹ The Wilderness of Judea or Ziph It extended from the Jordan along the western side of the Dead Sea

To which my spirit aspired victorious deeds
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke
 Then to subdue and quell over all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power
 Till truth were freed and equity restored
 Yet held it more humane more heavenly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts
 And make persuasion do the work of fear,
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
 Not wilfully misdoing but unaware
 Mislead the stubborn only to subdue
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth only rejoiced
 And said to me spirit High are thy thoughts
 O son but nourish them and let them sour
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them thou above example high
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire
 For I now thou art no son of mortal man
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage
 Thy father is the eternal King who rules
 All heaven and earth angels and sons of men
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin ¹ he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's throne
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night ²
 And told them the Messiah now was born
 Where they might see him and to thee they came
 Directed to the manger where thou layest
 For in the inn was left no better room
 A star, not seen before in heaven appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east ³
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh and gold
 By whose bright course led on they found the place

¹ Luke i 30-35² Luke ii 8 and following vs³ Matt ii

Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna warn'd
 By vision found thee in the temple and spake,
 Before the altar and the vested Priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood
 This having heard straight I again revolved
 The law and prophets searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly and soon found of whom they spake
 I am this chiefly that my way must be
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 For I the promised kingdom can attain,
 O! work redemption for mankind whose sins
 Full weight must be inflicted upon my head
 Yet neither thus disheartened or dismay'd,
 The time prefixt I waited when beheld
 'The Baptist of whose birth I oft had heard,
 Not knew by sight¹ now come who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare
 I, as all others to his baptism came
 Which I believed was from above but he
 Straight knew me and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me His (for it was shown him so from heav'n)
 Me His whose harbinger he was, and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater and was hardly won
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove,
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from heav'n pronounced me His,
 Me His beloved Son in whom alone
 He was well pleased, by which I knew the time
 Now full that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I derived from heav'n

¹ St John was brought up in a different part of the country from Jesus, and first saw his divine cousin at his baptism John i 31 32 I knew him not

And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness to what intent
 I learn not yet perhaps I need not know
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side he held
 A pathless desert dusl with horrid shades,
 The way he came not havin, mirl'd return
 Was difficult by human steps untrod,
 And he still on was led but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of thin's past and to come
 Lodged in his breast is well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society
 Full forty dais he pass'd whether on hill
 Sometimes anon in shady vle each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak
 Or cedar to defend him from the dew
 Or harbour'd in one cave is not reveal'd
 Nor tasted human food nor hunger'd
 Till those days ended hunger'd then it lust
 Among wild beasts they at his sight grew mild
 Nor sleeping him nor w'king harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof
 But now an aged man in rui'd weeds
 Following as seem'd the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve
 He saw approach who first with curious eye
 Perused him then with words thus utter'd spake
 Sir what ill chance hath brought thec to this place
 So far from path or road of men who pass
 In troop or caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd and dropt not here
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought
 I ask the rather and the more admire,
 For 'hat to me thou seem st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
 Of Jordn honour'd so, and call'd thee Son

Of God, I saw and heard, for we sometimes
 Who dwell this wild constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
 Where aught we hear and curious are to hear
 What happens new, fame also finds us out

To whom the Son of God Who brought me hither
 Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek

By miracle he may, replied the swain,
 What other way I see not for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs to thirst inured
 More than the camel and to drink go far,
 Men to much misery and hardship born
 But if thou be the Son of God command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
 With food whereof we wretched seldom taste

He ended and the Son of God replied
 Think st thou such force in bread? is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem st)
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God who fed
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drink,
 And forty days Elijah without food
 Wander'd this barren waste the same I now
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd the arch fiend now undisguised
 'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate
 Who leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
 Kept not my happy station but was driv'n
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined
 By rigour unconniving but that oft,
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
 Or range in the air nor from the heaven of heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes
 I came among the sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him and illustrate his high worth,
 And when to all his angels he proposed
 To draw the proud king Ahab into hand
 That he might fall in Rumoth they demurring
 I understood that office and the tongues
 Of all his fluttering prophets gibba with his
 To his destruction as I had in charge,
 For what He bids I do Though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God I have not lost
 To love at least contemplate and admire
 What I see excellent in good or fair
 Or virtuous I should so have lost all sense
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee whom I know
 Declined the Son of God to hear intent
 Thy wisdom and behold thy godlike deeds?
 Men generally think me much a fool
 To all mankind why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence by them
 I lost not what I lost rather by them
 I gained what I have gained and with them dwell,
 Copartn in these regions of the world
 If not disposed I lend them oft my aid
 Oft my advice by presages and signs
 And answers oracles portents and dreams
 Whereby they may direct their future life?
 Envy they say excites me thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe
 At first it may be but long since with woe
 Never acquainted now I feel by proof
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load

¹ 1 Kings xxii 19 and following vs

² The following passage of Cicero reflects so much light on these lines as would incline one to think that Milton had it in his mind. *Multa cernunt horoscopos multa augures pro silent multa oracula declarantur* *ann. 1 v. 1*

cinationibus multa omnis multa portantur quibus cognitis multa sepius res hominum sententia atque utilitate partes. ^{or} ^{ex} *Iambinus* reads *ex animi sententi atque utilitate partes* ¹ *multi etiam pericula lepulsa sunt* ²
De Nat. Deor. II 60 — *NEWTON*

Small consolation then woe man adjoin'd
 This wounds me most what can it less? that man,
 Min'full shall be restored I never more
 To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied
 Deserv'dly thou griev'st composed of lies
 From the beginning and in lies wilt end
 Who boast release from hell and leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens Thou com'st indeed
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place where he before hid sat
 Among the prime in splendour now deposed
 Injected emptied giv'n unpitied shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
 To all the host of heaven The happy place
 Imports to thee no happiness no joy
 Rather inflames thy torment representing
 Lost bliss to thee no more communicable
 So never more in hell than when in heaven
 But thou art serviceable to heaven's King
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill exerts?
 What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job then cruelly to afflict him
 With all inflictions? but his patience won
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a har in four hundred mouths
 For lying is thy sustenance thy food
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth, all oracles
 By thee are giv'n, and what confess more true
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies
 But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
 Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly given the nations up

1, thy delusions justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous But when His purpose is
 Among them to declare His providence
 To thee not known whence hast thou then thy truth
 But from Him or His angels president
 In ev'ry province where themselves disdaining
 To approach thy temples give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
 To thy aduers thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite obey st
 Then to thyself ascrib st the truth foretold
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd,
 No more shalt thou by oracles abuse
 The Gentiles, henceforth oracles are ceased¹
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shall be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere
 At least in vain for they shall find thee mute²
 Go hith now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious heart and inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know
 So spake our Saviour but the subtle fiend,
 Though only stung with anger and disdain
 Dissembled and this answer smooth return'd
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke
 And urged me hild with doings which not will
 But misery hath wisted from me where
 Easly ev'rst thou hild one miserable
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more it stand to he
 Say and unsay fign flatter or abjure?
 But thou art placed above me thou art Lord,
 From thee I can, and must, submiss endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit

¹ Ceased Jui Sat VI 5.4
Delphos oracula cessant

² Thus the priestess tells Appius when he wishes to consult the oracle at Delphi and finds it dumb

Muto Iarnassus hat 1

Contineat pressitque Deum seu spiritus
intus
Desitutus fances mundique in devia
versum
Duxit iter
Lucan quoted by DUNSTER

Hard are the ways of truth and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th ear,
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song,
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth ? most men admire
 Virtue who follow not her lore permit me
 To hear thee when I come since no man comes
 And talk it least though I desp'ur to attain
 Thy I uthor who is holy, wise and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts and minister
 About his altur handling holy things
 Praying or vowed and vouchsifd his voice
 To Balaam reprobite a prophet yet
 Inspired disdun not such access to me
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow
 Thy coming hither though I know thy scope
 I bid not or forbid do is thou find st
 Permission from above thou canst not more
 He added not and Satan bowing low
 His gray dissimulation disappear'd
 Into thin air diffused ' for now began
 Night with her sullen wings to double shade
 The desert fowls in their clay nests were couch'd
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam

¹ These our actors
 As I foretold you were all spirits and
 Are melted into air into thin air
 SHAKESPEARE *Temp t, Act IV Sc*

BOOK II

MEANWHILE the new baptized who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declared
 And on that high authority had believed
 And with him talk'd and with him lodg'd,¹ I mean
 Andrew and Simon famous after known
 With others though in holy writ not named,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found and so abruptly gone
 Began to doubt and doubted many days,
 And as the days increased increased their doubt
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God as once
 Moses was in the Mount and missing long
 And the great Hisbrite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to heaven yet once again to come
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah² so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara in Jericho
 The city of palms³ Amon and Salem old
 Macharus⁴ and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genesaret,
 Or in Peraea but return'd in vain
 Then on the bank of Jordan by a creek,
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plants outbreathed
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse

¹ See John i. 35-40

² Elijah

³ 2 Kings ii. 17

⁴ Jericho is called the City of palm trees in Deut xxxiv 8

⁵ A stronghold fortified by Herod Antipas

Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers, we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth
 Now now for sure deliverance is at hand,
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze
 For whither is he gone what accident
 Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire
 After appearance and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth the time is come,
 Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen to what highth their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee Arise and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke
 But let us wait, thus far He hath perform'd,
 Sent His Anointed and to us reveal'd him
 By His great prophet pointed and shown
 In public, and with him we have conversed,
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on His providence, He will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight then snatch him hence,
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return

Thus they out of their plights new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad

O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,
 Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest !
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot

Of other women by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born, when ~~virtue~~ a ~~shed~~
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his yet soon enforced to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the mindious king
 Were dead who sought his life and missing fill'd
 With man's blood the streets of Bethlehem
 From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth
 Hath bin our dwelling many years, his life
 Private inactive calm contemplative
 Little suspicious to my king but now
 Full grown to man acknowledg'd as I hear,
 By John the Baptist and in public shown
 Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice
 I look'd for some great change to honour² no,
 But trouble as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel and to a sign
 Spoken against that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce This is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high,
 Afflicted I may be it seems and blest,
 I will not argue that nor will I repine
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him When twelve years he scarce had seen
 I lost him, but so found as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His Father's business What he meant I mused
 Since understand Much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures
 But I to wait with patience am inured,
 My heart hath been a store house long of things
 And sayings laid up portending strange events
 Thus Mary pond ring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard with thoughts
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set,
 How to begin how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high
 For Satan with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat,
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy
 Solicitous and blink he thus began

Princes heav'n's ancient sons ethereal thrones
 Demonian spirits now from the element
 Each of his reign illotted rightlier call'd
 Powers of fire air, water and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble, such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell,
 I as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequencie was impower'd,
 Have found him view'd him, tasted him,¹ but find
 Fair other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurement fell,
 However to this man inferior far,
 If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds
 Therefore I am return'd lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion oversure
 Of like succeeding here I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist lest I, who erst
 Thought none my equal now be overmatch'd
 So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid

¹ A Grecism See also Psalm xxxiv 8 O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!

At his command, when from amidst them rose
 Behal, the dissolutest spirit that fell,
 The sensualest and after Asmodai¹
 The fleshliest Incubus and thus advised
 Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found,
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet
 Expert in amorous arts enchanting tongues
 Persuasive virgin modesty with mild
 And sweet illay'd yet terrible to approach,
 Skill'd to retire and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper smooth the rugged st brow,
 Inerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At with the manliest resolutest breast,
 As the magnetic² hardest iron draws
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
 Of wisest Solomon and made him build,
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives
 To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd
 Behal, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself, because of old
 Thou thyself doatst on woman kind admiring
 Their shape, their colour and attractive grace,
 None are thou think'st, but taken with such toys
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False titled sons of god, roaming the earth
 Cast wantⁿ eyes on the daughters of men,
 And coupled with them, and begot a race
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to way lay

¹ Or Asmodeus the angel who persecuted Sara the daughter of Raguel, and slew her husbands. See Tobit

² The loadstone or magnet

Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,¹
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
 Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan? but these haunts
 Delight not all, among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd,
 How he surnamed of Africa² dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state,
 Thence to the b^t of women l^y exposed
 But He whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than Solomon, of more exulted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things, what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,
 How would one look from his majestic brow,
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nce her despised and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent-awe? for beauty stands

¹ Women beloved by the heathen deities Ovid relates these fables. Calisto, Semele and Antiopa were the loves of Jupiter. Clymene and Daphne, of Apollo, Syrinx of Pan

² Alexander the Great He was born at Pella in Macedonia

³ Scipio Africanus His generous treatment of his Spanish captive is well known

In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive Cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
 Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd,
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond,
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness,
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage and his strength as oft assay

He ceased and heard their grant in loud acclaim
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons each to know his part,
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first and to himself thus said

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandering this woody maze and human food
 Nor tasted nor had appetite that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here If nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks, yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my father's will

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son

Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven, thre he slept,
 And dream d, as appetite is wont to dream
 Of meats and drinks nature s refreshment sweet
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks¹
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
 Though ravenous taught to abstain from what they
 He saw the prophet also how he fled [brought
 Into the desrt and how there he slept
 Under a juniper then how awaked
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days,
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse²
 Thus wrote out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, high tow ring to descry
 The morn s approach, and greet her with his song
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep and fasting waked
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear d
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep cote, or herd,
 But cottage, herd, or sheep cot none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chunt of tuneful birds resounding loud,
 Thither he bent his way, determined there
 To rest at noon, and enter d soon the shade
 High roof'd, and walks beneath and alleys brown,
 That open d in the midst a woody scene,
 Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of wood gods and wood nymphs, he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,

¹ 1 Kings xvii 5 6

² Daniel i 12

Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd
 With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know
 Not without hunger Others of some note
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness,
 The fugitive bond woman with her son
 Out cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel ¹ all the race
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from heaven manna, and that prophet told
 Native of Thebez ² wad ring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard
 Forty and more deserted here indeed

To whom thus Jesus What conclud'st thou hence:
 They all had need I as thou seest have none

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied
 Tell me if food were now before thee set
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver answer'd Jesus Why should that
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend
 Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid
 But tender all their power? nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse,
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy though who
 Would scruple that, with want opprest? behold
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express

¹ Hagar and Ishmael. See Gen. xxi 14-21. Nebaioth was Ishmael's eldest son who gave their name to the nation descended from him the Nebatheans

² Thebez was the birthplace of Elijah

³ Hagar, the Israelites and Elijah did

not suffer hunger on the identical spot where our Lord fasted but Milton takes in the *whole desert* at one view not caring to distinguish different spots in one wide tract — *From: NEWTON*

Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
 With honour, only digne to sit and eat

He spake no dream for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A table richly spread, in regal mode
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
 And savour boasts of chase or fowl of game,
 In pastry built ¹ or from the spit or boil'd
 Gris amber ² steam'd, all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet ³ or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay ⁴ and Afric coast
 Alas how simple, to these cates compared,
 W is that crude apple that diverted ⁵ Eve!
 And at a stately side board by the wine
 Thit fragrant small diffused in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad of fairest hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas ⁶ distant more
 Under the trees now tipp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of the Hesperides, ⁷ that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, ⁸ or of Lyones, ⁹

¹ Milton alludes to the culinary feats called subtleties, or solitudes — wonderful pastry built in the shape of embattled towers &c to a great height.

² Ambergris which was used in Milton's day in cookery.

³ A stream of fresh water.

⁴ Pontus is the Black Sea; the Lucrine bay in Italy.

⁵ Diverted here means turned aside, from the Latin *diverto* to turn aside.

⁶ Ganymede was the cupbearer of Jupiter. Hylas drew water for Hercules.

⁷ The ladies of the Hesperides" were famed for their lovely singing. The nymphs of the chase and of the water

(the Naiades) appropriately attend such a feast.

⁸ Logres or Logris is the same as *Loegria* an ancient name for England. See Holinshed's *History of England* B II 4 5. Spenser uses this name in his *Faerie Queene* —

And Cumber did possess the western quart
 Which Severn now from Logris doth depart

From DUNSTER's Note

⁹ Lyones or Lionesse was an ancient name for part of Cornwall—the extreme west, towards the Land's End.

Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,¹
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earhest smells
 Such was the splendour, and the tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure,
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger with sweet restorative delight
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers who come to pay
 Thee homage and acknowledge thee their lord
 What doubt st thou Son of God? sit down and eat

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied
 Said st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
 Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend
 Why should st thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent
 That I have also power to give thou seest
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

¹ Lancelot's name has again become a household word through Tennyson's exquisite Idylls. It is scarcely neces-

sary to say that he Pelleas and Pellenore were three of Arthur's knights

Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect,
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,
 Whose pains have earn'd the fair f¹ct¹ spoil With that
 Both table and provision vanish'd quite
 With sound of Harpies' wings and talons heard,
 Only the importune tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursued

By hunger that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd therefore not moved,
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurement yields to appetite
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 High actions, but wherewith to be achieved?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise,
 Thou art unknown, unfriended low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known thy self
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
 Lost in a desert here and hunger bit
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
 What followers what retinue canst thou gain?
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,
 Thy throne but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore if at great things thou would'st arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth a main,
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want
 To whom thus Jesus patiently replied
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd

¹ Far fetched 'Far fet' is used by
 Chaucer and Spenser

² See Josephus B IV 26

Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds,
 Gideon¹ and Jephtha,² and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
 So many ages and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end
 Among the heathen, for througout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember
 Quintius,³ Fabricius,⁴ Curius,⁵ Regulus?⁶
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings
 And what in me seems wanting but that I
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools
 The wise man's cumberance, if not snare more apt
 To slacken virtue and abate her edge
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise
 What, if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and realms,⁷ yet not, for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns
 Brings dangers troubles cares and sleepless night's
 To him who wears the regal diadem
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies,
 For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules

¹ Judges vi. 15

² Judges x. 1

³ Quintius Cincinnatus twice taken from the plough to be Consul and Dictator of Rome. After subduing the enemies of his country he refused the wealth the people would have lavished on him and returned to his cottage and humble life.

⁴ Fabricius refused to be bribed by all the wealth of Pyrrhus of Epirus to negotiate a peace for that King with the Ro-

mans and died so poor that he was obliged to be buried at the public expense.

⁵ Curius Dentatus when offered a large sum of money by the Samnites as he sat by the fire roasting turnips with his own hands refused it saying that it was not his ambition to be rich but to command those who were so.

⁶ The story of how Regulus kept his word to the Carthaginians and returned to die in torture rather than break his pledged promise is well known.

Passions, desires, and fears,^{*} is more a king,
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head strong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine and from error lead
To know and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part
That other o'er the body only reigns
And oft by force, which to a generous mind,
So reigning can be no sincere delight
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd

BOOK III

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 Awhile as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply confu ed, and convinced
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift,
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles
 With soothing words renew'd, Him thus accosts

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say to do canst do
 'Thy actions to thy woids record thy woids
 To thy laige heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good wise just the perfect shape
 Should kings and nitions from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim those oriculous gems
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old
 Infallible or weit thou sought to deeds
 That might require th array of war thy skill
 Of conduct would be such that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms
 These god like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The tame and glory, glory the reward
 That scle excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd puie
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe,¹ and over ripe, the son

¹ Our Saviour was then about thirty years of age Luke iii 23

Of Macedonian Philip¹ had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose, young Scipio² had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king and in triumph had role³
 Yet years and to ripe years judgment mature
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires
 The more he grew in years the more inflamed
 With glory wept that he had lived so long
 Inglorious⁴ but thou yet art not too late

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake by all thy argument
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame
 The people's praise if always praise unmixed?
 And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom but as one leads the other
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
 His lot who dares be singularly good
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few and glory scarce of few is raised
 This is true glory and renown when God,
 Looking on the earth with approbation marks
 The just man and divulges him through heaven
 To all His angels who with true applause
 Recount his praises Thus He did to Job
 When, to extend his fame through heaven and earth,

¹ Alexander the Great

² Scipio was only twenty nine years old when he conquered the Carthaginians

³ Pompey distinguished himself in his youth but when he conquered Mithridates he was forty years old

⁴ Julius Caesar whilst meditating over

a Life of Alexander was seen to weep by his friends On being asked the reason of his tears he replied Do you not think I have just cause to weep when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations and I in all these years have done nothing memorable? —PLUTARCH

As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known,
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious men not worthy of fame
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide to overrun
 Large countries and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil burn, slay and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoever they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind deliverers
 Worshipp'd with temple priest, and sacrifice,
 One's the son of Jove of Mars the other,
 Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war or violence,
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates who next more memorable?
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For trutl's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd, if young African¹ for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,

¹ Scipio Africanus

And loses, though but verbal, his reward
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied
 Think not so slight of glory, therein least
 Resembling thy great Father He seeks glory,
 And for His glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs, nor content in heav'n
 By all His angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men from all men good or bad
 Wise or unwise no diff'rence no exemption,
 Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift
 Glory He requires, and glory He receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, no exception hath declared
 From us, His foes pronounced glory He exacts

To whom our Saviour fervently replied
 And reason, since His word all things produced,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth His goodness and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely, of whom what could He less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest readiest, recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning that would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
 Hard recompense unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits received
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance His glory, not their own,

Them He Himself to glory will advance
 So spake the Son of God, and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon
 Of glory as thou wilt said he so deerm,
 -Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain d
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,
 By mother's side thy father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with aims
 Judæa now and all the promised land
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway oft have they violated
 The temple,¹ oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather as did once
 Antiochus ² and think st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not Maccabæus ³ he indeed
 Retired unto the desert but with arms,
 And over a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain d,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty, zeal and duty are not slow,
 But on occasion's forelock⁴ watchful wait
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude,
 So shalt thou best fulfl, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,

¹ Pompey with several of his officers entered the Holy of Holies where none were allowed to step except the high priest once a year on the great day of expiation

² ³ Maccab ^v

³ Judas Maccabæus Modin was the inheritance of the Maccabees

⁴ The Greek and Latin poets represented Time (or Opportunity) with a single lock of hair in front. The expression of seizing Time by the forelock is proverbial

The happier reign the sooner it begins,*
Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things Truth had said¹
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
That it shall never end so when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hands all times and seasons roll
What if He hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state and things adverse,
By tribulations injuries insults,
Contempts, and scorns and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt that he may know
What I can suffer how obey? Who best
Can suffer best can do, best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd² just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
Know st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter, only rack'd replied
Let that come when it comes, all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace what worse?
For where no hope is left is left no fear
If there be worse the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can
I would be at the worst, worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
The end I would attain, my final good
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime, whatever for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd whether thou
Reign or reign not, though to that gentle brow

¹ Eccles iii 1

² Acts i 7 Mark xii 32

³ 'Qui bene imperat paruerit aliquan

do necesse est et qui modeste paret
videtur qui aliquando imperet dignus esse —CICERO quoted by NEWTON

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy father's ire,
 Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,)
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition as a summer's cloud
 If I then to the worst that can be haste
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest born to thyself and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprize so hazardous and high
 No wonder for, though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem¹ few days
 Short sojourn, and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
 As he who seeking asses found a kingdom²
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee of thyself so apt in regal arts
 And regal mysteries that thou mayst know
 How best their opposition to withstand
 With that, (such power was given him then,) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high³

¹ At the Passover
² Saul See 1 Sam ix 20 21

³ Milton is supposed to mean Mount
 Niphates in the Taurus which rises

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant, from his side two rivers flow'd,¹
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry
 To this high mountain top the tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began

Well have we speeded, and o'er 'ill and dale
 Forest and field and flood, temples, and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league, here thou behold st
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond, to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible the Aribi in drought ²
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmanassar,³ whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns,
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him ⁴ who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free, Persepolis
 His citv there thou seest, and Bactra there,
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,

immediately above Assyria and from whence he had made Satan survey Eden in the Paradise Lost — See DUNSTER

¹ The Euphrates — vagus Euphrates — and the Tigris the course of which was very straight — FODD

² A figure of speech for the desert

³ Shalmansar in the reign of Heze kiah King of Judah, carried away captive to Assyria the ten tribes of Israel

⁴ Nebuchadnezzar

And Hecatompylos¹ her hundred gates,
 There Susa by Choaspes amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings,² of later fame
 Built by Emathian,³ or by Parthian hands,
 The great Selucia Nisibis,⁴ and there
 Artaxata, Turedon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou mayst behold
 All those the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first⁵
 That empire under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great power, for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host⁶
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana, to her aid
 He marches now in haste, see, though from far,
 His thousands in what martial equipment
 They issue forth steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight⁶ or in pursuit,
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges and half moons, and wings
 He looked and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates outpour'd light armed troops
 In coats of mail and military pride,
 In mail their horses clad yet fleet and strong,
 Prancing their riders bore the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound,
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs

¹ Capital of Parthia so called from its hundred gates

² Modern research confirms this fact in a singular manner. It is a fact worthy of remark says Buckingham that at this moment while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong and of the spring called Aulji Hassan Khan the King's son alone has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo (the Choaspes) We drank of it ourselves as we passed

and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palpitating taste of royalty itself —Quoted in Aldine Edition

³ Macedonian

⁴ Also named Antiochus

⁵ Ctesiphon was the place at which the Parthian kings always assembled their forces

⁶ They discharged their arrows as they fled

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,¹
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's² haven
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers and overcame by flight
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers
 Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,
 Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war
 Such forces met not nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican³ with all his northern powers
 Besieged Albrucca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gilliphrone from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica
 His daughter, sought by many prowest⁴ knights
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Chailemain
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry,
 At sight whereof the fiend yct more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd
 That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure

¹ Said to be dark from their thick forests

² The Persian Gulf so called from Bussora or Balsera the port situated on it

³ Agrican one of the heroes of Boiardo's *Orlando Inamorato* An gelica, his daughter was fabled to be the most beautiful woman of the age and like Helen of Troy a fair mischief who gave rise to continual strife She reappears in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

Orlando goes mad for love of her We must remember when we marvel some what at this blending of truth and fiction that the poems of Ariosto and Boiardo had probably been the delight of Milton's youth and that he is alluding to the greatest poets of his own age not merely to romances

⁴ Prowest is the superlative of *prow* from the old French *preux* valiant — DUNSTER

On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
 All this fair sight, thy kingdom though foretold
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain, prediction still
 In all things, and all men supposest means,
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes
 But say thou wert possessed of David's throne
 By free consent⁴ of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew, how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
 Between two such enclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to unnoy
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
 Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus¹ bound,
 Maugre the Roman It shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat his true successor
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
 In Habor and among the Medes dispersed,
 Ten sons of Jacob two of Joseph lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Caesar not need fear

¹ The Parthians led Hyrcanus away captive to Seleucia when he was seventy years old — See JOSEPHUS

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
 Vented much policy and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world to me worth nought
 Means I must use, thou say st prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come,
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
 Luggage of war there shown me argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength
 My brethren, as thou call st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
 To just extent over all Israel's sons
 But whence to thee this zeal, whose was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel which cost the lives
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days' pestilence^{¶ 1} such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity fell off
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes,
 Nor in the land of their captivity,
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers, but so died
 Impenitent, and left a race behind

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled unrepentant uniform'd,
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dan: no let them serve
Their enemies who serve idols with God
Yet he at length time to himself best known,
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste,
As the Red Sea and Jord in once he cleft,
When to the promised land their fathers pass'd,
To his due time and providence I leave them
So spake Israel's true king and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends

BOOK IV

PEPPILX'D and troubled at his bad success
 The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
 So little here nay lost but Eve was Eve,
 This far his over match, who self deceived
 And rash, before hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with or his own
 But as a man who had been matchless held
 In cunning over reach'd where least he thought,
 To salve his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more,
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
 About the wine press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off returns as oft with humming sound,
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end,
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues
 He brought our Saviour to the western side
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain,¹ long, but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,²
 That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men

¹ Italy, washed by the Mediterranean

² The Apennines

From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With towers and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills with palaces adorn'd,
 Porches and theatres, bath'd aqueducts
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes
 Above the hight of mountains interposed
 By what strange parallax or optic skill
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke

The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So full renowned, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of nations, there the Capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock her citadel
 Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
 The imperial palace, compass huge and high
 The structure skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
 Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods so well I have disposed
 My airy microscope, thou mayst behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
 Praetors proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting or on return, in robes of state,
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms¹ of horse and wings,
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,

¹ Troops of horse a word coined from the Latin *turma*
 VIRG. A. V. 360 - NEWTON

Equitum turmas —

Or on th' Emilian,¹ some from farthest south
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle and more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus² to the Black moor sea,
 From the Asiran kings and Parthian, among these,
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Tapropane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd
 From Gilha Gades⁴ and the British west
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool⁵
 All nations now to Rome's great emperor pay
 To Rome's great emperor whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms
 And long renown thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian these two thrones except,
 The rest ue barbarous and scace worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed
 These having shown thee I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory
 This emperor⁶ hath no son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
 To Capri, an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favourite⁷
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all and hating with what ease,
 Indued with illegal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st, to me the power

¹ The Appian road led towards the south of Italy and the Emilian towards the north

² Put for the farthest point of the Roman Empire

³ Mauritania

⁴ Cadiz in Spain the extreme west of the Roman Empire

⁵ Palus Maeotis or Black Sea.

⁶ Tiberius

⁷ Sejanus

Is given, and by that right I give it thee
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On David's throne be prophesi'd what will
 To whom the Son of God unmoved replied.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allurie mine eye,
 Much less my mind, though thou should st add to tell
 Then sumptuous gluttonies and goigeous feasts
 On citron tables¹ or Atlantic stone,
 For I have also heard perh ips have read
 Their wines of Setia Cales and Falerne²
 Chios and Cete³ and how they quaff in gold,
 Cryst il and myrrhine cups emboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should st tell who thirst
 And hunger still Then embassies thou show st
 From nations far and nigh Whit honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
 Of the emperoi how easily subdued,
 How gloriously, I shall, thou say st, expel
 A brutish monster what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out,
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who, once just
 Flugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 But lust and rapine, first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity,
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood mured

¹ Tables of citron wood were very highly valued by the Romans. It grew on Mount Atlas. Atlantic stone was probably marble from Numidia. Pliny in his *Hist. Nat. lib. v c. i.* says that

the woods of Atlas were explored for citron wood

² These were famous Campanian wines. Falerian was the best wine they possessed.

³ Greek wines

Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell

To whom the tempter impudent replied
 I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou val'st, because offer'd, and reject'st,
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict
 On the other side know also thou that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought,
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give,
 For, giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle, yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain
 I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition,
 But I endure the time, till which expired,
 Thou hast permission on me It is written
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve,
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurst, now more accurst

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
 Other donation none thou canst produce
 If giv'n by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all Supreme? if given to thee,
 By thee how faintly is the giver now
 Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God,
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me, plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied
 Be not so sore offended Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title have proposed
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invoked and world beneath
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal me it most concerns
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem,
 Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd
 Therefore let pass as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world, I shall no more
 Advise thee, giv'n them as thou canst, or not
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
 Alone into the temple, there wast found
 Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,

Teaching, not taught The childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day Be famous then
 By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote,
 The Gentiles also know and write, and teach
 To administration, led by nature's light,
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st,
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them? how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinced
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south west, behold
 Where on the Aegean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece¹ mother of arts
 And eloquence native to famous wits,
 O! hospitable in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades,
 See there the olive grove of Academe,²
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird³
 Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long,
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing, there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream, within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages, his⁴ who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there and painted Stoa next
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power

¹ So called by Demosthenes —NEWTON

² A gymnasium or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens surrounded by woods It took its name from Academus one of the heroes In this Academus or Academy Plato taught

³ The nightingale *et e*, Philomela, the

daughter of Pandion King of Athens was changed into a nightingale

⁴ Aristotle The Lyceum was the school of Aristotle Stoa was the school of Zeno whose disciples were hence called Stoicks This Stoa or *portico*, was adorned with a variety of paintings.

Of harmony, in tones and numbers ht
 By voice or hand and various measured verse,
*Æolian charms*¹ and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes² thence Homer call d,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own
 Thence what the lofty giv^e tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambick, teacheris best
 Of moral prudence with delight received,
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat
 Of fate and chance and change in human life,
 High actions and hugh passions best describing
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fier^e democratic,
 Shook the arsen il and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and ALEXANDER'S throne
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heavn descended to the low rooft house
 Of Socrates, see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men, from whose mouth issued forth
 Melodious streams that waterd all the schools
 Of Academics³ old and new with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics,⁴ and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,
 These here revolve or is thou lik st, at home,
 'Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight,
 These rules will render thee king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd
 To whom our Saviour thus sagely replied
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,

¹ *Æolian charms* The poems of Alceus and Sappho the Dorian lyric odes were those of Pindar —NEWTON

² Homer was so called by his mother because he was born near the River Meles

³ The old Academic philosophers were those who followed Plato the new those who followed Carneades —See DUNSTER

⁴ Pupils of Aristotle so called because they taught while walking

No other doctrine needs, though granted true
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm
 The first and wisest of them all¹ professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew,
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,²
 A third sort doubted all things,³ though plain sense;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
 In corporal pleasure he and careless ease,
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
 Wise perfect in himself and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,
 Rather accuse him under usual names
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud⁴ However, many books
 Wise men have said are wearisome,⁵ who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)

¹ Socrates

² Plato

³ The Pyrrhonians or disciples of Pyrrho who were sceptics - NEWTON

⁴ An allusion to the fable of Ixion who embraced a cloud which had the

form of Juno NEWTON.

⁵ Eccles xii 12

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
 A children gath'ring pebbles on the shore
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem which so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace² all our law and story strew'd
 With hymns our psalms with artful terms inscribed
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon
 That pleased so well our victor's ear declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived,
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities and their own
 In fable, hymn or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men
 The holiest of holies, and his saints
 Such are from God inspired not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost
 Their orators thou then extol'st as those
 The top of eloquence statistis indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem,
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The sohd rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat,
 These only with our law best form a king
 So spake the Son of God, but Satan, now,

Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms, nor arts,
Kingdom, nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
And thither will return thee, yet remember
What I foretell thee soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer d aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David s throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill d
Now contrary if I read aught in heav n,
Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches injuries,
Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning, for no date prefixt
Directs me in the starry rubric set

So saying he took, for still he knew his pow'r
Not yet expired, and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of Gon, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring Night,
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain for at his head
 The tempter watch'd and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep and either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fire rain with lightning mix'd water with fire
 In ruin reconciled nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges¹ of the world, and tell
 On the vast wilderness whose tallest pines
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer ill wast thou shroud'd then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood st
 Unshaken, nor yet stand the terror there
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Envyn'd thee some howl'd some yell'd some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts while thou
 Sat st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace
 Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres which the fiend had raised
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors due
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
 From drooping plant or drooping tree, the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent after all his mischief done,
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,

¹ The cardinal points—north south the word cardinal is derived signifies a
 east and west *Cardo* from whence hinge.

Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Bcl d on the north and west by a thick wood
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape
 And in a careless mood thus to him said

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night I heard the rack
 As earth and sky would mingle, but myself
 Was distant, and these flaws¹ though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillar'd flame of heav'n,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone,
 Yet as being oftentimes noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the aff'rs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar and seem to point,
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill
 This tempest at this desert most was bent
 Of men it thee for only thou here dwell'st
 Did I not tell thee if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destined seat but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd no doubt,
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means, each act is rightliest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold,

¹ A sea term for a sudden gust of wind

Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
So many terrors, voices prodigies,
May warn thee, as a sure fore going sign

So talk'd he while the Son of GOD went on
And staid not but in brief him answer'd thus

Me worse than w^t thou find st not, other harm
Those terrors which thou speak st of did me none,
I never fear'd they could though noising loud
And threatening nigh what they can do as signs
Betok'ning or ill boding I conten^d
As false portents not sent from GOD but thee
Who knowing I sh^{all} reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud st thy offer'd aid, th^t I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit! and would st be thought my GOD,
And storm st refused th^t I may to terrify
Me to thy will Desir^t thou art discern'd
And toil st in vain nor me in vain molest

To whom the fiend now swollen with rage replied
Then hear O Son of DAVID virgin born,
For Son of GOD to me is yet in doubt
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
By all the prophets, of thy birth at length
Announced by GABRIEL with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in BETHLEHEM field,
On thy birthnight th^t I sung thee Saviour born
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood list, though yet in private bred,
Till at the ford of JORDAN whither all
Flock'd to the BAPTIST, I among the rest,
Though no^t to be baptiz'd by voice from heavn
Heard thee pronounced the Son of GOD beloved
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of GOD, which bears no single sense,
The Son of GOD I also am, or was,
And if I was I am, relation stands,
All men are sons of GOD, yet thee I thought

In some respect far higher so declared
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who,
 And what he is, his wisdom power, intent,
 By parl, or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess h'ye found thee
 Proof against all temptation as a rock
 Of adamant and as a centie firm,
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more for honours riches kingdoms glori,
 H'ye been before contemn'd, and may again
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
 Another method I must now begin

So stayng he caught him up, and without wing
 Of hippogryf¹ bore through the ur sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneith them fur Jeusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high hei towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 H'ci pile far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster topp'd with golden spnes
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of Gon, and added thus in scorn

There stind, if thou wilt stnd, to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill, I to thy father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best,
 Now show thy progeny if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down, safely, if Son of God,
 For it is written He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time

¹ A fabulous creature on which Ariosto's heroes were borne through the air

Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone
 To whom thus Jesus Also it is written,
 Tempt not the Lord thy God he said and stood
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell
 As when earth's son Antæus¹ to compare
 Small things with greatest, in Irassia strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foild still rose,
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell,
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,
 Renewing flesh assufts amidst his pride
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall
 And as that Theban monster² that proposed
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep,
 So strunk with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
 And to his crew thus consulting brought
 Joyless triumphs of his hoped success,
 Ruin, and desperation and dismay
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God
 So Satan fell and straight a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh
 Who on their plumpy vans received Him soft
 From His uneasy station and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
 Then in a flowry valley set Him down
 On a green bank, and set before Him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the Tree of Life,
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink
 That soon refresh'd Him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd
 Or thirst, and, as He fed angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory

¹ A giant of Libya, son of Terra (the earth) and Neptune (the sea). Alcides (Hercules) attacked him and as every time the giant touched the earth he received new strength Hercules lifted

him up into the air and squeezed him to death in his arms Irassia was a city in Libya

² The Sphinx

Over temptation and the tempter proud
 True Image of the father, whether throned
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrined
 In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
 Wandering the wilderness, whatever place,
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with god like force indued
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of paradise, him long of old
 Thou didst征服¹ and down from heav'n cast
 With all his army, now thou has avenged
 Supplanted Adam and by vanquishing
 Temptation hast regain'd lost Paradise,
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot
 In Paradise to tempt, his snues are broke
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re install
 Where they shall dwell secure when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear
 But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds, like an autumnal star
 O'lightning thou shalt fall from heav'n trod down
 Under His feet for proof ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse received and hold'st in hell
 No triumph In all her gates Abaddon² rues
 Thy bold attempt, hereafter learn with awe
 To dread the Son of God he all unarm'd
 Shall chuse thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
 Lest he command them down into the deep

¹ Conquer

² Rev. ix. 11 The name is here applied to hell.

Bound, and to torment sent before then time
Hail Son of the most High heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'ly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy, he unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd

Samson Agonistes.

A DRAMATIC POEM

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON

Γραγῳδία μιμησις πρᾶξεως σπουδαῖας &c
ARISTOT. *Poet.* c. vi

Tragœdia et imitatio actionis scire &c per misericordium et metum perficiens
talium affectuum lustrationem

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

PREFACE WRITTEN BY MILTON

TRAGEDY as it was anciently composed hath been ever held the gravest moralest and most profitable of all other poems therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear or terror to purge the mind of those and such like passions that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used tourst melancholy sour against sour salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other grave writers as Cicero Plutarch and others frequently cite out of tragic poets both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture 1 Cor xv 31¹ and Irenaeus commenting on the Revelation divides the whole book as a tragedy into acts distinguishing each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in high & dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies at least the best of them that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a father of the Church thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem or rather infamy which in the account of many it undergoes at this day² with other common interludes happening through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity or introducing trivial and vulgar persons which by all judicious hath been counted absurd and brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue yet using sometimes in case of self defence or explanation that which Martial calls an epistle in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the

¹ Evil communications corrupt good manners

The Puritans held the drama in the utmost abhorrence. It was probably on this account that the Puritan Poet wrote this defence of tragedy to justify himself for writing a drama.

ancient manner much different from what among us passes for best thus much beforehand may be epistled that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner not ancient only but modern and still in use among the Italians In the modelling therefore of this poem with good reason the ancients and Italians are rather followed as of much more authority and fame The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts called by the Greeks Monostrophic or rather Apolely menon without regard had to Strophe Antistrophe or Fpode which were a kind of stanzas fitted only for the music then used with the chorus that sung not essential to the poem and therefore not material or being divided into stanzas or pauses they may be called Alloestropha Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage which this work never was intended is here omitted

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act of the style and uniformity and that commonly called the plot whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with versimilitude and decorum they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus Sophocles and Euripides the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule and best example within the space of twenty four hours

SAMSON AGONISTES¹

THE ARGUMENT

Samson made captive blind and now in the prison at Gaza there to labour as in a common workhouse on a festival day in the general cessation from labour comes forth into the open air to a place nigh somewhat retired there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe which make the chorus who seek to comfort him what they can then by his old father Manoah who endeavours the like and with it tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom and lastly that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people to play or show his strength in their presence. He at first refuses dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God he yields to go along with him who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The chorus yet remaining on the place Manoah returns full of joyful hope to procure at long his son's deliverance in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in hasty confusedly at first and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe what Samson had done to the Philistines and by accident to himself, wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS

Samson	Public Officer
Manoah the Father of Samson	Messenger
Dalila his Wife	Chorus of Dunes
Harapha of Gath	

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza

SAMS A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on,
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day spring born, here leave me to respire

¹ That is Samson an actor or the fate of Samson acted in a play Agonistes Dunster supposes is rather here *athleta* the subject being Samson's being brought forth to exhibit as an athlete

This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea idol and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly thus rest
 Their superstition yields me, hence with leave
 Returning from the popular noise I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some none to the mind
 From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now
 Oh ! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
 Twice by an angel who at last in sight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From off the altar, where an off ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His god like presence and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ¹
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
 Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With this heav'n gifted strength ? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased
 Lower than bondslave ! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself ?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,

¹ Judges xiii. 3 11-20

But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears
 O impotence of mind in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom ? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure yet hable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command
 God, when he gave me strength to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Happily had ends above my reach to know
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries,
 So many and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me's extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulld, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm the vilest here excel me,
 They creep yet see, I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud contempt abuse and wrong
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool
 In power of others, never in my own,
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half
 O d^unk, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without ill hope of day !
 O first created beam and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all,
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,¹

¹ *Silens luna* is the moon at or near the change, and in conjunction with the sun
 — MEADOWCOURT

When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself if it be true
 That light is in the soul
 She all in every part, why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
 And not is feeling through ill puts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead & living death,
 And buried but O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre a moving grave,
 Buried yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From w^rst of other evils pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way,
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction and perhaps to insult,
 Then daily practice to afflict me more

CHOR This this is he softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him,
 O change beyond report thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random carelessly diffused,¹
 With languish'd head unprop'd,
 As one past hope abandon'd,
 As by himself given o'er,
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds
 O'er worn and soil'd,
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,

¹ Stretched out

Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could with
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid, [stand,
 Ran on imbattle'd armies clad in iron,
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass
 Chalybean¹ temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof,
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops The bold Ascalonite²
 Fled from his lion ramp,³ old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore skins fell, the flower of Palestine
 In Ramath lechi⁴ famous to this day
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza⁵ post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,⁶
 No journey of a Sabbath day,⁷ and loaded so,
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n⁸
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!
 The dungeon of thyself, thy soul
 Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,

¹ The Chalybes were famous in the old world for their skill in working iron. Hence the best tempered steel was called Chalybean. *Virg. Georg. I. 58*

² Philistine Ascalon was a city of Philistia.

³ Rampant like a lion. A heraldic term.

⁴ Judges xv. 17 Ramath lechi means

the lifting up or casting away of the jaw bone

⁵ Another name for Gaza.

⁶ The city of the Anakims who were giants. Judges xv. 13. 14. Num. xiii. 33.

⁷ A Sabbath day's journey was with the Jews three quarters of a geographical mile.

⁸ Atlas.

Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light,
T' incorporate with gloomy night!
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall n,
For him I reckon not in high estate,
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises
But 'hee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the earth,
Univer sly crown'd with highest praises

SAMS I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear

CHOR He speaks, let us draw nigh Matchless in
The glory late of Israel now the grief, [might,
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
From Eshtaol and Zora¹ s¹ fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds

SAMS Your coming, friends, revives me for I learn
Now of n.v own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in then superscription, (of the most
I would be understood,) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have inclosed me round,
Yet that which was the worse now least afflicts me,

¹ Towns in the tribe of Dan Zora was the birthplace of Samson.

Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above
 Gloriously rigg'd and for a word a tear,
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean,
 This with the other should at least have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse

CHOR Tax not divine disposal wisest men
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived,
 And shall again pretend they ne'er so wise
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides,
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistine women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer or as fair
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble

SAMS The first I saw at Timna and she pleased
 Me, not my parents that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an infidel They knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God, I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
 The marriage on, that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd
 She proving false the next I took to wife,
 O that I never had! fond wish too late!
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end, still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors Of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!

Gav up my fort of silence to a woman

CHOR In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy
Thou never wast remiss I bear thee witness
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons

SAMSON That fault I take not on me but transfe
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknow ledged not or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offer'd I on the other side
Used no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves though mute spoke loud the docr,
But they persisted deaf and would not seem
To count them things worth notice till it length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter I Judea seeing me who then
Safe to the rock of Eithim¹ was retir'd
Not flying but forecasting in what place
To set upon them what advantaged best
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The hazard of their land beset me round
I willingly on some conditions come
Into their hands and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords but cords to me were thicke
Touch'd with the flame On their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell
Their choicest youth, they only liv'd who fled
Had Judah that day join'd or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serv'd
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to lose bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,
And to despise or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,

¹ Judges xv. 8

How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHOR Thy woes to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,¹
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha,² who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve adjudged to death,³
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth

SAMS Of such examples add me to the roll,
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so

CHOR Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men
Unless there be who think not God at all
It any be they walk obscure,
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself

Yet more there be who doubt His ways not just,
And to His own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of His glory's diminution,
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self satisfying solution

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie Him to His own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases Him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint

¹ They refused Gideon provisions. See Judges viii 4 9

² See Judges xi 15 27
³ Judges xii 1-6

Of sin or legal debt,
 For with His own laws He can best dispense
 He would not else who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity
 To set in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste

 Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his

 But see ! here comes thy reverend sire
 With careful step locks white as down,
 Old Manoah advise
 Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him

 SIMS Aye me ! another inward grief awaked
 With mention of that name renews th assault

 MAN Brethren and men of Dan for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place, if old respect
 As I suppose towards your once glорied friend,
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
 Came higging after say if he be here

 CHOR As signal now in low dejected state,
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies

 MAN O miserable change ! is this the man
 That invincible Samson, fair renown'd,
 The dread of Israel's foes who with a strength
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
 None offering fight, who single combatant
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
 Himself an army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length O ever failing trust
 In mortal strength ! and, oh ! what not in man
 Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach, I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy
 Who would be now a father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as'a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest pray'rs, then given with solemn hand
 As graces draw a scorpion's tail behind?
 For this did the angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select and sacred glorious for a while
 The miracle of men then in an hour
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor, and blind
 Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds if he through frailty err,
 He should not so overwhelm and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities
 But it but for honour's sake of former deeds

SAMSON Appoint¹ not heavily disposition, father
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly, I myself have brought them on,
 Sole author I sole cause if nught seem vile
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy
 This well I knew nor was at all surprised,
 But warn'd by oft experience did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profest carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived

¹ That is arraign not summon not to answer —WARBURTON

Her spurious first born, treason against me?
Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret in what part my strength
Lay stored in what part summd, that she might know,
Thrice I deluded her, and turn d to sport
Her importunity each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me and which was worse
Than undissembled hate, with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself,
Yet the fourth time when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandish d pashies feminine assaults,
Tongue battersies she succeeded not day nor night
To storm me over watch d and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded and unlock d her till my heart
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
Might easily have shook off all her snares
But foul effeminacy held me yoked
Her bond slave, O indignity! O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n
These rags this grinding is not yet so base
As was my former servitude ignoble,
Unmanly ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served

MAN I cannot praise thy marriage choices son,
Rather approved them not, but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes
I state not that, this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive and their triumph thou the sooner
Temptation found st or over potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee, which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power True, and thou bear'st

Enough and more the burthen of that fault,
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score A worse thing yet remains
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza,¹ and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
 To Dagon, as their god, who hath delver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compared with idols,
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine,
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house

SAMS Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
 Among the heathen round, to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
 Of idolists and atheists, have brought scandal
 To Isiael, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols,
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end, all the contést is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon, Dagon hath presumed,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
 But will arise, and His great name assert
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive

Such a discomfit, as shall quite dispoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank¹ his worshippers

MAN With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a prophecy receive for God, [word]
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of His name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be lord,
Or Dagon But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected I already have made way
To some Philistine lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm

SAM^S Spare that proposal father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity To have reveal'd
Secrets of men the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all to be excluded
All friendship and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept His holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,
Weakly it least, and shamefully, a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined²

MAN Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son,
Repent the sin, but if the punishment

¹ Confound

² Milton is supposed here to allude to the fable of Tantalus who for revealing the secrets of the gods, was punished in

hell by an insatiable thirst and placed in a pool of water could never succeed in tasting a drop

Thou canst avoid, self preservation bids,
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself, perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all His debt,
 Who evermore approves and more accepts,
 Best pleased with humble and filial submission,
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self rigorous chooses death as due,
 Which argues over just, and self displeased
 For self offence, more than for God offended
 Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
 But God hath set before us to return thee
 Home to thy country and His sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMS His pardon I implore, but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from heaven foretold, and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded,
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront
 Then swollen with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shone me,
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies

CHOR Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,

Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods and men,¹
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream

SAMS Wher'ver fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heav'n fiery rod,
I drank from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd, nor envied them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor nills with fume^s

CHOR O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When GOD with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook ⁴

SAMS But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
Whit boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd shamed & shonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n imposed,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd nous drone, to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust ring down,
Vain monument of strength till length of years
And sedentary numbness crize my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draf^t of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains

MAN Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home he bedrid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn

¹ Judges ix. 13 Wine which cheereth God and man — MITFORD

² Samson was a Nazarite from his birth See Judges xii. 7 Num vi

³ Refuse Draf^t was literally brewers spent grins

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring,¹ thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast,
 And I persuade me so, why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus

SAMS All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor the other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself,
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest

MAN Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,
 That mingle with thy fancy I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom or how else meanwhile be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit

SAMS O that torment should not be confined
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins,
 But must secret passage find
 To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense

¹ Milton differs from our translation of the Bible. See Judges xv 18 19. He agrees with the Chaldee paraphast, who

understood that God made a cleft in the earth or rock at a place called *Lehi*. *Lehi* also signifies a jaw. See NEWTON's notes.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a ling'ring disease,
 But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification
 Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings,
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
 Or medicinal¹ liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure
 Thence faintings swoonings of despair,
 And sense of heav'n's desertion

I was His nursing once, and choice delight,
 His destined from the womb,
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending
 Under His special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain,
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,
 Against the uncircumcised our enemies
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by His appointment had provoked,
 Left me all helpless with the irreparable
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty and scorn
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope,
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless,
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm

CHOR Many are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,

¹ Milton always spells this word ' medicinal' -MITFORD

And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought
 But with the affliction in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold

GOD of our fathers, what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or may I say contrarious,
 Temper st thy providence through his short course,
 Not ev'ry, as thou rulest
 The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandering loose about
 Grow up and perish, as the summer fly
 Heads without name no more remember'd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work, thy glory
 And people's safety, which in part they effect
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favour past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismission
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass of omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcases
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,



But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems
That so bedeck'd ornate and gay
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship? — p. 449

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude¹ old age
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
 The punishment of dissolute days in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labours for thou canst, to peaceful end

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan² or Gadire,³
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind,
 Some rich Philistine matron she may seem
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife

SAMS My wife! my traitress let her not come near me
 CHOR Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
 About t' have spoke, but now with head declined,
 Like a fair flow'r surcharged with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil
 But now again she makes address to speak

DAL With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

¹ Premature

² Greece

³ Cadiz

I came, still dreading thy displeasure Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge, yet if tears
 May expiate, though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assured but conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power
 Though late yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed

SAMS Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts.
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows deceive, betray,
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail,
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits,
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example

DAL Yet hear me Samson, not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less

Fust granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity that is for nought
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way
But I to enemies reveal'd and should not,
Nor should st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel
Yet weakness then with weakness come to purlie,
So near related or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
The gentler if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found
And what if love, which thou interpret st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts no less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy fear'd lest one day thou would st leave me
As her at Timna sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd ? I was assured by those
Who tempted me that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ,

And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so

SAMS How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine !
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither
 By this appears I gave, thou say st th' example,
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
 I to myself was false ere thou to me,
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold, if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore
 With GOD or man will gain thee no remission
 But love constrain'd thee, call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust Love seeks to have love
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover st more

DAL Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, through to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me Thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,¹

¹ Judges xvi 5

Solicited commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy who has destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear
Preaching how mentorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon What had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest at length that grounded maxim,
So rise and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd,
Virtue as I thought truth duty, so enjoining

SAMS I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought sincere it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing,
Yet low am I judged an enemy Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country, nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew

Of men, conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear,
 Not therefore to be obey'd But zeal moved thee
 To please thy gods thou didst it, gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be,
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause

SAMS For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals

DAL I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided, only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain Though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eyesight exposes daily men abroad
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age,
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss

SAMS No, no, of my condition take no care,
 It fits not, thou and I long since are twain,
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
 To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy guns, and toils,
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
 No more on me have power their force is null'd,
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
 To fure my ear against thy sorceries
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Loved, honour'd fear'd me thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband slight me, sell me and forego me,
 How wouldst thou use me now blind, and thereby
 Deceivable in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd
 And last neglected? how wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thraldom, how again betray me
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon and censuring frown or smile?
 This girl I count the house of liberty
 To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter

DAL Let me approach at least and touch thy hand
 SAMS Not for thy life lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that,
 Bewail thy falsehood and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason so farewell

DAL I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To prays than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length and sea to shore
 Thy ange unappeasable still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own
 Fame if not double faced is double mouth'd

And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds,
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight
 My name perhaps among the circumcised,
 In Dan in Judah and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mention'd and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In Ebron Giza, Asdod and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famousest
 Of women sung at solemn festivals
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
 Above the faith of wedlock bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers,
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim
 Jud who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd¹
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown
 At this who ever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own

CHOR She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd

SAMS So let her go God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper His most sacred trust
 Of secrecy my safety, and my life

CHOR Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse

SAMS Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock treachery endang'ring life

CHOR It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
 That woman's love can win or long inherit,
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 Which way ~~ever~~ men refer it,
 Much like thy riddle Samson in one day
 Or seven though one should musing sit
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy ~~piranymph~~¹ worthless to thee compared,
 Successor in thy bed
 Nor both so loosely disallied
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex that inward gifts
 Were left ~~or~~ haste unfinish'd judgment scant,
 Capacity not raised to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice but oftest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd
 That either they love nothing or not long?
 What'er it be to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslaved
 With dotage and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Imbark'd with such a steers mate at the helm?
 Favour'd of heav'n who finds

¹ Bridegroom's man Judges xiv 2

One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines
 Happy that house¹ his way to peace is smooth,
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd

But had we best retire? I see a storm,

SAMS Fur days have oft contracted wind and rain

CHOR But this another kind of tempest brings

SAMS Be less abstiuse, my riddling days are past

CHOR Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words, a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high built and proud

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

I less conjecture than when first I saw

The sumptuous Dahila floating this way

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

SAMS Or peace or not alike to me he comes

CHOR His fraught² we soon shall know he now arrives

HAR I come not, Samson to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly intent I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og, or Anak and the Emims old

That Kirathaim³ held, thou know'st me now

If thou at all art known Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,

¹ Freight his purpose with which he is freighted.

² Gen xiv 5

Incredible to me, in this displeased,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report

SAMS The way to know were not to see but taste

HAR Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves¹ and the mill had tamed thee O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass liy thrown,
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforeskin'd race of whom thou bearest
 The highest name for valiant acts that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

SAMS Boast not of what thou would'st have done but do
 What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand

HAR To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

SAMS Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,
 Till they haue hired a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me,
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass² thy broad habergeon,

¹ Fetters

² Coat of mail, armour for the neck

and shoulders Vant brace is armour
 for the arms Greaves covered the legs

Vant brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and seven times folded shield,
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldest have done
 To Samson but shall never see Gath more

HAR Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn
 The r ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantment, some magician's art, [heav'n
 Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide though all thy hairs
 Were bustles ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines

SAMS I know no spells, use no forbidden arts,
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invocate his aid
 With solemnst devotion spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Off ring to combat thee his champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine

HAR Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee

Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boist'rous locks no worthy match
 For valour to issail nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior so to stain his honour
 But by the barber's razor best subdued

SAMS All these indignities for such they are
 From thine these evils I deserve and more
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of His final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open and His eye
 Gracious to receive the suppliant,
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is GOD
 Thine or Whom I with Israel's sons adore

HAR Fair honour that thou dost thy GOD, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer a revolter and a robber [these ⁹]
 Tongue doughty giunt how dost thou prove me

HAR Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
 As a league breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands, for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm
 Then like a robber stripp'd them of their robes
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil

SAMS Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
 And in your city held my nuptial feast
 But your ill meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies
 Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed

When I perceived all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin
 My nation was subjected to your lords
 It was the force of conquest, force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can
 But I a private person, whom my country
 As a league breaker gave up bound presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts
 I was no private, but a person raised
 With strength sufficient and command from heav'n
 To free my country, if their servile in nds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,
 Th' unworthier they, whence to this day they serve
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce

HAR With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign

SAMS Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give the verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd,
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee

HAR O Baal zebub¹ can my ears unused
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMS No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable, bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free

HAR This insolence other kind of answer fits

SAMS Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,

¹ A deity of the Philistines, the god of flies

And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides

HAR By Astaroth¹ ere long thou shalt lament
These brav'ries in irons loaden on thee

CHOR His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconquerable strides,
And low'r looks but in a sultry chaf

SAMS I dread him not nor il his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size Goliath chief

CHOR He will directly to the lords I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee

SAMS He must allege some cause and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention lest a question rise
Whet' er he durst accept the offer or not,
And tht he durst not plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst tht he can give to me the best
- Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed

CHOR Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of then deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue

¹ Another deity of the Philistines and Sidonians The Venus of the Fast or, it is thought, the Moon

The righteous, and all such as honour truth,
 He all then ammunition
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd,
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surprised
 Lose then defence distracted and amazed,

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny of fortune can inflict
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men, but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears
 Comes on amain, speed in his look
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer and now at hand
 His message will be short and voluble

OFF Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek
 CHOR His manacles remark him, there he sits
 OFF Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say,
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games,
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast and great assembly;

Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords

SAMS Thou know'st I am an Hebrew therefore tell
Our law forbids at their religious rites [them
My presence, for that cause I cannot come

OFF This answer, be assured will not content them

SAMS Have they not sword players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners
Jugglers and dancers antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st I will not come

OFF Regard thyself this will offend them highly

SAMS Myself? my conscience and internal peace
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jestor,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
To show them feats and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come

OFF My message was imposed on me with speed,
Books no delay Is this thy resolution?

SAMS So take it with what speed thy message needs

OFF I am sorry what this stoutness will produce

SAMS Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed

CHOR Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear

SAMS Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair

After my great transgression, so requite
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols,
 A Nazarite in place abominable
 Vaunting my strength in honour to then Dagon?
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistine.
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean

SAMS Not in their idol worship but by labour
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food
 Of those who have me in their civil power

CHOR Where the heart joins not outward acts defile not

SAMS Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds
 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
 Not dragging? the Philistine lords command
 Commands are no constraints If I obey them,
 I do it freely, vent ring to displease
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
 Set God behind which in His jealousy
 Shall never, unrepented find forgiveness
 Yet that He may dispense with me or thee
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites
 For some important cause thou need'st not doubt

CHOR How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach

SAMS Be of good courage, I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts
 I with this messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last

CHOR In time thou hast resolved, the man returns

Off Samson, this second message from our lords
 To thee I am bid say Art thou our slave,
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay,

Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go
Master's commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
So mutable are all the ways of men!
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law

ORI. I praise thy resolution doff these links,
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free

SAM. Brethren, farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends, and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine
And the well feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd
No less the people on their holy days
Impetuous insolent, unquenchable
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our Gon, our law my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name
Great among the heathen round,
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire, that spirit that first rush'd on thee

In the camp of Dan
 Be efficacious in thee now at need
 For never was from heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
 He seems supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN Peace with you, brethren! my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast
 I heard all as I came the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly
 But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty

CHOR That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee, say reverend Sire we thirst to hear

MAN I have attempted one by one the lords
 Either at home or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite
 That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests
 Others more moderate seeming but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and State
 They easily would set to sale a third
 More generous fair and civil who confess'd
 They had enough revenged, having reduced
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were proposed
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky

CHOR Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown

MAN His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And number'd down much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left
 No, I am fixed not to part hence without him
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit not wanting him I shall want nothing

CHOR Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost

MAN It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the strength continued
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him
 And since his strength with eyesight was not lost
 GOD will restore him eyesight to his strength

CHOR Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate

MAN I know your friendly minds, and—O what noise!
 Mercy of heavy'n what hideous noise was that?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout

CHOR Noise call you it or universal groan
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point

MAN Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise

Oh, if continues, they have slain my son

CHOR Thy son is rather slaying them, that outery
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend

MAN Some dismal accident it needs must be,
What shall we do stay here, or run and see?

CHOR Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth
This evil on the Philistines is fallen,
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear
What if his eyesight for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way?

MAN That were a joy presumptuous to be thought

CHOR Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old, what hinders now?

MAN He can, I know but doubt to think He will,
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief
A little stay will bring some notice hither

CHOR Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
For evil news rides post, while good news baits
And to our wish I see one hither speeding
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe

MESS O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For due imagination still pursues me
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd

MAN The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know

MESS It would burst forth, but I recover breath

And sense distract, to know well what I utter

MAN Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer

MESS Gaza yet stands but all her sons are fall'n,

All in a moment overwhelmed and fall'n

MAN Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city

MESS Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit

MAN Relate by whom

MESS By Samson

MAN That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy

MESS Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly

To utter what will come at last too soon,

Lest evil tidings with too rude intrusion

Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

MAN Suspense in news is torture, speak them out

MAN Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead

MAN The worst indeed O' all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,

Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge

What windy joy this day had I conceived

Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves

Abortive as the first born bloom of spring

Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!

Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,

How died he, death to life is crown or shame

All by him fell thou say st, by whom fell he?

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS Unwounded of his enemies he fell

MAN Weary with slaughter then, or how? explain

MESS By his own hands

MAN Self violence? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself

Among his foes?

MESS Inevitable cause

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd,

The edifice, where all were met to see him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd

MAN O lastly over strong against thyself!

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge

More than enough we know, but, while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,
 Eye witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct

MESS Occasions drew me early to this city,
 And as the gates I enter'd with sun rise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street Little I had dispatch'd
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth to show the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games,
 I sorrow'd at his captive state but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle
 The building was a spacious theatre
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high
 With seats, where all the lords and each degree
 Of sort might sit in order to behold,
 The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,
 I among these aloof obscurely stood
 The feast and noon grew high and sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad, before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,¹ and spears
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length for intermission' sake they led him
 Between the pillars, he his guide requested

¹ Men and horses in armour

For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
 As over tired to let him lean awhile
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support
 He unsuspecting led him, which when Samson
 Felt in his arms with head awhile inclined,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd
 (Or some great matter in his mind revolved
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have perform'd as reason was obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold
 This utter'd straining all his nerves he bow'd
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugg'd, he shook till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
 Their choice nobility and flower not only
 Of this, but each Philistine city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast
 Samson, with these immixt inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself,
 The vulgar only scaped who stood without

CHOR O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now hast victorious
 Among thy slain, self kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before

1 SEMICHR While their hearts were jocund and sublime
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,

And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo¹ His bright sanctuary
 Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer,
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall n into wrath divine
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck

2 SEMICHR But he though blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl,² but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads
 So virtue given for lost
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imbot,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, refLOURISHES, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives

¹ Where the Ark then was

² See PLIN lib. xxiii sect 17
 laticas alites —RICHARDSON

A secular bud ages of lives¹

MAN Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully rever'd hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor²
 Through all Philistine bounds to Israel
 Honour hath left and freedom left but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 To himself and father's house eternal fame,
 And, which is best and happiest yet all this
 With God not parted from him as was feared,
 But favouring and assisting to the end
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies blood and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore I with what speed the while,
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
 Will send for all my kindred all my friends,
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy and funeral train
 Home to his father's house there will I build him
 A monument and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm
 With all his trophies hung and sets inroll'd
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour and adventures high
 The virgins also shall on feastful days

¹ The Phoenix supposed to make a funeral pile of sweet scented woods and fan it to a flame with her wings, from her ashes rose another phoenix sole of its kind always The phoenix

was considered an emblem of the resurrection

² The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they came originally from the island of Caphtor or Crete

Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes

CHOR All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close
Oft He seems to hide His face
But unexpectedly returns
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent

Sonnets and Canzone.

I

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NICHINGALL that on yon bloomy spray
Waiblest at eve when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love,¹ O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

II

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spento gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora

A superstition which originated in
it as I lay this other night waking
bought how lovers had a tokining
id among hem it was a commerne
tale

That it were gode to here the Nightin
gale
Moche rathur than the leud Cuckowe
singe
Cuckowe and Nightingale
Stanza 10

Quando tu vaga parhi, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi, ed agli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno,
 Grazia sola di sugli vaglia inanti
 Che l' disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi

I

QUAL in colle aspro al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l' herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spunde a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco in su la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E l bel T' imigi cangio col bel Arno
 Amor lo volsc ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amoi cosa mai volse indarno
 Deh' foss il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno

CANZONE

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi atto ino, e perche scrivi
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiamo d' amo, e come t osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t arrvi,
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi,
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma

L'immortal guideron d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spille tue soverchia sonia?
 Canzon diotti, e tu per me ii pondi
 Dice mia Donna el suo dir e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vinta Amore

IV

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Gia caddi ov huom d'ibben talhor s'impiglia
 Ne treccie d'oro ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaghan si ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrin a bellezza cl e l cuor bea
 Portamenti alti honesti e nelle cigha
 Quel s'reno fulgor d'amabil neio,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa luna
 E degli occhi suoi avventa si gian fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco

V

Pi' certo i bei vostr' occhi Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte come ei suole
 Per l'arie di Libia chi s'invia
 Mentre un aldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela,
 Ma quanto agh occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far provose
 Finche mia alba rivien colma di rose

VI

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Faro divoto, io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante
 De pensieri leggiadro accorto, e buono,
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago

VII

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
 TWENTY THREE¹

1631

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hastening days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task master's eye.

¹ This sonnet was written at Cambridge, and sent in a letter to a friend.

VIII

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY¹

1642

CAPTAIN or Colonel or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please
 Guard them and him within protect from harms
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bow'd
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tow'r
 Went to the ground and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet³ had the pow'r
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

IX

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,

¹ Written when the King's troops had arrived at Brentford and London expected an immediate attack

² Alexander. He suffered the house of Lindu alone to stand untouched and honoured the family of the great lyric poet while making frightful havoc of the Illyrians. Miltus claims the same favour from the royal forces

³ Euripides. When Ilysander had taken Athens Plutarch tells us that —

Some say he really did in the Council of the Aths propose to reduce the Athenians to slavery and that Irian thus a Thracian officer gave it as his opinion that the city should be levelled

with the ground and the spot on which it stood turned to pasture

Afterwards however when the general officers met it an entertainment a musician of Ithocis happened to begin a chorus in the Electra of Euripides the first lines of which are these —

Unhappy daughter of the great
 Atreus
 Thy straw crowned palace approach

The whole company were greatly moved at this incident and could not help reflecting how hubristic a thing it would be to raze that noble city which had

The better part with Mary¹ and with Ruth²
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth
 Thy care is fix'd and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light³
 And hope that re ips not shame⁴ Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night
 Hast gain d thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure

x

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY⁵

1643

DAUGHTER to that good Earl⁶ once President
 Of Englands Council and her Treasury,
 Who livd in both unstain d with gold or fee,
 And left them both more in himself content,
 Till sad the biealing of that Parliament
 Bole him, as that dishonest victory
 At Cheronca fatal to liberty,
 Kill d with report that old man eloquent⁷
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flouris h d yet by you,
 Mad am, methinks I see him living yet,
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them honour'd Margaret

produced so many great and illustrious
 men — PLUTARCH *Life of Lycur*

Thus Athens was spared but in cruel
 mockery The Spartan collected all the
 musicians in the city and pulled down
 the fortifications and burned the Athe
 nian ships to the sound of their in
 struments

¹ Luke x 42

² Ruth i 14

³ Matt xxv 4

⁴ Rom v 5

⁵ Milton used frequently to visit this
 lady who married Captain Hobson of
 the Isle of Wight

⁶ Earl of Marlborough Lord High
 Treasurer and Lord President of the
 Council to King James I Parliament
 was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9
 he died on the 14th but at an advanced
 age — NEWTON

⁷ Isocrates the orator who could not
 survive the ruin of his country Chae
 ronea was gained by Philip of Macedon

xi

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

1645

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,¹
 And woven close both matter, form, and style,
 The subject new it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects now seldom pored on
 Cities the stall reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this!¹ and some in file
 Stand spelling false while one might walk to Mile
 End Green Why is it hunder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?²
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp
 Thy age, like ours O Soul of Sir John Cheke,³
 Hated not learning worse than toad or isp,
 When thou taughtst Cambridge, and king Edward
 Greek

xii

ON THE SAME

I did but prompt the age to quit then clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise univions me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs⁴

¹ Tetrachordon means exposition on the four chief places in Scripture which mention nullities in marriage

² Colkitto and Macdonnel are one and the same person a brave officer on the royal side an Irishman of the Antaine family who served under Montrose The Macdonnels of that family are styled by way of distinction Mac Colkitto i.e. descendants of lame Colm Galasp is George Gillespie a

Scottish writer against the Independents for whom see Milton's verses on the *Levellers of Conscience* — WARTON

³ Sir John Cheke has been already named in the notes to this volume He was the first Professor of Greek at Cambridge and restored the original pronunciation of it He was tutor to Edward VI

⁴ Milton's treatises were on the subject

As when those hinds that were transfigur'd to flog
 Rail'd at Latona's twin born progeny
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood
 And still revolt when truth would set them free
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood ²

XIII

TO MR H LAWES³ ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song
 First taught our English music how to spin
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears ⁴ committing short and long ⁵
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng
 With praise enough for envy to lool wan,
 To after age thou shalt be witt the man
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour st verse and waise must lend her wing
 To honour thee the priest of Phœbus' quine,
 That tun st their happiest lines in hymn or story ⁶
 Dinte shall give fame leue to set thee higher
 Than his Caselli ⁷ whom he wo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory

¹ Divorce. The Presbyterian clergy were much (and justly) scandalized at them and brought Milton before the lords for them but they thought the subject simply speculative and he was discharged. He thus stigmatizes the Presbyterian clergy.

² See OVID Met VI fab iv. Latona's progeny were Apollo and Diana the sun god and moon goddess.

³ A fine moral coming too from a Republican poet.

⁴ The musician who put the music to Corinna.

⁵ Midas a King of Phrygia. He desired that Janus was superior in singing

and playing on the flute to Apollo and to punish his stupidity Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

⁶ A Latinism meaning offences against gravity — RICHARDSON

⁷ The Story of Ariadne set by IAWES — WARION

⁷ Amongst the souls in Purgatory Dante recognises his friend Casella the musician. In the course of an affectionate conversation Dante asks for a song to soothe him and Casella sings with ravishing sweetness the poet's second Canzone. See second cant of Dante's Purgatorio.

xiv

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE THOMSON,¹

MY CHRISTIAN IRMND DECLASSED 161H DEC 1646

WHIN faith and love which parted from thee never,
 H'rd open'd thy just soul to dwell with GOD,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly loid
 Of death call'd life, which us from life doth sever
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour,
 Stay'd not behund nor in the grave were tiold,
 But as F'uth pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ev'ry
 Love led them on and F'uth who knew them best
 Thy handmaids clad them o'er with purple bums
 And azure wings that up they flew so drest
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

xv

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX²

1648

FAIRFAX whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling eich mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours lond that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads and the false North displays
 Her broken league³ to imp their serpent wings

When Milton was first made Latin Secretary to Cromwell he lodged it in Mrs Thomson's next to the Bull Head Tavern Charing Cross Mrs Thomson is supposed to have been the wife of his landlord NEWTON

² Addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester It was first printed, to

gether with the two following sonnet and the two to Cyriack Skinner at the end of Phillips's "Life of Milton" 1694 — WARION

³ The English Parliament held that the Scotch had broken their covenant by marching into England led by Hamilton

O yet a nobler task awai's thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleard from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land

xvi

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

1652

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only but destructions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast run'd God's trophies and his worl pursued
 While Darwen sticke¹ with blood of Scots imbain'd
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's² lucid wreath Yc³ much remains
 To conquer still peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains³
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hulking wolves whose gospel is their law

¹ A small river near Preston in Lancashire where Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton in August 1648

² Dunbar and Worcester were both

fought September 3—one 1650 the other
 1651

³ He alludes to the Presbyterian clergy. They tried to persuade Cromwell to use the secular power against Sectaries

XVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER¹

1652

VANT, young in years but in sage counsel old,
 Tha i whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epiot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace or to unfold
 The drift of hollow tates hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main neives iron and gold
 In all her equipage besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil what each means,
 What severs each thou hast learn'd which few have
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe [done
 't before on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and recons thee her eldest son

XVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT²

AVENGL, O Lord, thy slaughter'd units, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones

¹ This sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was the chief of the Independents and therefore Milton's friend. He was a most eccentric character a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and good sense. He was beheaded after the Restoration 1662 — *From WARTON*

² The States of Holland

³ In 1665 the Duke of Savoy determined to make his reformed sub

jects in Piedmont return to the Roman Church. All who refused compliance with the sovereign's will were massacred. Those who escaped concealed in their mountain fastnesses sent to Cromwell for relief. Milton's holy indignation found expression in this fine sonnet which was of great effect. Cromwell commanded a general fast and a national contribution for the relief of the sufferers £40,000 were collected. He then wrote to the Duke and so

Forget not in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills and they
 To Heaven Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant,¹ that from these may grow
 A hundred fold who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe²

XIX

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account lest he returning chide,
 Doth God exact day labour light denied?³
 I fondly ask But patience to prevent
 That murmur soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts, who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best his state
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding sped
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait"

great was the terror of the English name—the Protector threatened that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia—that the persecution was stopped and the surviving inhabitants of the valleys

were restored to their homes and to freedom of worship

¹ The Pope

² The Papacy

XX

TO MR. LAWRENCE¹

LAWRENCE of virtuous father virtuous son
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mud
 Where shall we sometimes meet and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day what may be won
 From this bad season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother till Favonius *ie* inspire
 The frozen earth and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose that neither sow'd nor spun
 What next repast shall feast us light and choice
 Of Attic taste with wine whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd or ortal voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tu can air?
 He who of those delights can judge and spue
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise

XXI

TO CYRIAC SKINNER

CYRIAC, whose grandsire² on the royal Lench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced and in his volumes taught our laws
 Which others at the bar so often wrench,
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to diencl
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause
 And what the Swede⁴ intends, and what the French

¹ Son of Henry Lawrence Member for Hertfordshire who was active in settling the Protectorate on Cromwell. Milton's friend was the author of a work called

Of our Communion and Warre with Angels &c 1646 4to — TODD

² The West Wind

³ Lord Coke Cyriac Skinner was the son of William Skinner and Bridget,

daughter of Lord Coke. He had been a pupil of Milton's and was one of the principal members of Harrington's Political Club

⁴ Charles Gustavus King of Sweden was then at war with Poland and the French were fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands

To measure life learn thou betimes and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

XXII

TO THE SAME

CIRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Brief of light their seeing have forgot
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year
 Of man or woman Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hind or will nor bite a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward What supports me dost thou ask?
 The conscience Friend t' have lost them overplied
 In liberty's defence¹ my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide

¹ When Milton was engaged to answer Salmasius one of his eyes had newly lost its sight. The physicians predicted the loss of both if he used them. But Milton told Du Moulin I did not lose balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes

² The celebrated controversy with Salmasius originated thus Charles II employed that great scholar to write a

Defence of Monarchy and to vindicate his father's memory. Salmasius was the greatest scholar of his age. Grotius alone could compete with him. Selden speaks of him as most admirable. The Council of the Commonwealth therefore did wisely in ordering Milton to answer him. How he did so at the price of his sight we see above



Methought I saw my late espous'd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave
Rescued from death by force though pale and faint —p 491

XXIII

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE¹

MI^LTHOUGHT I saw my late espoused sweet
 Brought to me like Alcestis² from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint
 Mine, as whom wished from spot of child bed taint
 Purification in the old law did give,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested ill in white pure is her mind
 Her face was veild yet to my finned sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight
 But sh^t is to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled and day brought back my night

Catharine the daughter of Captain
 Wooleck of Hulme. She died in
 giving birth to a daughter soon after
 her marriage. She was Milton's second
 wife.

² Alcestis being told by an oracle that

her husband Admetus could never recover from a disease unless a friend died for him willingly laid down her life for him. Hercules, Jove's great son brought her back from hell.

Miscellaneous Poem and Translations.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

1617

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow d whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dine ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy¹
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford²
Men whose life learning truth and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards³ and Scotch whid ye call⁴
But we do hope to find out all your tricks
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,⁵
 That is the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though bruk your ears⁶
 And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large⁸

¹ In classes or classical assemblies
The Presbyterians distributed London
into twelve classes each chose two
ministers and four lay elders to re
present them in a Provincial Assembly

Adam Stuart a Political writer of
the times who answered the Independents
Plea for Toleration

² Samuel Rutherford one of the Chief
Commissioners of the Church of Scot
land and an avowed enemy to the
Independents Milton's sect

³ Thomas Edwards who wrote against
the Independents

⁵ Perhaps George Gillespie a Scotch
writer against the Independents Milton
hated the Scotch and ridiculed their
names

⁶ The Council of Trent

⁷ Bulk or bulk is to spare The
meaning is Your errors will be cor
rected and your easies spared Our
rulers will remem er that the Stu
lumber had inflicted the cruel punish
ment of loss of ears on Pyrte

⁸ More tyrannical than of old

TRANSLATIONS

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB I

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bindst thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always victrix always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful Hapless they
 To whom thou untried seemst fair Me, in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declines to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of sea

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH¹

Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of Leogria -

Goddess of shades and huntress who at will
 Walkst on the rolling spheres and through the deep,
 On thy third reign, the earth look now and tell
 What land what seat of rest, thou biddst me seek,
 What certain seat where I may worship thee
 For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires

¹ An ancient British historian and writer He died 1154

To whom sleeping before the altar Diana answers in a vis on the same night

BRUTUS, far to the west in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea girt it lies where giants dwelt of old,
Now void it fits thy people thither bnd
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold

FROM DANTE

All, Constantine of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope received of thee

FROM DANTE

FOUNDLD in chs^t and humble poverty,
'Gamst them that raised thee dost thou hit thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou placed thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste

FROM ARIOSTO

THEN past he to a flow ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave

FROM HORACE

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whit^d skin

FROM HORACE

ALL barbarous people and their princes too
All purple tyrants honour you,
The very wandering Scythians do
Support the pillars of the Roman state
Lest all in it be involved in one man's fate,
Continue us in wealth and state,
Let wars and tumults ever cease

FROM HORACE

THE power that did create can change the scene
Of things in the mean of great, and great of mean
The brightest glory can eclipse with might,
And place the most obscure in dazzling light

FROM EURIPIDES

THIS is true liberty when freeborn men
Having to advise the public may speak free,
Whch he who can, and will deserves high praise
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace,
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE

LAUGHING to teach the truth,
What budeis? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks that they may learn apace

FROM HORACE

— JOKING decides great things
Stronger and better oft than earnest can

FROM SOPHOCLES

"Tis you that say it, not I You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words. .

FROM HOMER

Glaukus in Lycia we're adored as gods,
What makes 'twixt us and others so great odds?

FROM SENECA

— — — — —
Thine can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king

Psalms.¹

PSALM I DONE INTO VERSE, 1653

BLFSS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked and i th' way
Of sinners hath not stood and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat But in the great
Jehovah s law is ever his delight
And in his law he studies day and night
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By wat'ry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit and his leaf shall not fall
And what he takes in hand shall j prosper all
Not so the wicked but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th assembly of just men
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must

PSALM II DONE AUG 8, 1653 TERZETTE

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land

¹ Milton's father composed Psalm tunes, and metrical Psalmody was very popular
in Milton's time

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords. He who in heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his full
 And fierce ire trouble them, but I, said He,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare, the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day, ask of me and the grant is made,
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds then shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bluised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth, with fear
 Jehovah serve and let your joy converse
 With trembling, kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere
 Happy all those who have in them their stay

PSALM III AUG 9, 1653

WHEN HE FLD FROM ABSALOM

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say
 No help for him in God there lies
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah He full soon replied
 And heard me from His holy mount
 I lay and slept I waked ag un
 For n'y sustain'
 Was the Lord OI many millions
 Th populous rou
 I fear not though encamping round about
 They pitch against me their pivilions
 Rise Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote er now
 On the cheek bone all my foes
 Of men abhor'd
 Hast broke the teeth This held was from the Lord,
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

.sp

PSALM IV A.D. 1653

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large, now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r
 Great ones how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity
 To love to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and not a ng else but lies
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to Himself apart
 The good and meek of heart,

(For whom to chose He knows)
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to Him I cry

Be awed, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust

Many there be that say

‘Who yet will show us good?’

Talking like this world’s brood,

But Lord thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy count’rance bright

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth overcloy,

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where’er I lie,

As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak’st me dwell

PSALM V AUG 12, 1653

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God for unto thee I pray

Jehovah thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my pray'rs and watch till thou appear
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no bidding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within sight
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat st, and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie,
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress,
 Set thy w^{ys} right before, where my step goes
 For in his falt ring mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth,¹
 Their inside troubles miserable,
 An open grave their throat their tongue they smooth
 God, find them guilty let them fall
 By their own counsels quell d
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on, for against thee they have rebell d
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend st them they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name
 For thou, Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will

¹ True

PSALM VI AUG 13, 1653

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct,
 Pity me, Lord for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint, heal and amend me
 For all my bones that e'en with inguish ache
 Are troubled yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou O Lord how long? Turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
 For in death no remembrance is of these
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Weary I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea,
 My bed I water with my tears, mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waken old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own and have me in his keeping
 Mine enemies shall all be blink and dash'd
 With much confusion, then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed

PSALM VII AUG 14, 1653

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM

Lord, my God to thee I fly,
 Save me, and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh

Lord, my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands if I have wrought
Ill to him that it meant me peace,
Or to him have rendered less
And not freed my foe for nought,
Let the enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it let him 'read
My life down to the earth and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul
Rise Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire
And wake for me their fury issuge,
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire
So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation
Judge me Lord be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss
But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins On God is cast
My defence, and in Him lies,
In Him who both just and wise
Saves the upright of heart at last
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended,
If the unjust will not forbear,

His sword he whets his bow hath bended
 Already and for him intended
 The tools of death, that waits him near
 (His arrows purposely made He
 For them that persecute) Behold
 He travels him with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceiv d of old
 As in a womb and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a he
 He digg d a pit and delved it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made
 His mischief that due course doth keep
 Turns on his head and his ill trade,
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep
 Then will I Jehovah s praise
 According to his justice raise
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the Most High

PSALM VIII Aug 14, 1653

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack th' avenger s brow
 That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose
 When I behold thy Heav'n s thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart
 O what is man that thou remember'st yet,
 And think'st upon him, or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st and of him art found
 Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
 Fowl of the Heavens and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in hoals do slide, and know no dearth
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

APRIL, 1648 J M

Nine of the Psalms done into metre wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text translated from the original

PSALM LXXX

THOU Shepheard that dost Israel *keep*
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitt st between the Cherubs *bright*,
 Between their wings out spread,
 Shine forth and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread
 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,
 Awake thy strength come, and be seen
 To save us by thy might
 Turn us again thy grace divine
 To us, O God, vouchsafe
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe
 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy smoking wrath and angry brow
 Against thy people's prayer !

Thou feed st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak st them largely drink the tears
 Wherewith their cheeks are wet

A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
 To every neighbour foe
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts it us they throw

Return us, and thy grace divine,
 O God of Hosts, vouchsafe,
 Curse thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe

A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
 Thy free love mad it thine,
 And drov'st out nations proud and haut,
 To plant this lovely vine

Thou did st prepare for it a place
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it began to grow apace,
 And fill'd the land at last

With her green shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were over spread
 Her boughs as high as cedars tall
 Advanced their lofty head

Her branches on the western side
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And upward to that river wide
 Her other branches went

Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
 With rudest violence?

The tusk'd boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
 Her grapes and tender shoots

Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
 Behold us but without a frown,
 And visit this thy vine

Visit this vine which thy right hand
 Hath set and planted long,
 And the young branch that for thyself
 Thou hast made firm and strong

But now it is consumed with fire,
 And cut with axes down,
 They perish at thy dreadful ne,
 At thy rebuke and frown

Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy good hand be laid
 Upon the son of man whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made

So shall we not go bid from thee
 To w'rys of sin and s'ame,
 Quicken us thou then gladly we
 Shall call upon thy Name

Return us and thy grace divine
 Lord God of Hosts ouchsafe,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe

PSALM LXXI

To God our strength sing loud, and clear,
 Sing loud to God our King
 To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
 Loud acclamations sing

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
 The timbrel hither bring
 The cheerful psalmy bring along,
 And harp with pleasant string

Blow, *as is wont, in the new moon*
 With trumpets' *lofty sound,*
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast comes round

This was a statute *giv'n of old*
 For Israel *to observe,*
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve

This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph *not to change,*
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land,
 The tongue I heard was strange

From burden, *and from slavish toil*
 I set his shoulder free,
 His hands from pots, *and miry soul,*
 Deliver'd were *by me*

When troule did thee sore assail,
 On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall

I answer'd thee in thunder deep
 With clouds encompass'd round,
 I tried thee at the water steep
 Of Meribah *renown'd*

Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
 I testify to thee,
 Thou ancient stock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to me

Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien God shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
 In honour bend thy knee

I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land,
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand

And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice,
And Israel, whom I loved so dear,
Mishiked me for his choice

Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wand ring mind,
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind

O that my people would be *wise*,
To serve me *all* their days
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways

Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand aginst all those
That are their enemies

Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to him and bend
But they, his people, should remain,
Their time should have no end

And he would feed them from the shock
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey for their meat

PSALM LXXXII

God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
Among the Gods, on both his hands
He judges and debates

How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?

Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Despatch the poor man's cause
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws

Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him that help demands

They know not, nor will understand
 In darkness they walk on
 The earth's foundations all are moved,
 And out of order gone

I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high,
 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes die

Rise God judge thou the earth in might,
 This unrule'd earth redress,
 For thou art He who shall by right
 The nations all possess

PSALM LXXXIII

Be not thou silent now at length
 O God, hold not thy peace,
 Sit thou not still, O God of strength,
 We cry, and do not cease
 For lo thy furious foes now swell,
 And storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee proud and fell
 Exalt their heads full high
 Against thy people they contrive
 Their plots and counsels deep,
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
 Whom thou dost hide and keep

Come let us cut them off say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory

For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind

The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,
Moab with them of Hagai's blood,
That in the desert dwell,

Gebal and Ammon there conspire
And hateful Amalek

The Philistines and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check

With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot

Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,

When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,
At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As down upon the plain

As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed

For they amidst their pride have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and will now invade
Their stately palaces

My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
 Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind

As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher
Till all the mountains blaze,

So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase,
 And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face

Ashamed and troubled let them be,
 Troubled and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never

Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone

Art the Most High and thou the same
Over all the earth art one.

PSALM LXXXIV

How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !

My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God for thee

There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong
 Hath found a house of rest,
 The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her boding nest,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And homeward they fly from round the coast,
Toward thee, my King, my God

Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways

They pass through Baekis *thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground
 As through a fruitful *watery dale*
Where springs and showers abound

They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladness cheer
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear

Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer,
 O Jacob's God, give ear
 Thou God our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear

For one day in thy courts to be
Is better, and more blest
 Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best

I in the temple of my God
I'd rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,
With sun for evermore

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright,
 No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right

Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest,
 Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest

PSALM LXXXV

THY land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hand* captivity
 Returned Jacob back

Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
 And *all* their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
Hast hid where none shall know

Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy fierce *wrath* which we had proved
 Far worse than fire to burn

God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Toward us, *and chide no more*

Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus,
 Wilt thou thy frowning *ne* extend
 From age to age on us?

Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice*,
 And us again revive,
 That so thy people may rejoice
 By thee preserved alive?

Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
 To us thy mercy show,
 Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew

And now what God the Lord will speak,
 I will *go straight and hear*,
 For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear*,

To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more

Return to folly, but in cease
 To trespass as before

Surely to such as do Him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall ere long appear
 To dwell within our land

Mercy and Truth that long we miss'd
 Now, joyfully are met,
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
 And hand in hand are set

Truth from the earth, like to a flow'r,
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
 Look down on mortal men

The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits to be our food

Before Him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harb'g ,
 Then will He come, and not be slow,
 His footstens cannot err

PSALM LXXXVI

Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline
 O hear me I thee pray,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, and sad decay

Preserve my soul, for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant, O my God
 Who still in thee doth trust

Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call, O make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul and voice

For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou alone
 To them that on thee call

Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my incessant pray'rs afford
 Thy hearing graciously

I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee for aid,
 For thou wilt grant me free access,
 And answer what I pray'd

None like thee among the Gods is none,
 O Lord, nor any works
 Of all that other Gods have done
 Like to thy glorious works

The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name

For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou in thy everlasting seat
 Remainest God alone

Teach me, O Lord, thy way most right,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
 So shall it never slide

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
 Thee honour and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore

For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast freed my soul,
 Even from the lowest hell set free,
 From the deepest darkness foul

O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set

But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to show,
 Slow to be angry, and art styled
 Most merciful, most true

O turn to me thy face at length,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmud's son

Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes then see,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me

PSALM LXXXVII

AMONG the holy mountains high
 Is his foundation fast,
 There seated in his sanctuary,
 His temple there is placed

Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings fair
 Of Jacob's land, though there be sore,
 And all within his care

City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke,

I mention Egypt, where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
Lo this man there was born

But twice that praise shall in our ear,
Be said of Sion fast,
 This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast

The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out worn,
 When He the nations doth enroll,
That this man there w is born

Both they who sing and they who da~~re~~,
With sacred songs are there
 In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
And all my fountains clear

PSALM LXXXVIII

LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry,
 And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie

Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend

For cloy'd with woes and trouble stow
Surcharged my soul doth lie,
 My life at death's uncheerful door
Unto the grave draws nigh

PSALMS

Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit
I am a man, but weak alas !
And for that name unfit
From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead to sleep,
And like the slain in *bloody* fight
That in the grave lie deep
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd
Death's hideous house hath buried
Thou in the lowest pit profound
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horid deeps to mourn
Thy wrath, *from which* no shelter saves,
Full sore doth press on me,
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy wave break me
Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for* they change,
And I here pent up thus
Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, 'till the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread
Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee *from* their *loathsome* bed
With pale and hollow eyes ?
Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?
Or they who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness unfold ?

In darkness can thy mighty hand
O wondrous acts be known?
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of dark oblivion?

But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
 Ere yet my life be spent,
 And up to thee my pray'r doth hie,
 Each morn, and thee prevent

Why wilt thou Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me
 That I'm already bruised and shake
 With terror sent from thee?

Bruised and afflicted, and so low
 As ready to expire
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire

Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatenings cut me through
 All day they round about me giv',
 Little waves they me pursue

Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And sever'd from me full
 They fly me now whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV¹

WHIN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from Phaillian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory was in Israel known
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,

¹ This and the following Psalm are Milton's earliest performances — WAR-
 TON. The first he afterwards translated into Greek.

And sought to hide his froth becurld head
 Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that had received the foil¹
 The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes the little hills like lambs
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was and aye shall last
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft hills from fiery flint stones gush

PSALM CXXXVI

Let us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God
 For his, &c

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell
 For his, &c

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed heav'n and earth to shake
 For his, &c

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state
 For his, &c

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain
 For his, &c

¹ Defeat,

Who by his all commanding might
 Did fill the new made world with light
 For his, &c

And caused the golden tressed sun
 All the day long his course to run
 For his, &c

The horned moon to shine by night
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright
 For his, &c

He with his thunder clapping hand
 Smote the first born of Egypt land
 For his, &c

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
 He brought from thence his Israel
 For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
 Of the Erythraean main ¹
 For his, &c

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
 While the Hebrew bands did pass
 For his, &c

But full soon they did devour
 The tawny king with all his power
 For his, &c

His chosen people he did bless
 In the wasteful wilderness
 For his, &c

In bloody battle he brought down
 Kings of prowess and renown
 For his, &c

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
 That ruled the Amorrean coast
 For his, &c

PSALMS

And huge limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew
For his, &c

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell
For his, &c

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery
For his, &c

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy
For his, &c

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need
For his, &c

Let us therefore wistle forth
His mighty majesty and worth
For his, &c

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye
For his mercies aye endu'd,
Ever faithful, ever sure

PSALM CIV

Ισραηλ ὅτε παιδες, ὅτε αγλας φυλ Ισραὴλ
Αιγυπτιον λιπε δημον, απεχθεα, βαρβαρυφωνοι,
Δη τότε μοῦνον εην ὄσιον γενος νίες Ιουδα
Εν δε θεὸς λαο σι μεγα κρειων βασιλευει
Εἰδε, και εντροπιαδην φυγαδ ερμωησε οι λαοσι
Κύματι ειλυμενη ροθιω, οδ ορε εστυφελιχθη
Ιρδες Ιορδανης ποτι αργυροειδεα πηγην
Εκ δ ορεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ετειριστα κλονεοντ
Ως κρο σφριγυωντες ει ριθερο εν αλωη

Βαιοτεραι δ ἄμα πασαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἔριπναι,
 Οἴα παραι συριγγι φιλη υπο μητερι ἄρνες
 Τιπτε συγ, αινα θαλασσα, πελωρ φυγαδ ερρωηστες
 Κυματι ειλυμενη ροθιω τι δ αρ εστυφελιχθης
 Ἰρος Ιορδανη ποτι αργυροειδεα πηγην
 Τιπτ ορεα, σκαρθμοισιν απειρεσια κλονεεσθε,
 Ως κριοι σφριγοωντες ευτραφερω εν αλωη
 Βαιοτεραι τι δ αρ ὑμμες ανασκιρτησατ ερ πναι
 Οἴα παραι συριγγι φιλη υπὸ μητερι ἀριες
 Σειεο γαια τρεουσα θεουν μεγαλ' εκτυπεοι τα
 Γαια, θεουν τρειουσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ισσακιοαο
 "Ος τε και εκ σπιλιδων ποταμοις χεε μορμι ροντας,
 Ιρηνηντ' αεναον πετρης απο δακρυοεστης

I Πινακίδης ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum et insontem inter eos forte
 cipitum inscius damnaverat την επι θανατω πορευομενος ήσει ειδότι πικιτ

Ω ἄνα, ει ολεσης με του ἔννομον, ουδε τιν' ανδρων
 Δεινον ολως δρασαντα, σοφωτανοι ισθι καρηνον
 Ρηδιωα αφελοι, το δ' ὑστερον αδθι νοησεις,
 Μαψιδιωα δ' αρ' επειτα τεον προς θυμιν ιδυρη,
 Τσιωνδ' εκ πόλιος περιωνυμον αλκαρ ολεσσας

In Effigie eius Sculp'torem

Αμαθει γεγραφθαι χειρι τηνδε μεν εἰκονα
 Φαιης ταχ αν, προς εἶδος αυτοφυς βλεπων
 Τον δ εκτυπωτον οικ επιγυνοντες, φιλιι,
 Γελατε φαιλον δυσμιμημα ζωγράφου

Johannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata

Quorum plerique intra annum etatis vigesimum conscripsit

Hec quae sequuntur de Autore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quum supra se esse dicta eo quod praelato ingenio VIII, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare ut omniis suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati, congruentia nimis cupidi affingant, noluit tamen horum canticum in se voluntatem non esse notum, cum alii prasertim ut id fieri magnopere suaderent. Num enim nimis ludis invidium totis ab se viribus amohitur sibiique quod plus aquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interum honorum conditorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honoris ducat, negat, non potest.

Joannes Banti et Manus Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonum Angulum

Ur mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic
Non *Alglus*, verum hercle *Angelus* ipse fons

Ad Joannem Miltonum Angulum triplex poesos laurca coronandum. *Greca* iunctum,
Iatini atque *Italica* Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani

CED Meles, cedat depressa Mincius uina,
Sebetus Tasum desinat usque loqui,
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit

Ad Joannem Miltonum

GRÆCIA Maenidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat ut ique priorem

S. 111. 121

Al Signor Gio Miltomi Nobile Ingles

ODE

ERCIMI all' Etra o Chio
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
 Non piu del Biondo Dio
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
 Diensi a merto maggiori, maggiori i fregi,
 A' celeste virtu celesti pregi

Non puo del tempo edice
 Rimaner predi, eteino ulti valore
 Non puo l' oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo torte
 Virtu m' adatti, e ferro la morte
 Del Ocean profondo
 Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
 Sepnata dal mondo,
 Per che il suo valori l' umano eccede
 Questa feconda si produrie Eroi,
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumani tra noi

Alla virtu sbandita
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
 Quella gli è sol gradita,
 Perche in lei san trov ur gioia, e diletto,
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
 Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto

Lungi dal Patrio lido
 Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente biamma ,
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
 E per poterla effigiare al paio
 Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro

Così l'ape ingegnosa
 Trae con industria il suo liquoi preguato
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato,
Formano un dolce suon diverse choide,
Fan varie voci melodica concorde

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti,
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero,
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo sceglier
Per fabbricar d' ogni vntu l' idea

Qual ⁴i nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appiesci l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro
E paillasti con lor nell' opre loro

Nell' alteia Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vino,
Che per varie faville
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul pino
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Angha il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumaní
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermi si g' anni,
Che di virtu immortale

Scorion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni,
 Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria

Dammì tu' dolce Cetra
 Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vnto,
 Il Tamigi il du a che gl' e concesso
 Per te suo cigno preggiai Permesso

Io che in riva del Arno
 Tento spiegar tuo merito alto, e preclaro
 So che fatico indarno,
 L ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo,
 Fieno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il coe
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore

Del sig ANTONIO FRANCINI,
 Gentilhuomo Fiorentino

Ioanni Miltoni Londinensi.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,
Viro qui multa peregrinatione studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca
perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnini ubique ab omnibus apprehendeat
Polyglotto in cuius ore lingui jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut
idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus inficiunt, et jure ea percallat
ut admiratione et plausus populorum ab proprio sapientia excitatos
intelligat

Illi, cuius animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem com
movent, et per ipsius motum cuiquo auferunt, cuius opera ad
plenus hoitantur, sed vennitale vocem laudatoribus admunt

Cui in memoria totus orbis in intellectu sapientia, in voluntate
ardor glorie, in ore eloquentia, harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum
sonitus astromonia duce audiunt, characteres mirabilium natu
per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legentu,
intuitum lutebras vetustatis excidia, eruditioris ambages, comite
assidua autorum lectione,

I xquirenti restauranti percurrenti
At cur nitor in ar'uum?

Illi in cuius virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficient, nec
hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiae et amoris ergo
hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS
DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

ELEGIARUM LIBER

ELLEG I AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

1627

TANDEM, chaire, tu i mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tu is,
Pertulit, occidua Devi Cestiensis ab or i
 Vergivium prono qua petit amue salum
Multum, ciede, juvat tauras aluisse remotas
 Pectus umans nostri tamque fidele cap it
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua od i m
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussu velit
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis all it u d i,
 Meque, nec invitum, patina dulcis habet
Jum nec arundinatum mihi cui i tenui cre Cimurn,
 Nec dudum vetiti me luis ingit umor
Nuda nec arva placent, umbriasque negant i molles,
 Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec diu libet usque minas perfeiie Magistri,
 Caeteraque ingenio non subcundi meo
Si sit hoc exilium pitios adusse penates,
 Et vacuum cuius oti i giata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve iecuso,
 La tus et evi conditione fruor
O utinam vates nunquam graviori tulisset
 Ille Tomit ino flebilis exul i gro,
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri
Excipit hinc fessum i muosi pompa theriti,
 Et vocat ad pliusus gairula scena suos
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,

Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculo barbara veiba foro,
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrunt servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris,
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Triagoedia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis cinibusc oī i rotat,
 Et dolit, et specto, juv ut et spectasse dolendo,
 Inte' lum et lacrymis dulcis imatoi mest,
 Seu puer infelix indebat i reliquit
 Gaudiū, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu fuius e tenebris iterat Styra criminis ulti
 Conscia funereo pectora tolle movens
 Seu mact Pelopecia domus seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos auli Creontis avos
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in uibe latemus,
 Iuuit nec nobis tempora veris eunt
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbria loci
 Sepius hic, bland i spirantia sidera flamas
 Virgineos videoas prateruisse choros
 Ah quoties digno stupui mirculi formo,
 Qua possit senium vel i pararie Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi super inti lumin i gemm i,
 Atque facies, quotqu i volvit uterque polus,
 Collaque his vivi Pelopis quae brachia vineant
 Quisque fluit puro noctuie tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fillax retia tendit Amor,
 Pellacesque genas, ad quis hys ianthini soidet
 Purpuri et ipse tui florii Adomi, rubor !
 Cedite laudat e toties Heroides olim
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem
 Cedite Achæmenia turrita fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt Memnoniamque Ninoi,
 Vos etiam Danæ fa ces submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Ilicæ, Romulæque nuri s
 Nec Pompeianas Taipæa Musa columnas

Jactet, et Ausonius plena theatra stolis
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi
 Tuque uis Dardanus, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Tuus igitur late conspicienda caput
 Tu nimis felix intra tua moenia cludis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet
 Non tibi tot celo scintillant astra screno,
 Endymione in turba ministra dea
 Quot tibi, conspiciu formaque tuoque puellae
 Per medias radient turba videndi vias
 Ceditur hue geminis venisse innecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigeo milite cincti Venus
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumini vallis,
 Huic Paphon, et roscam posthributum Cypion
 Ast ego dum pueri simus indulgentia celi,
 Manu quam subito linquere fusa paro,
 Et vitu procul malefida infamia Crux
 Atrii divini Molys usus ope
 Sit quoque juncosas Cami remenue paludes
 Atque iterum rauex murmur adiit Scholae
 Interea fidi parvum capte munus amici
 Piucaque in alternos verba coicta modos

ELEG II ANNO AEIATIS 17

(Written during Milton's first stay at Cambridge)

IN OBITUM PÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

1626

Tr qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore clere gregem
 Ultima pæconum pæconem te quoque sæva
 Mois rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo
 Cindidiora licet fuerint tibi temporis plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem

O dignus tamen Hamonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Aesomos vivere posse dies
 Dignus quem Stygus medica revocat ab undis
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante deo
 Tu si jussus eris aries accue togatis,
 Et celer i Phacbo nuntias in tuo
 Talis in Illici stabat Cyllenus iili
 Alipes etherea missus ab aice Pitis
 Talis et Furybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Retulit Atridae jussa severa duces
 Magni sepulchorum regina satelle Avern,
 Sav i nimis Musis, Palladi sav i nimis,
 Quin illos i ipsiis qui pondus inutile teat
 Tumbi quidem est telis isti petendi tuis
 Ut tibus hunc igitur pullis Academi iungas
 Ite made int lichynmis migr i seictu tuis
 Funda et ipsi modos quicquibunda Legia tates,
 Personet et totis i am i macta scholis

ELEG III ANNO FTAI 17

IN OBITU FR. LUDV. WINDHN

Mastus crassus et tinctus nullo coruante edebim,
 Hic ebantque inimico tristis plu i meo
 Protinus n subit funest clavis in ipso
 Ecce in Anglico quum I librum i olo
 Dum procerum ingressi est plendente marmore turres
 Dura sepulchi i mors metuenda face
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros
 Nec metuit s i triapum sternere filii gigas
 Tunc memini clauis ducis, fiatisque veri idi
 I tempestivis ossa cremari rogis
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota dices

At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ,
 Delicui fletu, et tristæ sic oie querebar
 " Mois fera, Tariueo diva secundæ Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat nas,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque asl ita tuo mucrone lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchri Cypridi stria rosa,
 Nec sinis, ut sempci fluvio contemini quicquid
 Minetum lapsus prætereuntis aquæ"
 It tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurimæ cælo
 Evehitui pennis quamlibet angui vis,
 Et quæ mille nigri, cui int immi illa sylvis
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pœnas
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessæ potestis,
 Quid juvat humana tingere et manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas venisse sagittis
 Semideamque animam scde fugisse suæ?"
 Talia dum lucrum in alto sub pectore volvo,
 Rostratus occidens Hespærus exit ignis,
 Et Tartessiaco submergit et pior curit mihi
 Phœbus, ab hæc littore mensu iter
 N e moi, membi et cavo posui refovendi cubili,
 Condiderant oculos novque soporique meos,
 Cum mihi visus etiam lato spectanteus
 Hen! nequit ingenium visa referrere meum
 Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole iubent
 Ac veluti cum præmit opes Thaurantia pœnas,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum
 Non dea tamen varus ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Dritor Hesperio flavet arena Tago
 Script odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosæ
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitui esse domus
 Ipse racemiferis dum densæ vitibus umbras,
 Et pellucentes minor râgue locet,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidercum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infula divinum eminxerat alba caput
 Damque / nex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Ii tremuit læto floria terra sono
 Agminis gemmatis pluindunt ea 'estia pennis,
 Purus triumphi personat in thia tuba
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cintuque silutu,
 Hocque aliquis pliudo misit ab ore sonos
 'Nite veni, et pitiu felix e ipse cauili regni,
 Semper ubi hinc duio, nate liboie vicia'
 Dicit, et aligeri et tectorerunt nubila tuim,
 At mihi cum tenditis aucti pulsas quies
 Flebam turbatos Cephalaria pellicis sonos
 Tali contingant somnia stepe mihi

ELEG IV ANNO ÆTATIS 18

Ad Thomam Junium praecentorem suum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ
agentes lastoris munere fungentem

Cifre per immensum subito, mea lictu, pontum
 I, pete Teutonicos lave per aequor iugis
 Segnes rumpe mortis, et nil, procor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remorctui iter
 Ipse ego Sicanius frænante carcete ventos
 Æolon et virides soilicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,
 Aut quies Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oias,
 Gratas Eleusina missus ab urbe puer
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ moenia flecte gridum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedito nec

Vivit ibi antiquæ clavis pietatis honore
 Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves,
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars alteri nostre
 Dindio vita vivere cogor ego
 Hec mihi quot pelagi quot montes interjecti,
 Me faciunt ibi prout curere mei!
 Chumor ille mihi, quem tu, doctissime Grunni,
 Climadi pioneris qui Telamonis erat
 Quemque Stygrytes generoso magnus ilanno,
 quem peperit Lybico Chionis alma Jovi
 Quibus Amyntorides, quibus Philyreus heros
 Myrmidonum regi taliis et ille mihi
 Primus ego Aornos illo praecunte recessus
 Istrabam et bimbi sacra vnde iugis
 Pliosque huius latices Choque fuscante,
 Cistilio sparsi liti ter oris meo
 Flumineus ut signum teri videt in multis Aethon
 Induxitque uno lineo tergi novo
 Bisque novo teri um sparsisti, Chlori, semitem
 Giunne bisque tuis abstulit Auster opes
 Necdum eius licet mihi luminis pascie vultu
 Aut lingue dulces inie bibisse sono
 Vide igitur cuiusque Eurum praevite sonorum
 Quam sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa vides
 Invenies dulci cum conjugi forte sedentem,
 Multcentem gremio pignori clara suo
 Forsitan aut vetrum perlungi volumina patum
 Veis intem ut velibet iuri Dei
 Cælestive animis satui intem iore tenellis,
 Giudea sicuti et religionis opus
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salute n
 Dicere quam decuit si modo idasset horum
 Hec quoque parvum oculos in humum desiri modo te
 Verba verecundo sis membra ore loqui
 Hec tibi, si tenebris vacat inter prelia Musa,
 Mittit ab Anglico littore fida manus
 Accipe sincerum, quamvis sit sera, salutem,
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi
 Sera quidem, sed veris fuit, quam cista i cept
 Ieunis a lento Penelopea viro

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus merito, novamque fitetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum
 In modo diu nemam fuisse, nemamque roganti,
 Criminis diminui, que patuerie solent
 Non fons in pavidos rictus diducit hi inter
 Vulnifero pronus nec rapit ungue leo
 Sype saissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mastas delicacie preces
 Extensaque manus avertunt fulminis rictus
 Placat et noster hosti parva Deos
 Jimque diu scrisisse tibi fuit impetus illi
 Neve moras ultra ducere pressus Amor
 Nam viri Famam reficit, heu nuntiavit in dolorum
 In tibi finitimus bellum tumens loci,
 Teque tu imque urbem tristevolentis militis cinxi
 Propterea armis jum pueris ducas
 Te encum lutei ampos populitum Inyo
 Et sibi cune unum jam eruor arius ingit
 Germi misque suum concessit Thraci Mitem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pueri egit equos
 Perpetuoque comus jum dellorescit olivam
 Fugit et erison im Divi pectora tuba
 Fugit et tenet et jum non ultima vix
 Creditur ad superis justa voluisse domos
 Te tamen interi bellum circumsonit honor
 Vivis et renoto solus inopsque solo
 It tibi qui unum pueri non exhibuere pueriles
 Sede praejungi qui eris cenus opem
 Pueri dura parent et saxis levior albis
 Spumei qui pulsit littoris unda tui,
 Sicine te decet innocuous exponere fatus
 Sicine in extermum fuisse cogis humum
 It simis ut tenet qui et intumenta remotis
 Quos tibi propiciens misericordia ipse Deus
 It qui leta ferunt de celo nuntia, quique
 Qua via post cunctes ducat ad astri u, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygus qua vivas et lausa tis nebris,
 Asternaque animae digna perire fume!

Hunc aliter vates terae Thesbitidis olim
 Pessit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertaque Aiabum salebras dum regis Achabi
 Effungit, atque tuaq, Sidoni dux, minus
 Talis et horisono lacer itus membra flagello,
 Prulus ab Aem iheri pellitur urbe Cilix
 Piscoseque ipsum Gergesse civis Iesum
 Fimibus ingiatus jussit urbe uis
 At tu sume annos nec spes cedit annis euis,
 Nec tua concutitur decolor os i mctus
 Sis etenim qu imvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intentaque tibi milii tel i necem,
 At nullis vel meime latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla crux bibet
 Numque eius ipse Dei radiante sub agide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi,
 Ille Sionae qui tot sub monibus uicis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silentu vires,
 Inque fugam uicit quos in Sanuitas das oras
 Misit ab antiquis plusca Dun uscus agri,
 Terruit et densas prvidu cum iegu cohortes,
 Aere dum vnuco buccina clari sonat,
 Coince pulvereum dum verbici ungula campum,
 Cuius uenosam dum qualit actus humum,
 Auditurque linnitus equorum ad bella ructum,
 Et stiepit feui, munimurque alta vnuum
 Et tu (quod superest miserris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vinee mala,
 Nec dubites qundoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque itcum patios posse videre lares

ELEG V ANNO AEQTATIS 20

IV ADVENTUM VEPIS

Iv se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros, vele tepente, novos,
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus

Fallor? an et nobis redunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi punctione veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus
 Castalis ante oculos bifidumque cacumen obcurat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt,
 Concitaque alicano fervent mihi pectori motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacci intus agit
 Delus ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delus ipso venit
 Jam mihi mens liquidat iuptatur in arduit cæli,
 Perique vagas nubes corpore liber eo,
 Perique umbras, perique antia fumoi penet illi et vitum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum,
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agitum Olympos,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartari caca meos
 Quid tan grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid prout hæc iubis, quid succi iste fumoi?
 Vei mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,
 Profuerunt isto redit i dona modo
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, folius adopeita novellis,
 Instituis modulos dum sicut omne nemus
 Uri ego, tu sylva simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum ventus uterque canit
 Vetus io redicie vices, celebremus honores
 Veis, et hoc subeat Musa parentis opus
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque riva,
 Flectit id Arctoas auctor lora pligris
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est moia noctis opere,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum caeleste Bootes
 Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via,
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit
 Neve Giganteum Dui timuere seclus
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hæc aut, hæc certe caruisti nocte p iella,
 Phœbe, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, luciferis ut videt alta rotas,
 Ft tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratrius ope
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora semles,
 Quid juvat efferto proculuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides vindi venator in herba
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet
 Flava verecando dea crimen in ore fitetur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva sanctam,
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe, subne tuos,
 Et cupit, et digna est Quid enim formosius illa,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosi simus,
 Atque Arابum spuri messest et ib ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphis fundit amo et irosis?
 Ecce coronatui sacro frons ardui luco,
 Cingit ut Ideum pincta tuuus Optim,
 Et vnuo madidos intinxit flore capillos,
 Flombis et visa est posse placere suis
 Floribus effusos ut crat redimita capillos
 Tumulo placent diva Sicana Deo
 Aspice, Phœbe tibi ficles hortantur amores
 Mellitusque inuent flumina veinæ pices
 Cinnamor Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
 Blunditiasque tibi ferre videntur ives
 Nec sine dote tuos tumcianus qui vnt amores
 Terri nec optatos poscit egeni toros
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi grumen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc tuulos adjui ut ipsa tuos
 Quod si te pictum si te fulgenti tangunt
 Muneri, (muneribus saepè coemptus immor)
 Illi tibi ostentat quisunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinfectis montibus abdit opes
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas pri capitanis aquas
 Cur te, inquit cuius languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperius recipit caruia mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethys? Quid cum Tartesside lympha?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigida, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
 Huc ades, ardentes imbus rore comis
 Molior egelida veniet tibi somnis in haibis,
 Huc ades et gremio lumina pone in eo
 Quaque jaceat, circum mulcet lene susurrans
 Aura me lumentis corpora fusa rosas
 Nec me (cide me) terrent Semina fata,
 Nec Phœbento eo sumidus axis equo,
 Cum tu Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni
 Huc ades, et gremio luminis pone meo
 Sic Tellus lascivus suos suspirat amores,
 Matri in exemplum cæteri turbi ruunt
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque sovet soli ab igne fices
 In onuere novis lethihi cornu nevi
 Littus micant ferro telis cornu in novo
 Junquæ vel invictum tentat superisse Diuum,
 Quæque sedet sacra Vesta pudicæ foco
 Ipsa senescentem reperat Venus nubis formam,
 Atque iterum tepido ceditur oī mari
 Mæmoresque juvenes clamunt Hymena e per urbes,
 Littus in Hymen, et cava saxy sonant
 Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,
 Punicum redolet vestis odora clocum
 Igrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia venis,
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus
 Votum est cunque suum, votum est timen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cythæri viuum
 Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine præstor,
 Et suis, quæ jungit, carmina Phyllis habet
 Nuita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjugé ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festi Deos
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum se in crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitantes celestis florea rura choro
 Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
 Per iuga, per solos expatiantur agros

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Orcida Faunus,
 Consultit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tacta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelet ipsa capi
 Qui quoque non dubitant coelo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet
 Et sua quisque dum sibi numina lucus habet,
 Nec vos arboreu dum precor ite domo
 I referant miseras te, Jupiter, urea terris
 Stæcla quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, jugalos,
 Qua potes, et sensim temporu veris eant
 Biunquam productas taide fciat hispida noctes,
 Ingiuat et nostio senior umbra polo

ELEG VI

AD CAROUM DIODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui cum Idibus Decembri scriptisset et sua carmina excusui postulasset si solito
 minus essent bona quod inter lauitus quibus erat ibi minus exceptus haud sat s
 e licet operam Musis ducere posse affirmat hic loci habuit responsum

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento forte cuire potes
 At tu quid nostram prolectat Musa cœmœnam,
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scie vobis quam te redamemque colamque,
 Credet mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas
 Nam neque noster amori modulis includitur aictis,
 Nec venit ad clandos integer ipse pedes
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrer,
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia rruis,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereis refugam vino dapibusque poesim?
 Carmen amat Bacchum carmina Bæchus amat
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides ge stasse coriambos,
 Atque hederam lauio præposuisse sure
 Sæpius Aonis clamavit collibus Euæ
 Mista Thyoneo tubi novena choro
 Naso Cœrall eis in la carmina misit ab iis, iis
 Non illuc epulæ, non sit i vitis erat
 Quid nisi vina, nosque, racemisfiumque Ly cum,
 Cantavit bœvibus Tere Musæ modis,
 Pindaricisque in iis numeris Teumesius Enim,
 Et iadolet sumptum prægnata quæque merum,
 Dum gravis everso curvis cœpit ære superi,
 Et volat Elcio pulvere fuscæ cœques
 Quidrimoque madens Lycean Iomius Iæcho,
 Dulce canit Glycerian, flavicoramque Chloæ
 Jam quoque lauti tibi generoso men i præitu
 Mantis alit vires, ingeniumque foræt
 Missæs fecundum despum int pœuli veram,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita meti i cado
 Addimus his aites, fusumque per intum i Phœbum
 Corda, furent uni Bœchus Apollo Cœs
 Scilicet hand mirum, tam dulcer cœmpta per te,
 Numine composito, iæs peperisse Deos
 Nunc quoq; e Thressa tibi calito bœbitos auro
 Insonat arguta molliter iet i manu
 Auditurque chelys suspen i tipetæ cœcum,
 Virginæ tremuli qua regat arti pedes
 Illa tuis saltem teneant spectacula Musas
 Et revocent, quæcum rapulæ pullit meis
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebui, comitatiisque lectum
 Implet odoratos festa choæa tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalæ sinus
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cœrsque, Venuisque,
 Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor

Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parce, Samu pio moie magistris,
 Vivat, et innocuos pœbeat herba cibos
 Stet prope fagineo pellucidi lymphi cithillo
 Sobriisque e puto pocula fonte bibit
 Additum huic seclerisque vicans et casta juventus
 Et rigidi moies et sinc lube manus,
 Quibus veste nitens stria, et lustralibus undis,
 Suijis ad infusos augur itum Deos
 Hoc iitu vivisse ferunt post iupti sagacem
 Lumina Thesian, Ogygiumque Linon
 Et laie devoto profugum Calchanta, scenique
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antu fells,
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerius
 Dulichium vexit per fretu longi viuum,
 Et per monstrificum Peiseia Phœbados aulam,
 Et vadu fœmineis insidiosi sonis
 Perque tuis, rex imo, domos ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbriuim detinuisse greges
 Deus etenim sicer est vates divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem
 At tu siquid agam scitibet (si modo saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semini regem,
 Frustraque saceratis sœcula pacta libuis,
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem pœpeis teet
 Qui suprema suo cur patre regni colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tuimas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tult
 Te quoque pressa manent patris meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instru eris

ELEG VII ANNO ÆTATIS 19

1628

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noiam,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerila tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor
 Tu, puer, imbellis, dixi, transfige columbas,
 ~ Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci
 Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
 Hæc sunt militæ digna trophya tuæ
 In genus humanum quid inanis dirigis anima?
 Non valet in fortis ista pharetra viros
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad nos
 Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet
 Vei erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puerō dignum et Amore fuit
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi,
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
 Thiodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam, vero per tua damna fidem
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi,
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venitor, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis
 Catera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem
 Dixit, et aurato quæstiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Ut mihi de puero non metus ullus erat
 Et modo qua iostri spitantur in uibe Quintæ,
 Et modo villarum proxima rura placent
 Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque redditque vias,
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat
 Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quo me fecit juvenilis, agor
 Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuuisse meos
 Unam forte alius supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa malæ
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit
 Hanc memor objectit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande peperdit onus
 Nec mora nunc cilius hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labus, insidet inde gemis
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculus non redditura meus.

Ast ego progredior tacite queribundus, et excors
 Et dubius volui saepe referie pedem
 Findor, et haec remanet sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudie flei juvat
 Sic dolet missum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos precipitata foscis
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Oicum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia veiba loqui!
 Fositan e' duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
 Cede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter visus,
 Ponat in exemplo prunus et unus ego
 Parce precor, tenet cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua fulta tuo
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu milu sunimus eris
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futur, est,
 Cuspis amatueros figit ut una duos

HÆC ego, mente olim laeva, studioque supino,
 Nequissimæ posui vana trophyæ meæ
 Scilicet ab eptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum
 Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER

I

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM

CUM simul in regem nuper satiasque Britantio
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe, nefas
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videt?
Et pensare malum cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missus ad atria cali,
Sulphureo curru,flammivolisque rotis
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iordanos turbine raptus agros

II

IN EANDEM

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare muneia numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis
Ille quidem sine te consoitia seius adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope
Sic potius foodos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter

III

IN EANDEM

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne
Supplicium spreta telligione dabis
Et si stelligeras unquam peneti averis arces,
Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter
O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis !
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas

IV

IN EANDEM

Quim modo Roma suis devoverat impia dnis,
Et styge damnarat, Tanatoque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos

V

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

Iapetionidem laudavit circa vetustas,
Qui tulit aetheram solis ab axe facem,
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi

VI

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

Angelius unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
Obiugit æthereis ales ab ordinibus
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major ?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli
Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens,
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet

VII

AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aeo
 Perditus, et proptei te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila moxie lyra
 Quamvis Dircaæ torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Savior, aut totus desipisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes caca vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poterias composuisse tuæ,
 Et poterias, ægro spirans sub corde, quiete n
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi

VIII

AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Clarique Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
 Littoe inque tua defunctam Naida ripa,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illæ quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi
 Illic Romulidum studis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos

IX

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expedivit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
 Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultiro Cardinalium melos



MILTON MEETING IONORA BARONI AT CARDINAL BARBERINI'S HOUSE — \$50

X

IN SALMASIUM

GAUDETE brombri, et quicquid est piscium salo
 Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
 Bonus, amicue nuditatem cogitat,
 Chartaque laicus, appuat papyri mos
 Vobis cucullos, praefrentes Claudi
 Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
 Equitis clientes, scrinus mugentium
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos

XI

GATI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
 Quis bene moratum, monigeramque neget?

XII

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

1673

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino
 Hunc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit aicolas
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inuui,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus,
 Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
 Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem
 Nunc periere mihi et foetus, et ipso parens

XIII

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE
CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces

SYLVARUM LIBER

IN OBITU M^{IC} PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI

ANNO AE TATIS 17

1626

Parvul fati discite legibus,
Minusque Pareca jam date supplices,
Qu pendulum telluris orbem
Iupeti colitis ncpotos
Vc si id M^{IC}to mors vrig i Tuncio
Semel vocavit flebilis heu mora
Tent intur incassum, dolique
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est
Si destinatam pellece dextera
Mortem valcret, non feius Hercules,
Nessi venen itus crnoe,
Æmathi jacuisse Octa
Nec fraude turpi Pallidis invida
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem laiva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locio, Jove lacrymante
Si tuste fatum viba Hecatia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virga
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbaum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta
Læsisset et nec te, Phlyreic,
Sagitta Echidnae perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genitricis alvo

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et medius Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
 Laetus, superstes, nec sine gloria
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot artris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis
 Colende Præses, membra precor tuæ
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescent rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore
 Sit mitæ de te judicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626.

JAM prius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,
 Teucrigenes populos, lateque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque, inviolabile fœdus,
 Scepta Caledonius conjunxerat Anglica Scotis
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultaque dol securus et hostis
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dínumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Partic pes regni post funera moesta futuros

Hic tempestates medio ciet aere duras,
 Illic unanimis odium struit inter amicos,
 Armit et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace
 Et quoscunque videt puise virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentit inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia praedam
 Nocte sub lunis, et somno nictantibus astus
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ
 Tamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus aiva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomina dederat quondam *Neptunia* proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula *Troyæ*

At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace boatam,
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspina rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olientia sulphur,
 Qualia *Trinacria* trux ab Jove clausus in *Ætna*
 Eflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore *Tiphæus*
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hec mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta
 Hactenus, et piceis liquido natat aere pennis
 Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet *Ausoniæ* fines a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer *Appenninus* erat, præscisque *Sabini*,
 Dextra *veneficus* infamis *Hetruria*, nec non

Te furtiva Tbris Thetidi videt oscula dantem,
 Hinc Mavortigena consistit in aice Quirini
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panicosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, praeerunt submisso poplite reges,
 Ut mendicantium series longissima fratrum,
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmerius natu in tenebris vitamque trahentes
 Templu deum multis subeunt lucentia tredis,
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) tremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiisque catervi,
 Origin cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitieis Asopus in undis
 Et procul ipse civa responsat rupe Cithæron

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nov sensi amplexus Erchi tacituina reliquit,
 Precepitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Cæptum oculis Typhlontri, Melanætemque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæ prognatam pître Siopen
 Torpidam, et huius sutis horrentem Phrica capillis
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetonius haies,
 Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulteri
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes,
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbruum dominus, 1ectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus,
 Astutus, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate veiuit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de iaso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabos lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis tigens vestigia calceis
 Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libyosque leones
 Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu,
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces,

Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit ait us?
 Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum?
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barba i nata sub axe
 Dumque phartrati spernunt tua jura Britanni
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latus quem Cæsar adorit,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis,
 Et memori Hesperiaæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iborum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa plobois,
 Thermodoonta nuper regnante puella
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vias,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colla
 Reliquas veterum franget, flammisque crenabit
 Sacrique calcabit pedibus tua colla profunis
 Cujus gaudet soleis dare balsa reges
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte licesces
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude
 Quilibet haeticis disponere ietia fas est
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rei magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grand evosque paties, trabea canisque veindos,
 Hos tu membratum poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dire in cineres, mitrati pulvris igne
 Ædibus inj cto, quæ convenerie, sub imis
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi, factique, mone quisquamne tuorum
 Audet summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Perculsoisque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iherus
 Sacula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantui numina fastis
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens maleficus amictus,

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen
 Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras,
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera natu,
 Irrigat æmbrosius montana cacumina guttis
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phonè Prodotaque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro,
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horici,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silenti Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscientia stagnat
 Ipsi etiam prævidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodota, nulloque sequente per antium,
 Antrum horiens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbiis,
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retro lumina vortunt
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit aquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Taïtareoque leves difflentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
 Consili socios adhibete, operisque ministrios
 Finierat, rigidi cupide parnare gemelh

Interea longo flectens curvamine oculos
 Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat aice,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aïde terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas,

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae,
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossa
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
 Amplaque per tenues translucens atria muros
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros,
 Qualiter instrepitant circum multalia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen
 Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in aice,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Quis sonitum exiguum trahit, aqua levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lunum non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terias
 Iстis illa solet loci luce parentia sepe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli
 Millenisque loquax audit ique visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget

Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente
 Fama, sile? An te lalet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?

Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alat,
 Induit et varus exilia corpora plumis,
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celestes prævætere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque inimici i spargit
 Mox aiguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Prodictionis opus nec non facta horrida dictu
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidios loca structa silet, stupuere relatis
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effœtique senes pariter, tantaque ruine
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetrauerat omnem

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolum, capti poenas raptantur ad acres
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores,
 Compita læta focis genitibus omnia fumant,
 Turba choros juvenilis agit Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626

ADHUC madentes rore iqualebant genæ,
 Et sœcca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsul
 Cum centilinguis Fama, proh! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia,
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferieis sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui Rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet
 Tunc inquietum pectus ua protinus
 Ebulliebat fervida,

Tumulis potentem saepe devovens deam
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto dirior pectoris
 Quausque vates praeius
 Tuipem Lycambis execratus est dolor,
 Si ons inque Neobulen suan
 At ecce dira, ipse dum fundo graves,
 Fit impiecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videoi attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aura, flamine
 Cœcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque, et iritas minis
 Quid temere violis non norundinum numina,
 Subitoque ad nis percita?
 Non est, ut arbitriaris elusus miser
 Mois atia Noctis filia,
 Fiebove patre cœta sive Eimnyc
 Vastove nata sub Chao
 Ast illa, cœlo missastellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit,
 Animasque mole carnea reconditas
 In lucem et iuras evocat,
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
 Themidos Jovisque filia,
 Ut sempernus ducit ad vultus patris
 At justa riuptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sede que subterraneas
 Hunc ut vocantem lætus audiri, cito
 Iœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror
 Vates ut olim riuptus ad cœlum senex,
 Auriga curris ignei
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus
 Pretervolavi fulgidu solus globum,
 Longeque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coicebat suos
 Frenis di icones aureis
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteis vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem rupi miratus novam,
 Donce nitentes ad foies
 Vntum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinum, et
 Stiatum smaragdis atrium
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effui queat,
 Oriundus humano pitie,
 Ancomites illius loci? Mihī
 Sat est in uterum fui

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

1628

Hic u, quam perpetuus erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,
 Oedipodium volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quo vesana suis motiū facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimil uis suis, nulloque solubile sæcio
 Consilium fati perituriis alligat horis
 Ergone marcescat sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Nitu facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omnipurum contracta uteum sterilesket ab evo?
 Et sc̄ fassa scenem, male certis passibus ibit
 Siderum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
 Annorumque eterni fimes squalorque situsque,
 Sidera verabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuinet Calum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu potuitne suas impudens Jupitei arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo eit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu

Stridat uteque polus, super ique ut Olympius aula
 Decidit horribilisque rectecta Goigone Pallas,
 Quis in Aegeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cali?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui cœsus imitabere natu,
 Præcipiti curia subitaque fracie iuina
 Pronus, et extincta funabit lampade Noreus.
 Et dubit attonito feralia sibila ponto
 Tunc etiam aerei divulsiæ sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque illisa bñathio
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Cœi iuina Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erit, si iteinaque belli

At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius istris,
 Consuluit rœum suinma, citoque percgit
 Pondere fatiorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi iota prima diuino,
 Raptat et iambitos socia veitigine cœlos
 Tardioi haud solito Situmus, et acci ut olim
 Fulmineum iutilat cristata casside Mavors
 Floridus æteinum Phœbus juvencile coruscit,
 Nec foveat effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus, sed semper amicu
 Luce potens, eadem currat per signa iotum
 Suigit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascu i cali,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore
 Fulget, oblique vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculuntur fulmina rupes
 Nec per inane furit leviori muimure Corus,
 Stringit et iirmiferos i quali horrois Gelonus
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque voln¹ i²
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit aquora conchi
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
 Aegeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sœchli vigori ille ve*n*eti

Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorum,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia vel sub aquis gemmas Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima ierum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli,
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES
 INTELLEXIT

DICITE, sicrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum ,
 Quis ille primus, cuius ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei ?
 Hæud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ,
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decempliis,
 Citimumve terris incolit lunaæ globum
 Sive, inter animas corpus adiutris sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Læthes aquas
 Sive in remota forte teriarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et dus tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portatore siderum

Non, cui profundum ea cit is lumen dedit,
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu
 Non hunc silente nocte Pleiones i^{re}pos,
 Vatum sagaci p^{ri}pes ostendit choro
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius ^{lact}
 Longos v^{ict}usti commemoret atavos Nini
 Piscumque Belon, m^{el}ytumque Osuidem
 Non illi trino gloriou^s nomine
 Tei magnus Heimes, ut sit ueru^s ceteris
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxi scholis)
 Jam jam poëta, urbis exules tu^r,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut instru^rutor ipse migrabis foras

AD PATREM

NUNC mea Pieros cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriaguas torqueat vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,
 Ut tenues oblita sonos aaudacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, c^{arm}en
 Exiguum m^{edit}tatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit auria Chio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice c^{arm}en,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,

Sancta Promethea retinens vestigia flammæ
 Cum tenet amant superi, tremebundaque Taurata carmen
 Ima cœleste valet divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coeret
 Carmine sepositi retegunt alicana futu
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes or i Sibylla,
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sticta motantem cornu taurum,
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus iubita fibris
 Consultit, et t'epidis Parcam scrutatur in extis
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Aeternæque moræ stabunt immobilis avi,
 Ibimus suratus per coeli tempora coronis,
 Dulcis suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectio,
 Astri quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt
 Spiritus et rapidos qui cincunt igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercunt ipse choires
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
 To rid i dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Murusius Atlas
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo
 Tum de moe sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Aesculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore cincti,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesti cœnit,
 Et chaos, et positi lîte fundâmina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Aetneo quæsitum fulmen ab antio
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Oiphœa cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures,
 Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque functa canenda
 Compulit in lacrymas habet has a carmine landes
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemne Musas,
 Nec vanas inopescque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulus variare canoram

Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, chaio si tam prope sanguine juncti,
 Cognatas utes, studiumque affine seqnatur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispergue duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera doua parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum, genitoque puerque, tenemus

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camas nis,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim pater, ire jubebis
 Qua via lata patet, qua promor nra lucri,
 Certaque eō idendi fulget spes aurea nummi
 Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulis damnas clamoribus aures
 Sed magis exultam cupiē ditesceire mentem,
 Me procul urbano stieptu secessibus ultis
 Abductum, Aoniae jucunda per oīri ripi,
 Phœbro lateni comitem simis nō beatum
 Officium chrii taceo commune parentis,
 Me poseunt m̄jora tuo pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Bonilev patuit secundia lingui,
 Et Latui veneres, et que Jovis oīa decebant
 Gi india magniloquie clata vocibula Grui
 Addere suasihi quos tacti Galli flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Itilus oīe loqulam
 Fundit, barbucos testitus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Vulcinus loquitur mysteria vates
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cælo
 Terra patens, terraque et cælo interfluvus aer,
 Quicquid erunda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit
 Dimotique venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudique conspicuus inclinat ad oscula vultu,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libuisse molestum

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus vivis
 Austraci gazas, Peruanaque regna præoptus
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cælo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,

Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ina catervæ,
 Victucess hederas inter laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebo in exiti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque aries transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sovi nec anguiferios extendæ, columnæ nictus,
 In me tuste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego, securaque tutus
 Pectori vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu

At tibi, chie pater, postquam non equæ meienti
 Posse refelli datur nec doni rependere factis
 Sit memoriasse satis repetitaque munera gî ito
 Percensei animo, fida que reponei menti

Et vos O noslii, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini supercresse iogo, lucemque tueii
 Nec spissæ rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitus ævo

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM

SCAVONTES

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens tñahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quam cum decentes flava Deiöpe suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui stam linquens nidum,
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,

Pernix anhela sub Jove exerceat flībī,
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas
 Visum superbī cognitas urbes fama
 Virosque, doctaeque indolem juventutis
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Si sille,
 Hibitumque fesso corpori penitus sinum,
 Cui nunc profundā bilis infestat renē,
 Prordisque fixa damnosum spirit
 Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romai o
 Tim cultus ore Lesbium condis melos
 O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
 Germani! Tuque Phœbe, morborum tētior,
 Pythonē cruso sive tu magis Pīan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est
 Querceta Fāuni, vosque rōte vīnoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid silubīe vallibus frondet vēstīus
 Levamen agro feite certatim vati
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,
 Vicina dulci pīata mulcebit cantu
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium ēternum
 Suam reclinis semper Āgeriam spectans
 Tumidusque et ipse Tībris hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuae coloneūim,
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
 Nīmīum sinistro laxus irruens loro
 Sed frēna nēlius temperabit undūrum,
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni

MANSUS

Joannes Baptista Mansus Muchio Villensis vir ingecil laude tum literarum studio nec non et bellici virtute apud Itulos clarius in primis est. Ad quem Iorquini Tassi Dialogus extit de Amicitia scriptus cui et cum Tassi inuisissimus ab quo etiam inter Compagine principes celebratur in illo poemate cui titulus *Geusalemmne Conquistata lib. xx*

*Pro cavalier magnanimo e cortesi
Riprende il Manso—*

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosequentus est multiquo ei deditum humanitatis officium. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille iniquam ab ei urbe discederet ut ne inerratum se ostenderet hoc cunctis mihi

Hic quoque, Manso, tuas meditantes criminis laudi
Pirides, tibi, Manso choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille illum huius aquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecenatis Hetrusci
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet auaia Camœna,
Victrices hederas inter lurosque sedebis
Te pindem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit et aternis inscripsit nomina chartis
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscri Musa Marinum
Tibi didicit ille tuum dici se grudet alumnus,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem opioso ex aere poetam
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque et nec per acescant
Offici in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Oico
Quia potes, atque iudas Pirium eludere leges
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minevæ,
Æmulus illius Mycetes qui natus ad altam,
Rettulit Æolin vitam facundus Homeri
Ego ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabire Musam,

Quæ nuper gelida vix emnrita sub Aicto,
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes
 Nos etiam in nostio modulante flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbra ,
 Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaukos perfundit gurgite crines
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oīs
 Sed neque nos genus incultum nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quæ pliga septeno munī sulcata Thione
 Biuumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten
 Nos etiam colimus Pnabum, nos munera Phœbo,
 Fluventes spicas, et lutea malæ canistria,
 Hulantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vni et vetustas,
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choieris
 Gens Diuides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
 Heroum laudes, imit inlaque gesta carebant,
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altari cantu,
 Delo in herbosa, Graæ de moe puellæ,
 Carminibus lritis inmemorant Coineida Loxo
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavieom i Hec uiræ
 Nuda Caledonio vriatas pectora fuo

Fortunate senex, ergo quaevnque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomien celebrabitui ingens
 Claraque perpetui succrescit fam i Marini ,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque virorum,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volitu
 Dicetur tūm sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musis
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Ruia Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepierat hospes ,
 Tantum ubi clamatos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
 Peneum prope rivum ibi saepe sub ilice nigra,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
 Exiliu duros lenibat voce labores
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetere loco , nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immanis pondera, silvas ,

Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoso carmine lynces

Dus dilecte senex te Jupiter aequus oportet
Nacentem, et miti lustrant lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos, neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
Dus superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bellum moventem
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fædere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas, et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Maite phalanges
Tandem ubi non tacite peimensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satui, cinei sui jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis uestaret ocellis,
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ,
Ille meos artus, levanti morte solutos,
Curaret parva componi molliter urna
Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myti aut Punisside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secuia pace quiescam
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cælicolum semotus in æthera divum,
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque igne virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt, et tota mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi latus Olympos

EPISTAPHIUM DAMONIS

ARGUMENTUM

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinie pastores eadem studi sequuti a pueris annis erant ut qui plurimum Ilysis annu crux profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepte postea reversus et rem ita esse comperto so suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur CAROLUS DRODATUS ex urbe Hetruria Luca paterno genere orinundus cetera Anglus ingenuo doctrina clarissimisque ceteris virtutibus dum viveat juvenis egregius

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnis et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ muimura Thyrsis,
Et quibus aë iduis excrevit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi piæreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans
Et jam bis viridi surgebit culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in uibe
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exoncrare dolorem

Ite domum n̄ pasti, domino jam non vacat, igni
Hei mihi' quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo
Postquam te immisi rapuerunt funere, Damon'
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tu te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat ^{igni}
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non communuere sepulchro,
Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnū, post Daphnū diceret laudes,
 Gaudebunt dum iurū pales, dum Faunus amabit.
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, priusque,
 Palladiasque aites, sociumque habuisse cīnorū

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat igni
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc pīamī, Di non,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sēpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per locū fœta prius,
 Aut r̄ ipido sub sole, siti monētibus herbis,
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ne leones,
 Aut avidos terere lupos præsepibus altis,
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solbit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Pūtora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et milus Aufer
 Misceat cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbrā,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque stiles referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
 Tūste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant, ovium quoque tædet, at illes
 Mōrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,

Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita grama musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas,
Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Mopsu ad haec nra me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat ivrum linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi, quid hoc? dixit quae te coquit improbabilis?
Aut te peedit mor, aut te male fascinat astrum,
(Saturni grive sa pe fuit pastoribus astium)
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbō

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni
Minantur nymphi, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non haec solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons oculique truces, vultusque severi
Illi choios, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Juic p tit bis ille miser qui serus amavit

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni
Venis Hyas Dryopeque et filia Bæucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharaeque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venis Idumanu Chloris vicina fluenti,
Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me si quid uest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri

Ite domum impasti domino jam non vacat agni
Hei mihi, quia similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes un inimi secum sibi lege sodales?
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De riege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inquit vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri,
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passei habet semper quicum sit et omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens
Quem si sois letho objicit, seu milvus adunco
Fati tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu
Nos dum genus et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis et pectora discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de milibus invenit unum,
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,

Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras

Ire per acreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam'

Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,

'Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,

Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)

Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,

Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,

Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes'

Ah! certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,

Et bene compositos placide mouentis ocellos,

Ft dixisse, "Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra"

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni

Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,

Pistores Thusci, Musis operata juventus

Hic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,

Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab uibe

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus id Arni

Muimura, populeumque nemus, qui molior herbi,

Curpeie nunc violas nunc summas capere myrtos,

Et potui Lycida certantem audire Menalcam'

Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum

Displicui, nam sunt et apud me muncia vestia,

Fiscellæ calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ

Quin et nostria suas docuerunt nomina fagos

Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo

Et studus noti, Lydorium sanguinis ambo

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni

Hee mihi tum lœto dictabat roscida luna,

Dum solus teneros claudebam eratibus hædos

Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis atei habebat,

Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit reti Damon,

Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus'

Et quæ tum facil sperabam mente futura

Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,

Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat

Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?

Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista plus herbas, aitesque medentum
 Ah pereant herbi pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina postquam ipsi uul profecere magistrio !
 Ipse etiam nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admiram labra cicutis,
 Dissilue tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite sylvæ

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agnus
 Ipse ego Dardinas Rutupina per aquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeni e,
 Bicnumque Arviragumque duces priscumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,
 Tum gravidam Arturo fitali fraude, Logernen,
 Mendaces vultus assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula, pinu,
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patris mutata Cambris
 Britonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in aevum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comis legat Usa et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra et nemus omne Ticanæ
 Et Thamesis mucus ante omnes, et fusa metallis
 Tamara, et extremus me discant Orcades undis

Ita domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agnus
 Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
 Haec, et plura simul, tum qua mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat arguento
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
 Cœruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Aurorum vitreis surgentem respicit undis,
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus,

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharœtræ,
 Arma corusca faces et spicula tincta pyropo,
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbæ
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum

Tu quoque in his nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certe es nam quo tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua cuncta virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacryma, nec flæbimus ultra
 Ita procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon
 Ætheria purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
 Heroumque animæ inter divosque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro Quin tu, cari post jura recepta,
 Dexteri ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocans
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive a quioi audis
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicol e norint sylvisque vocabere Damon
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor et sine labe juventus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores,
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Lætaque frondentis gestans uribacula palmæ
 Æternum peruges immortales hymenæos,
 Cantis ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatæ
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrso

JAN 23, 1646

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMÆ
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STROPHE I

Gimilli cultu simplici gaudens hilis,
 Fronde hect gemina,
 Munditique nitens non operosa,
 Quem manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim
 Sedula tamen haud nimis poetæ
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vires lusit,
 Insonis populi, burbitoque deviis.
 Indulxit patrio mox itidem pectine Daurum
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinus, et humum vix tactigit pede

ANTISTROPHE

Quis te, parve liber quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustrè tendebas iter
 Thameis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum thyasusque sacer,
 Oibi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum?

STROPHE II

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo
 Pristinam gentis miseratus in dolore,
 (Si satis noxas lumen priores,

Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefindos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegitas sine sede Musas
 Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum,
 Immundusque volucres,
 Unguisbus imminentes
 Figat Apollina pharetra,
 Phuncamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasee ⁹

ANTISTROPHF

Quin tu libelle, nuntu licet mala
 Fide, vel oscitantia,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebita, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 La tare felix en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam, remige penna

STROPHÆ III

Nam te Rousius sui
 Optat peculi, num croque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias illæ, cuius inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi quibus et ipse presidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæa genitus Cœusa

ANTISTROPHÆ

Ergo, tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,

Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
 Ovonia quin valle colit,
 Delo posthū*rit*,
 Bifidoque Parvū*si* jugo
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sor*t* m
 Nectus abis dextri prece sollicitatus amici
 Illuc legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graecæ simul et Latin*o*
 Antiqua gentis lumen, et verum decus

Vos tandem haud vacui mei libores
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium
 Jam sero placidam spei uic jubeo
 Perfunctam inuidia requicm, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes,
 Et tutela dabit solers Rou*s*i,
 Quo neque lingua proca*x* vulgi penetrabit, atque *longo*
 Turba legentum piava facesset
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior aetas
 Judicia rebus æquior*u* forsitan
 Adhibebit, integro sīnu
 Tum, livore sepulto
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Rousio favente

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una
 demum Epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero
 nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus
 commode legendi potus, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos
 rationem spectantes Ahoquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat Metra partim sunt *kata σχεσιν* partim
 ἀπολελευμένα Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis ad
 mittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit

LONDON
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